IOANNIS MAKRIYIANNIS

MEMOIRS

NAROK EDITIONS

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MEMOIRS

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Ioannis Makriyiannis

MEMOIRS

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For Lila

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

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Nowadays we've got such an abundance of authors that readers must be few and far between. So, one wonders: is there a reader out there who might be willing to spend time on the writings of a Greek by the name of Makriyiannis? Would he find it interesting that Makriyiannis, who died a century ago, was illiterate until the age of 32? Would he be impressed that this man learned the alphabet and then wrote the meatiest book to come out of Greece in two thousand years? And would he be upset to see that, after reading Makriyiannis, everything he thought he knew about Greece had gone straight out of the window?

Assuming that such a reader does exist it would be helpful if he kept three points in mind. First, that Makriyiannis was born in a Christian nation enslaved by Moslems for three and a half centuries. Second, that prolonged contact between Greeks and Ottomans led to familiarity. Third, that familiarity breeds contempt and that by the late 1700s most Greeks were thinking armed insurrection.

Makriyiannis' family was so poor it couldn't think insurrection, armed or otherwise. All it could think about was physical survival and even that was a tough job. One day his pregnant mother was gathering firewood. Labor pains overtook her and she gave birth to him out in the fields. She finished gathering wood, made up a load, put some grass on it and the baby on top of the grass, and went home. Infants who can take this kind of punishment have a tough constitution. As the reader will see, Makriyiannis' was one of the toughest and he could certainly use it. At seven he was put to work as a house servant. In his teens, while still a servant, he speculated in commodity futures, made a fortune, and joined a secret society preparing the revolution against the Turks. He took part in the war of independence, spent all his money for the cause, fought in battles, collected five wounds, rose to the rank of full General and became a civic leader in Athens. For most of us this

would have been enough activity for a couple of lifetimes but Makriyiannis thought differently.

The revolution broke out in 1821 and, for the next six years, the Greeks fought the Ottomans with one hand and each other with the other. Wars of independence don't get won this way and the Greeks were getting nowhere. However, in 1827, and just as the Sultan was about to extinguish the revolution, the combined fleets of England, France and Russia destroyed a Turko-Egyptian armada in the Battle of Navarino. Partly because of this and partly because Orthodox Russia had recently beat the Moslem Ottomans in a fast war, Orthodox Greece became independent in name though not in means.

It was a tiny bit of devastated real estate with about a million inhabitants and Ioannis Capodistria as Governor and stop-gap measure. In the 19th Century no country could prosper without a palace clique and Capodistria would hold the fort while the reigning superpowers — England, France, Russia and Austria — picked a suitable king. Greece did not object to being a monarchy but the Greeks were soon disenchanted with their Governor and assassinated him in October 1831. The Powers persevered in their search and eventually chose Prince Otto of Bavaria. He was a minor but every problem has a solution and a Bavarian Regency Council was set up to run Greece until Otto came of age in May 1835. At that point, Count Armansperg, the President of the Regency Council, was appointed Chancellor and the Bavarian administration continued until 1843.

Between 1827 and 1843 Makriyiannis ate his heart out as he watched the country being torn apart by civil wars, graft, corruption and banditry. He too felt that every problem has a solution but the solution he found was ridiculous. He actually thought that a written constitution would prevent scoundrels from running the country and, with this quixotic ambition in mind, put together the conspiracy of September 3, 1843 which transformed the regime from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy. Pleased with himself, he discounted the indignation of the professional leaders who pointed with alarm at the demagogue and expressed themselves in suitable prose — "One has nothing personal against Makriyiannis, but, really now, who does he think he is? Not a team-player, won't be bought, refuses to join a faction, calls everyone a crook and an imbecile. Prima-donnas of

his variety are luxuries that our beloved country can do without!" Under the circumstances, neither the King and his clique nor the politicians and their bashi-bajouks would have been saddened if the trouble-maker met with an accident but he was too popular. Not to worry though! The mob will get tired of him!

Which, as mobs will, the mob did.

Whereupon the professional leaders pounced. They arrested the trouble-maker on trumped-up charges, put him through a fast trial, condemned him to death even faster, but did not manage to execute him because in variety theater and national affairs the Greek public expects to be entertained by different comedians every other week. Responding to the will of the people, different political gangs hijacked the Government in rapid succession and every cabinet took care to overturn all decisions made by previous hijackers. In the case of Makriyiannis, the death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, to twenty years, to ten years and, finally, rendered null and void. Thus, the crippled warrior was allowed to go home in 1854. This most certainly would not have happened if anyone knew that he had written a book about Greece and his own life. Book? How can someone like him write a book? The man is illiterate! Until the age of thirty all he could do was scribble his signature! Yes, of course, he did learn the alphabet at 32 but nobody learns the alphabet and then sits down and writes an entire book!

Makriyiannis did precisely that. He wrote an account of what he had seen and done during the war of independence, the civil wars, and the chaotic years that followed. For Greeks living today the events he relates — Ali Pasha's fight with the Sultan, the Revolution, the governorship of Capodistria, the reign of Otto, the "Grand Idea" of liberating all Greek-speaking territories — are glorious legends. Furthermore, the mere sound of the names he mentions inspires deafening applause — Odysseas, Karaiskakis, Kolokotronis, Miaoulis, Koundouriotis, Zaimis, Papaflessas, Mavrokordatos, Koletis, Metaxas. But Makriyiannis, who had no use for legends and detested applause, painted a disturbing picture.

A couple of years ago, when I was halfway done with the translation and wanted to try out my idiom on some unsuspecting foreigner, I asked an American young lady to read a few pages of this volume. She had seen the Parthenon, had

walked among the ruins of Epidavros, Delphi and Lindos, was aware that Homer, Phidias and Alexander carried Greek passports, and had therefore concluded that this is not a country of cannibals. The panorama unveiled by Makriyiannis forced her to reconsider. "My God!" she said. "What a bunch of horribly nasty people! They can't be Greeks, can they?"

Such is your reaction if you're unencumbered by a classical education. Think of The Iliad. Everyone who has not read it knows that it's an epic about the siege of Troy. Classically educated persons, which is to say the few people who have read The Iliad, are aware that poets like Homer deal with fundamental issues, which the siege of Troy is not. It's a backdrop. The fundamental issue in The Iliad is the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles over a woman. Thus, inferentially, a classical education allows one to perceive that, in Greece, personal quarrels take precedence over national defense. If you have problems with this statement consider the Battle of Salamis.

They came to the world to bring no peace to others and none to themselves — I forget who said this about the Athenians but it applies to all Greeks from Ulysses all the way down to my cousins, uncles, aunts and schoolmates. However, we need some perspective so let's go back a bit.

Five centuries before the birth of Jesus, the Greek nation was scattered all over the mainland, the Aegean islands, the Asia Minor coastline and southern Italy. Greek cities in Asia Minor were so prosperous that the King of Persia figured they'd be welcome additions to his real estate holdings. Consequently, he began to conquer them one by one. The citizens of Athens, on the other side of the Aegean, were outraged at this show of Oriental brutality and sent military assistance to their relatives across the water. Annoyed by this intereference into his domestic affairs, the Persian King completed the subjugation of Asia Minor and resolved to teach the Greeks a lesson they wouldn't quickly forget.

On September 12, 490 BC, a Persian army landed on Marathon beach, 25 miles north-east of Athens. The site was not picked at random. It was a stronghold of the Pisistratid faction and, please, make a note of the word "faction". Makriyiannis, who employs it frequently, complains that Greece was faction-free until

the disease was imported from Western Europe in the Nineteenth Century. Unfortunately, he is off by two thousand five hundred years. Greece was never faction-free. Like Joseph Kennedy, like Papa Doc Duvalier, like all politicians, Pisistratos, a Sixth Century BC version of Juan Peron, wanted to establish a dynasty but died too quickly. His sons and heirs were summarily kicked out of Athens and sought refuge in the Persian court. Now they came back with a Persian army and looked forward to being appointed satraps. Accompanied by these fine patriots, the Great King studied the terrain, counted his troops and concluded that Athens was finished. Simple arithmetic! He had 100,000 men, Athens had no more than 10,000, and imagine how surprised he was when his army was thrown into the sea. Fit to be tied, he returned to Persia and ordered a servant to wake him up every morning with the words: "Majesty! Do not forget the Athenians!"

Darius never forgot the Athenians but died before preparations for a second invasion were completed. Xerxes, his son, continued to remember. In 480 BC, he descended upon Greece with a large army and a huge armada. Sweeping in from the north, he killed, burned, ravaged and enslaved to his heart's content. Amazingly, his large army was stopped for three days at Thermopylae by 300 Spartans who stood their ground until they were all killed. Large enemy army on one side, 300 Greeks on the other, enemy stopped. Please make a note of this because Makriyiannis mentions numerous instances when a handful of Greeks turned back large enemy armies. In Thermopylae, the Persian generals inspected the battlefield and found no more than 300 Greek corpses. How could 300 individuals stop an entire army? "Great King," said one of the Persian generals to his master, "what kind of men have you brought us to fight against?" Ignoring the pregnant question, Xerxes marched against Athens. The Athenians saw him coming and took to their ships. The Persians entered the city and set it on fire. Meanwhile, the fleets of all Greek city-states not yet conquered by the Persians assembled in the Bay of Salamis. The Persian fleet followed them.

North of the isthmus of Corinth all of Greece was occupied by the Persians. The Peloponnesus shivered at the thought that it was next in line. Even the Spartans, the most formidable soldiers of the age who, as it happened, were the chief antagonists of the Athenians, did not conceal their terror. Here is another Greek characteristic that goes way back. In the battle over the body of Patroclus

outside the Trojan walls, Ajax and Menelaos found themselves surrounded by a crowd of howling Trojans. Ajax, the greatest Greek hero after Achilles, made no effort to conceal his terror. "Menelaos, old friend," he said, "I no longer give a damn about Patroclus. I'm scared stiff!"

A scared Greek always wants to bolt. The shivering crowd in Salamis watched smoke rising above the ruins of Athens, counted the vessels in the Persian fleet, and made no secret of its desire to bolt. The Spartan admiral, probably a first cousin of the 300 heroes at Thermopylae, was emphatic about it. "Let's go near the isthmus of Corinth and have the battle there," he said. The Athenian admiral knew this was nonsense. If the fleet broke its Salamis formation every ship would take off for parts unknown. He therefore insisted that the battle be fought right there.

"And who do you think you are?" said the Spartan admiral. "Your city has gone up in smoke and you dare insist about anything?"

"Athens may have gone up in smoke," Themistocles replied, "but most of the ships in this fleet are ours. If the rest of you don't stay and fight we'll sail away and build a new city somewhere else."

Two questions. First, how sad were the Spartans to see a Greek city burned by the Persians? Second, how happy were they that their antagonists had been taken care of at zero cost to themselves? Whatever the answers, the Spartan admiral didn't relish the prospect that Athens might be rebuilt. So, he picked up a stick and beat the Athenian admiral.

Themistocles took his beating and sent a message to the Great King. "Majesty!" he said. "The Greeks are planning to bolt. Fate has placed us on opposite sides but, personally, I'm a great admirer of Persia. Block the exits of the bay and see to it that none of them escape." Xerxes took the advice and the following morning the Greeks realized there was no way out. From yesterday's bickering much remained but what surfaced were the noblest orders of the day ever issued to a fighting force, and the following is a literal translation. "Children of Greece! Charge ahead! Free your country! Free your sons, free your daughters, free your wives! Free the temple of your gods and free the tombs of your ancestors! This is the ultimate battle!"

In the comparatively short history of mankind there have been moments when the world stood still. The face of the earth changed during those moments, and the mind is numbed as it reflects on what might have happened if things had turned out otherwise. The Battle of Salamis is one of those moments. In itself, the destruction of the Persian fleet amounts to little because upset victories had been scored before and many more were scored afterwards. But without Salamis there would have been no Greece, no Athens, no Pericles, no Parthenon, no Aeschylus, no Sophocles, no Thucydides, no Aristotle. There would have been no Alexander, no Hellenistic world, no Greek as a universal language, no New Testament, no Christianity, and no Western civilization as we know them.

Having established that the Greeks fought the Battle of Salamis for themselves and won it for mankind, let me risk my life by asking one question — To what extent was Themistocles using Xerxes, and to what extent was he taking out insurance in the likely event that the Persians won the engagement? To this sacrilege every self-respecting Greek will respond as follows. "Blasphemy! Themistocles was an honorable child of Hellas. He employed this ruse to make the fleet fight! He never gave a thought to his own welfare! He was a one-hundred percent Athenian and anyone casting aspersions upon his patriotism will be prosecuted in a court of law!"

This attractive viewpoint is so widely held that over the past few centuries Greek flesh and blood — the living and breathing Themistocles, Pericles, Protagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Alexander, Antiochus — has been transmuted into marble monuments. Enchanted by a vision of an ethereal Hellas, the so-called humanists of the 17th and 18th centuries equipped the Greeks with every known virtue, every conceivable talent, and imposed upon humanity a slogan — The Greeks were Gods! — as fraudulent as all those other slogans on whose strength we buy cigarettes and detergents. "Hellas" is a notion so sacrosanct that nobody, and especially the Greeks, can recognize it for what it was. Let us therefore recall three simple facts. First, every Greek must fight every other Greek. Second, no Greek can stand being told he's not perfect. Third, whoever tells the Greeks they're not perfect will end up with a belly-full of poison.

Socrates was an Athenian citizen who enjoyed delivering lengthy monologues — which he called dialogues — and never hurt anybody. Professional philosophers unfamiliar with Lao-tseu and Tchouang-tseu will swear that Socrates is the biggest name in their trade but we don't have to take their word for it. On the other hand, we may take the word of the Oracle of Delphi which declared him to be the wisest man alive. The Athenian citizenry expressed satisfaction that such a distinguished person lived in their midst, and prepared to bump him off. Socrates was officially wise, served in the army, fought in wars, and never sent messages to the Great King. All he did was walk around monologuing about Truth, Beauty and Justice. Why would his fellow-citizens want to bump him off?

Imagine the city of Athens in the late 400s BC, just before the Socratic trial. The Athenians had recently lost their World War against the Spartans and were licking their wounds in an atmosphere of corruption. Demagogues, sophists, quacks, crackpots and swindlers were coming and going, mouthing words, embezzling funds and peddling miracle solutions. Still stunned by the defeat which robbed them of preeminence in the Hellenic world and, incidentally, deprived them of the opportunity to tax their allies to death, the Athenians were going around in circles, drinking, arguing, conspiring, and not even trying to find their bearings because they were too exhausted to find anything. Socrates continued to monologue but, gradually, shifted away from questions — What is good? What is evil? What is duty? — and, for once, it looked as if he would actually make a straightforward statement. But he didn't. Know Thyself! was all he said and the Athenians guessed what was coming. "This man," whined Anytos, a flaming queen of a homosexual, "is introducing new gods to our fair city. Moreover, he is corrupting the young. Off with his head!"

The rocky outcrop of Arios Pagos, where St. Paul once made a speech to which nobody paid any attention, stands a couple of hundred yards west of the Acropolis. Today the area crawls with tourists and souvenir merchants who can't tell the difference between the Arios Pagos and their elbow. How time changes everything! In the 1820s , the Acropolis was a castle and the Greeks inside were engaged in a terrible struggle with the Turks outside. In the process, Makriyiannis, who couldn't tell the difference between the Arios Pagos and his elbow, almost got

himself killed. He probably would have been fascinated to hear that thousands of years earlier the rock of Arios Pagos served as a courthouse.

Way back in the Fifth Century BC, 501 Athenian citizens picked by lot were assembled on the Arios Pagos to pass judgment on the man who introduced new gods and corrupted the young. Socrates paid zero attention to the proceedings. He knew the verdict before the court was assembled and, besides, what wise man can trust the judgment of 501 citizens picked by lot? At the end he did get fed up and did address the court and Plato has turned what he said into a stupendous document but this is neither the time nor the place to go into The Apology. Let us however note that Socrates demanded to be acquitted. "And not only that," he continued, "I also demand that the city votes me free board for as long as I live and gives me all the money you judges would collect as salary for conducting this trial." Anyone who indulges in such cracks when his neck is at stake is unlikely to elaborate upon the cryptic statement that got him into trouble. Know Thyself! Besides, he probably felt he had already said everything.

Socrates may have felt that way because he was wise. Not being wise ourselves, we may wonder. How could a patriotic and gentle man be given poison for allegedly attempting to introduce new gods in Athens? Which gods were left to introduce in a city that, notwithstanding the presence of temples to every conceivable deity, had raised an altar "To the Unknown God" just to be on the safe side? And exactly how did Socrates go about corrupting the young? What is there in The Dialogues and The Symposium except devotion to Athens and a passion for understanding? Could the generation of Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes and Thucydides condemn a man to death for preaching that it is preferable to know than not to know?

The short answer is that the Athenians caught Socrates at the nick of time. He was about to tell the Greeks they weren't perfect, that it was about time they took a hard look at themselves. Excess leads to ruin, and they wallowed in excess. Great art and terminal corruption. Great patriotism and high treason. Great philosophy and despicable action. Greece needed moderation and there was none in sight. In the midst of wholesale decay, Socrates attempted to save his nation by preaching reason and virtue, two wholly un-Greek qualities. To know thyself is to

know what you lack — self-control, modesty, self-criticism — and to strive for them. Socratism stands for self-knowledge and, so far as the Greeks were concerned, that is the very last thing we need.

Nobody imitated Socrates for twenty-five centuries and the fallacy that everything Greek embodies perfection spread far and wide. The shadow cast by Classical Hellenism affected human outlook on everything that matters and mankind responded by wondering how the Greek Miracle was possible in the first place. How could ordinary human beings produce such plays, such buildings, such books, such sculpture? Only gods can deliver this kind of marvels and, being gods, the Greeks were endowed with all the characteristics Socrates complained they didn't possess.

Superpowers came and went — Romans, Arabs, Spaniards, French, British, Germans — and they all swallowed the fallacy. Greece herself — an Empire with Alexander, clans of squabbling ruffians before the Roman conquest, another Empire with Byzantium, a fief under the Turks — followed her own trajectory. But not without looking back over her shoulder. And, yes! The shadow of Classical Hellenism is there! Small wonder that every Greek thinks of himself as the descendant of supermen. Now and then, aberration shows its ugly face and someone dares ask what kind of supermen were the 501 citizens who condemned Socrates to death. Fortunately, most Greeks are sufficiently patriotic to beat the hell out of such despicable traitors and make them shut up in one damn quick hurry. And so it went from the death of Socrates until the early 1900s. Two thousand five hundred years and nobody held up any mirrors. Then came the Memoirs of Makriyiannis.

* * * * *

The Fifth Century BC, otherwise known as the Classical Age, is the period when Greece produced most of the things worth talking about. Two generations later Aristotle's star pupil put together an empire that stretched all the way to India but, just as he beginning to hit his stride, he went for a swim, caught a cold, died at thirty-three, and bequeathed to his compatriots what they love most, an audience. And what an audience! Millions of barbarians ripe for education. Taking for granted that the Classical Age produced everything that matters, the heirs of Alexander

retailed their patrimony at bargain prices while remaining sufficiently Greek to split up the Alexandrian Empire into tiny little states that fought each other to death. Early in the Second Century BC one of those little states was losing a fight against another little state and did what everyone who is losing a civil war can be counted upon to do -- it invited a foreign power to come in and help. Rome helped so much, so fast, that all Greek states became Roman Provinces. Like all barbarians ever since, the Romans gaped at the Classical Age and viewed their contemporary Greece with contempt. It is therefore ironic that strategic considerations eventually obliged them to present the deplorable Greeks with a brand new empire.

The Byzantine Empire was born in 324 AD. Having won his bloody civil wars, the subsequently Saint and Great Constantine — a self-centered bigot who murdered his own son — turned his back upon Rome, laid the foundations of the city that bears his name and made it the capital of a Roman imperium extending from Britain to Persia and from the Ukraine to Egypt. At the beginning, language, fashion, laws and administration were one-hundred percent Roman but it didn't take long before everything became one-hundred percent Greek. Thereafter, and for a couple of centuries, Byzantium had lots of money, invincible armies and tremendous prestige. Meanwhile, Rome was sacked by the Vandals and the Western Provinces — Italy, France, Britain and central Europe — reverted to barbarism.

Then, in the Seventh Century, the Arabs rose in the East. Animated by Islam, assisted enthusiastically by Greek renegades, they made short work of Byzantine defenses and began to expand westwards. Byzantium resisted. It lost some wars, won others and, on the whole, suffered no major catastrophe. Arab conquests did reduce the size of Byzantine holdings but Byzantium remained a power to be reckoned with. Doubts on that score arose in the Eleventh Century when the Turks made their presence felt. Starting out as Central Asia nomads they became mercenaries to the Arabs and then promoted themselves to independent raiders. In the latter capacity they destroyed the Byzantine army at the Battle of Manzikert in 1071. With its navy paralyzed by Arab pirates and its land forces crippled by the Turks, Byzantium asked its Christian brothers in the West for assistance.

In the Eleventh Century the Christian brothers in the West were organized into large, medium and small feudal states that displayed the one characteristic that Byzantium needed desperately — vigor of barbarism. They were so famished for power, possessions and trouble that if they could be pointed east God help the Moslems. In collaboration with the Pope, the Byzantines thought up a slogan — Liberate the Holy Land from the Infidel! — and hoped for the best. The Christian Brothers were barbarians but not naive. They were all for liberating the Holy Land but also looked forward to carving out a few kingdoms for themselves.

Thus began the Crusades in 1099.

Moslems were civilized, urbane and honorable. Crusaders were the opposite. Moslems sat on valuable real estate and controlled the East-West trade routes. Crusaders were hungry enough to be unstoppable. Their first wave did take Jerusalem and did establish a handful of puny little states — the Principality of Antioch, the County of Edessa and so forth. Eventually, the Moslems pushed the lot back into the sea but the Christian brothers of the West wouldn't give up. In 1204, the Fourth Crusade set out to recapture the Holy Land but, instead of marching to Palestine, it sacked Constantinoupolis.

The fall of the Byzantine capital had much to do with religion. Back in 1054, Christianity was split into Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholics allegedly for dogmatic reasons but, in fact, because of conflicting ambitions within the reverend fraternity. For public consumption, doctrinal differences were couched in terms so convoluted that nobody understood anything except the only point that mattered: the opposite side was worse than the Turks. This being given, the first three crusades were not conducted in perfect cooperation between the Byzantines, who were Orthodox, and the Christian brothers of the West, who were Catholic. Please note these differences of opinion because, otherwise, you won't understand why Makriyiannis is so poisonous when he talks about Catholics.

And note something else too. Factionalism. In 1204, two Byzantine factions were fighting a civil war. One faction invited the Crusaders to help and, like the Romans twelve hundred years earlier, when the Crusaders finished helping they had established a so-called Latin Empire of the East with Constantinoupolis as its

capital. Thirty years later, a Byzantine army from Asia Minor kicked them out but the victory merely postponed the inevitable. Exhausted from fighting in all direction for so many centuries Byzantium was doomed to fall. In 1453 Constantinoupolis was taken by Mohamed after a long siege, a merciless bombardment and some maneuvers that smell of treachery. The last Byzantine Emperor received Holy Communion, went to the walls, and died fighting. The Greek nation was enslaved just as a new era dawned upon Europe. The Renaissance, the Ages of Discovery, Enlightenment and Technology succeeded one another but Greece remained an Ottoman province and did not participate in the upheaval that gave birth to modern civilization.

But let us not weep too much. Nobody living today would have enjoyed living in Byzantium. Liberty, equality, permissiveness and the unfettered pursuit of happiness were conspicuous by their absence. No checks and balances. No Parliaments. No Privy Councils, Senates, or Diets. Most of the population was tied to the land. The Church was totally subservient to an Emperor who, five times out of ten, was a former assassin but was officially designated as "The Thirteenth Apostle" and portrayed with a halo around his head. Learning, in the Classical sense of the term, did not exist. By contrast, the Hellenistic passions for analysis, codification and bureaucracy were taken to record heights. Otherwise, business as usual. Peasants worked in the fields and prayed for rain. Urban dwellers traded, lived and partly lived. Military commanders schemed against each other. The Imperial court schemed against everybody, including itself. The Church worked hard to maximize its liquidity. So, how could such a state survive for one thousand years? Two answers. Self-confidence and faith in God.

Descendants of the ancient Greeks, the Byzantines preserved a glittering culture rooted in a dazzling past which, in their opinion, wasn't really past. Anna Komnini, who wrote in the 1100s, felt that the Classical Age was last week and she was not alone in feeling that way. Everyone felt that way, generations followed generations and they all felt that way which is why, seven hundred years later, Makriyiannis speaks about Alexander, Pericles, Themistocles and Likourgos as if they were uncles he grew up with. Incredible as it may be for us, it was tradition, continuity, history and pride that kept the Byzantines going. Insane as it may seem

to us, they felt obliged not to disgrace the memory of ancestors who did everything and, also, behaved with valor and dignity at moments of crisis.

No man lives forever. Like falling leaves, says Homer and the Byzantines pursued the argument to its logical conclusion. It is good to be here. I won't be here forever but, for as long as I'm here, I'll do my best if it pleases God.

Did you notice the implication?

Man is free but freedom is a gift from God to each and every individual. Reflect now on what this statement does to any notion that religion must be organized because God does not make gifts to individuals but to cults and churches. To make a long story short, the Byzantines were too Greek and too civilized to take their Church seriously. Instead, like all Greeks, they clung to a personal God with such devotion that He made them feel He was looking after them. Further proof that tradition and history provide continuity. Doesn't everyone know that relationships between Greeks and divinities are wonderfully intimate? Homeric heroes respected their gods and had terrific arguments with them. Makriyiannis made bargains with saints. And Byzantium is the only state in history to award to the Mother of Jesus the rank of full General.

When the empire had shrunk to a few miles beyond the walls of the capital and the deluge of cannon-balls was so heavy that even the besieging Ottomans thought the time had come for negotiations, the Byzantines had to demonstrate their values one more time. "Surrender the City," said the Sultan to the Emperor, "and you'll be allowed to leave and establish an independent state in the Peloponnesus." The right to surrender the City is not mine, the Emperor replied. In fact, it belongs to nobody living today. But even if it did, we still wouldn't surrender. It is the free decision of all to die before we yield one yard while breath remains in us.

A noble statement but the Sultan's entrance into Constantinoupolis was not resisted by every man, woman and child. When the wall defenses crumbled, the Ottomans walked in. The Emperor owed it to his rank to die fighting but most of his subjects had known for years that the empire existed in name only and that the bloodless capital would sooner or later have to go. When it did its inhabitants didn't

make trouble. Besides, even if some of them did feel like it, they couldn't. They were too busy running the Ottoman Empire. Like the Romans, the Ottomans discovered that Greeks make good collaborators and can be entrusted with administrative tasks. One task brought another and from scribes and translators, Greeks became ambassadors, admirals, Ministers and Prime Ministers. By the mid-1700s, some of them were semi-independent rulers of the Danubian territories of the Ottoman Empire. The district of Fanari in Constantinoupolis produced many Greeks who were educated, multilingual and frighteningly ambitious. A few of them turned out to be patriots. The majority did not and were heartily detested by Makriyiannis.

The Greeks are a maritime race and the Turks are not. East-West trade had to go on and since the Ottomans would rather not engage in large-scale commercial activities, permission to build a few ships was granted to the forefathers of Onassis, Niarchos and Livanos. The Ottomans, eager for a cut of the profits, harassed the Greek shipowners who, in their turn, made straight for the Russian Embassy.

After the Fall of Constantinoupolis, the Czar decided that the heir of the Byzantine Emperors was himself. As ruler of the one remaining Greek Orthodox Empire, he adopted the double-headed eagle of the Palaiologos Dynasty and would not stop proclaiming his devotion to Orthodox Christianity. Holy Russia, he said, will fight the Ottomans, beat them, take Constantinoupolis and give it back to the Greeks. The Greeks knew that what Russia really wanted was control of the Straights but went along with the charade and, since the Czar insisted upon playing Big Brother, they ran to his Embassy and complained about Ottoman greed.

The Russians listened to the complaints, calculated the costs of a possible war, found them negligible, and twisted the arm of the Sultan to grant a momentous concession — Greek ships could fly the Russian flag. It was all it took for trade to boom. Greeks from Epirus migrated to Russia and amassed fabulous wealth. In the late 1800s one of them presented Athens with a 70,000 seat marble stadium so that the first Olympic Games could be held in style and then wrote the check for a splendid battleship. Greek settlements in Egypt monopolized trade and industry. In Asia Minor, Smirni became a metropolis rivaling the glories of Ionian cities during the Classical Age. Legally speaking, the Greeks were the Sultan's slaves. In

reality, they were his bankers, traders, administrators and State Department. One may have expected the Sultan to encourage Islamization but he did not. Partly because the Turks are tolerant and won't stoop to missionary activities. But, mostly, because of the Orthodox Church.

When Mohamed entered Constantinoupolis in 1453 he took pains to demonstrate his respect for the Orthodox Church and to award privileges to the Patriarchate. This should not be taken as evidence of admiration towards a fountainhead of wisdom and holiness. The Orthodox Church was neither and everybody knew it. Aware of the hatred between Catholics and Orthodox, the Sultan meant to preserve it. He therefore allowed the Church to festoon itself with imperial symbols and the Patriarch appropriated the costume of the Byzantine Emperor. Masquerading did wonders for clerical nationalism and, very soon, the Patriarch and his associates were heavily into subversion. The Ottomans reacted by sewing Patriarchs in sacks and throwing them into the Bosporus but the Church enjoyed a degree of independence it most definitely had not enjoyed under the Byzantine Emperors.

Black-gowned and long-haired, priests look out of place in the vulgar Greece of today. But it was their black-gowned and long-haired predecessors who provided the nation with the only schooling it got during four hundred years of slavery. In damp cellars, in abandoned monasteries, out in the fields, old priests lugged their battered copy of the New Testament and bullied youngsters into swallowing the letters of the alphabet. Quality of teaching was not up to Cambridge University standards. But how could it be? In the untutored minds of the teacher-priests both the far distant and the very near past took place yesterday. Fact and legend were one and the same. As for the classics, it wasn't that they were difficult to master—it was that the priests had never heard of them. And so what! Pedagogical deficiencies were made up by an unshakeable faith in God and in the fabled ancestors. The blood of Herodotus and Alexander flowed in the veins of students and teachers alike. The last Byzantine Emperor wasn't dead. He was sleeping in a cave and would soon come out to lead his people against the enemy. "We are a race apart," said the priests. "God looks after us. Since He looks after us He can't possibly look after the Turks too. We won't be slaves forever. Our history is the longest and most glorious in the world. We're sons of heroes and God is on our

side. Our forefathers look down upon us and their spirits will be with us when the war for freedom begins. We've got to be ready!" For four hundred years the Greeks kept hearing this. Even the vainest Byzantine Emperor wouldn't have minded if imperial symbols were appropriated by so effective a propaganda organization.

Let us summarize. The Ottomans conquered the weakened and demoralized Greeks but did not assimilate them. The Greek nation caught its breath and Greek genius for money-making bloomed. Turkish administrative ineptitude left the field open for enterprising Greeks to form a bureaucratic elite. Through a paradoxical blend of Hellenism and Christianity, the Orthodox Church kept both alive. Ottoman rule was permissive but not paradisiac. The Turks were cruel and rapacious. Selling entire villages into slavery was not above them. Hanging, impaling and roasting people alive were accepted managerial tools. Nowadays we regard the subjection of cannibals to relatively civilized human beings as an intolerable burden on the cannibals. Imagine the burden when the terms of the equation are reversed.

Little by little the idea of a great war for freedom matured. Greek rulers of the Danubian provinces began to think in terms of an independent Hellas. Greek billionaires reached the point where the immensely rich switch values. From blackguards and crooks such men usually become patrons of the arts, supporters of science, lovers of truth and beauty. Nineteenth Century Greek billionaires became patriots. The early 1800s saw Greek scholars in Paris, Greek newspapers in Vienna, Greek poets in Bucharest, Greeks who served as Foreign Ministers of the Czar. Inside the Ottoman Empire the notion that Greeks cannot be compared to Turks was a certainty even among the humblest of the humble. The Church pointed at the glories of the Classical Age, at the greatness of Alexander, at the splendors of Byzantium, and cultivated the superiority complex resulting therefrom. Everyone felt that the Revolution would soon break out and when it did Makriyiannis was 24 years old and a millionaire.

* * * * *

Makriyiannis, son of Dimitrios Triantafillou, was born in 1797 in Central Greece, in a village near Lidhoriki. For years he signed as Ioannis Lidhorikiotis but

could not make the name stick. He was imposingly tall, his fellow-soldiers insisted upon calling him "Makriyiannis" — Long John — and he ended up calling himself that. He grew up in extreme poverty and at the age of seven was indentured as a servant. At 14 he was sent to Ioannina and then to Arta. Two years later his master moved back to Ioannina and put the kid in charge of his Arta household. On the side Makriyiannis traded in commodity futures and became a millionaire in three years.

An Arta friend initiated him in the Filiki Etairia, the secret revolutionary society. Makriyiannis traveled to eastern Greece and the Peloponnesus to meet with other revolutionaries. Returning to Arta, he was imprisoned, tortured for two and a half months, escaped, and joined one of the revolutionary camps. Meanwhile, Ali Pasha, the Albanian viceroy of almost the entire Greek mainland, rebelled against the Sultan. The Greeks joined forces with Ali and, in March 1821, while fighting went on between Turks on one side and Greeks and Albanians on the other, the Greek Revolution was formally declared. The Ottomans defeated Ali but could not defeat the Greeks whose war of independence spread on land and sea. Makriyiannis fought the Ottomans. The Greeks fought the Ottomans. Simultaneously, the Greeks fought the Greeks and, except Makriyiannis, nobody was surprised.

The Sultan could not extinguish the revolution and had to ask Mehmet Ali, his Egyptian vassal, for assistance. By 1826 the Turko-Egyptian forces were close to defeating the Greeks but, in 1827, lost their fleet in the Battle of Navarino. Immediately afterwards, Russia defeated the Ottomans in the war of 1828 and the Sultan had to agree that Greece be granted complete independence.

Independent Greece was governed by Ioannis Capodistria who appointed Makriyiannis commander of government forces in the Peloponnesus. Makriyiannis was a general who had done much, seen much and now had little to occupy his time with. He saw cupidity and greed during the war and saw more of the same when the war was over. Not having, as he says, "mastered the art of coffee-house attendance", he learned the alphabet and began to write. He wanted to help "future generations be better Greeks." Persons unencumbered by a classical education are likely to entertain such romantic ambitions. They don't understand that the

Greeks know perfectly well what freedom means. It means that half the nation can fight the other half. The Greeks kept this up after electing Capodistria to be Governor. They let him govern for a while and then assassinated him. Following which they elected Prince Otto of Bavaria to be their King.

The King was a minor and the Greeks didn't fight against him. They fought with and against the king's Bavarian advisors. Then the King came of age and the Greeks fought him too. The score? Dissension piled on dissension. Civil war upon civil war. Veterans starving. The Great Powers treating Greece like dirt. Not a thought about liberating the millions of Greeks who continued to be under Ottoman rule. Incapable of sitting still, Makriyiannis mounted a conspiracy and forced the King to accept a constitutional regime.

Constitution or no Constitution, factionalism continued to flourish. Professional leaders of all hues and persuasions noted that Makriyiannis detested factions and concluded that something had to be done about him. In ancient Athens Aristides the Just was ostracized for being too just. In modern Athens Makriyiannis was accused of planning to assassinate the King and overthrow the Government. In fact, Makriyiannis had given up politics. His wartime wounds kept opening up and the most he could do was sit in his garden and talk with old friends. Professional leaders saw right through the trick. Makriyiannis is planning a nation-wide revolt against law and order! In 1852, and on the strength of no evidence whatever, he was arrested and thrown in jail. On March 16, 1853 he was condemned to death but the sentence was commuted initially to life imprisonment and, subsequently, to twenty years in prison. On January 25, 1854, it was commuted to ten years. Nine months later a powerful Minister thumbed his nose at the King by releasing Makriyiannis.

The General lived for another ten years. During eight of them he continued to be persecuted. The King never forgave him for the Constitution and there are always Greeks who don't forgive anyone not forgiven by those in power. Makriyiannis found solace in religious contemplation. His son Othon, a godson of the unforgiving King, sought solace elsewhere and became a leader of the anti-royalist party. In October 1862 he was among those who stormed the Palace.

From the resulting debris he picked up the crown that used to adorn the Throne and ran home to show it to his father.

The King was exiled and the Athenians remembered Makriyiannis. The Provisional Government restored him to his rank and he was elected to the National Assembly. But he was too sick to attend meetings, make speeches or display the fire which, for so many years, had been his trademark. He died on April 27, 1864, and Athens, to its credit, was plunged into grief.

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The Memoirs is a disturbing document. The author admits that he "makes it his practice to note everyone's mistakes" but this is not unusual for a Greek. All Greeks love to point at real or imagined defects in themselves or, preferably, in their neighbors. In that sense, it is hard to see how the Memoirs can be a disturbing document when all the author does is play the national game. Explanations follow.

It is true that no Greek resists the temptation to make cracks about his country and countrymen if, by so doing, he can show off his analytical faculties. However, the careful observer will soon notice that every self-critical Greek has two objectives. First, to demonstrate that he's the fellow with all the answers. Second, to focus accusations upon some relatively minor manifestation of stupidity, inefficiency or greed. About the things that really matter — fratricide, factionalism, swings between the noble and the despicable, perfidy, major corruption, collaboration with the enemy, high treason — all Greeks will preserve a decorous silence.

A nation of overwhelming talkers refuses to talk about two categories of topics— the very good and the very bad national characteristics. Greeks see no point in talking about their fearlessness before the unknown, their dignity and pride before God, their propensity to laugh in the face of catastrophe, their inborn taste, their sense of harmony, their obsession with freedom. Similarly, a powerful imperative prevents them from touching upon their basic faults. They will never admit they do nothing for only one reason, and that most of the other reasons are related to money. They will never concede that they abhor decisive action. That

they're mesmerized by words. That they can be transformed from skeptical individuals into fanatical mobs. That they can cover contemptible aims under the national colors and that, with full knowledge of what is hidden under the flag, they will follow the flag anyway.

The Memoirs is a disturbing document because it assumes that Greeks are not a bunch of terribly nasty people. It further assumes that "in this country only the leaders are cowards". Socrates did not intend to tell the Athenians they were great sculptors, architects, writers, philosophers and dramatists. He said "know thyself" and meant to continue with what is not so obvious. Same thing with Makriyiannis. He takes for granted the merits of his nation and wastes no time on them. What he does write about are things he cannot take for granted.

Makriyiannis had 20/20 vision and could not believe his eyes. He was a man of action motivated by non-negotiable principles, and had to live in a society specializing in indecision, compromise and the fast deal. Neither his family background nor the manner in which he spent his formative years were breeding grounds for noble credos. The miserable state of Greek education was touched upon in a previous page but Makriyiannis did not have the benefit of even that miserable state. He learned the alphabet at 32, never read the Classics and did not have a clue about the principal milestones of Greek history. No idea if Alexander or Pericles was born first, no idea what Thucydides and Plutarch are talking about, totally in the dark about Byzantium's role in civilization. So, where did he find his principles? Not in the village of his birth. Not in the Arta marketplace. Not on the battlefields. Not among the other leaders of the Revolution. Still, the Memoirs abound in statements lifted out of the Classical Age and, far from being pious declarations, they're iron-clad rules of behavior. A man has nothing but his country and faith, he says. And is unaware of Plato. Death is preferable to dishonor, he says. And is unaware of Leonidas. Great men are those who, when they do harm, hurt individuals and who, when they do good, deliver their country, he says. And is unaware of Pericles.

The last Byzantine Emperor had to die on the walls. He was a mere Palaiologos but was sufficiently educated to feel the responsibilities imposed upon him. Makriyiannis was not educated. How in the world did he manage to sum up

his life in nine words — these are the things we've been fighting for? One day, on the island of Poros, he saw some Greek soldiers trying to sell to foreigners two ancient statues. He rushed over and bought the statues himself. You shouldn't sell our statues to foreigners, he said. These are the things we've been fighting for.

Such attitudes cannot be accommodated into no matter how ingenious a socio-economic interpretation of history. This is an illiterate soldier with five bleeding wounds. He is not supposed to care about a heritage which he cannot appreciate and, in fact, engages in little appreciation. For example, he does not appreciate the personality of his illustrious forefathers. He simply yells at their shades for moral support each time his contemporaries drive him to exasperation "— Noble ancestors! Great Pericles, brave Alexander, royal Achilles! No wonder you accomplished such stunning things! You didn't have Metaxas, Mamouris and Mavrokordatos on your back!" Nor does he appreciate the glory that was Greece. What he wants is to restore his country "within the family of civilized nations". Instead of waxing lyrical about Classical Greece he urges patriotism because he feels the Hellenic shadow upon him and is terrified he may not prove worthy of it. "A group of human beings is called a nation if it's adorned with patriotic feelings," he says. "If it is not, it's called garbage and dirt."

Makriyiannis thought big. The Revolution into which he threw himself body, soul and purse was not simply meant to rid Greece of the Turks. It was to establish a state compared to which Byzantium would look like the newest member of the United Nations. Considering how things turned out this sounds like an opium eater's dream but, at the time, it was not too utopian an ambition. The text shows that the General did not underestimate the Ottomans. Time and again he employs lavish terms to praise their bravery and the honorable conduct of some of their commanders. Nevertheless, he is so convinced about the precariousness of the Ottoman state, and so positive about the vigor of the Greeks, to say nothing about the nobility of their cause, that it was only a matter of correct strategy and proper administration for Greece to become a major power. Of course, the most superficial review of history would have disabused him of such notions.

The Peloponnesian War was fought because the Greeks are full of envy. The Alexandrian Empire collapsed because the Greeks fought among themselves.

Byzantium was undermined from within far more than it was gnawed at from outside. But Makriyiannis did not know much history. In his opinion, dissension and civil war, cruelty and avarice, treason and perfidy were newly-imported commodities from Western Europe. Stubbornly, he clung to the image of the ethereal Hellas fabricated by humanists in the 1700s. But we shouldn't blame him. Keats, Shelley and Byron, to mention nothing but British poets, knew a lot of history and still clung to the same image.

So, Makriyiannis kept on thinking big. An imposing giant of a man, one of the handsomest Greeks ever born, he preached what he thought was right behavior. Most of the time he argued patiently, some of the time he exploded into sarcasm and, once in a while, he resorted to violent modes of expression. The text shows the author's embarrassment for his occasional outbursts but, from this distance and at this later date, it seems a pity he was violent so infrequently. Homer has shown the extent to which Greeks admire violence.

After twenty-two centuries, Makriyiannis continued from where Socrates left off. He tried to save Greece by preaching reason and virtue, two wholly un-Greek qualities. Socrates was a sophisticated man and saw the vanity of his ambition. Makriyiannis was not and did not. Having emerged from a victorious war, he could not believe that a nation capable of unrivaled heroism could not achieve feats even greater than those of the fabled ancestors. He was certain that if the Greeks could grasp a few principles the sky would be the limit of their future. The fact that he saw no sign of comprehension made him hope that his descendants would. Meanwhile, he cauterized greed, selfishness and treason. "I shall speak the bare truth with no passion," he says. "But the truth is a bitter thing and those of us who did wrong want no part of it. We want to do wrong, we want to make money and, at the same time, we want people to think of us as great patriots. This can't be done. I won't hide the fact that Greece was wounded from within. It was parceled and sold out, lock, stock and barrel. It happened because we Greeks are wild beasts."

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For forty years after the death of its author the manuscript of the Memoirs remained hidden in the basement of the Makriyiannis house. Early in the 1900s,

Yiannis Vlahoyiannis, a noted scholar, discovered the moldy pages and spent seventeen months deciphering them. The General did not go out of his way to make things easy for the reader. He began writing on the upper, left-hand corner of the first page and kept going. No chapter divisions. No paragraph divisions. No capital letters. No punctuation. Practically no sentence division. Upon this graphological challenge Vlahoyiannis did an atrocious editorial job and published it in 1907. Together with the text of the Memoirs the first edition contained what the General called his archives. This was a mass of documents he had been collecting all his life to back up an ambition that no other Greek, in the entire history of Greece, ever entertained. He wanted to prove he never stole a penny from anybody, in any place he ever served, in any capacity whatever.

There have been five printings of the Memoirs that I know of. The first is the original Vlahoyiannis edition. The second is a reprint of the first, minus the archives. The third is a paperback edition of the second. The other two printings are also of the Vlahoyiannis edition, always minus the archives, but with introductions and notes by professional literati who make points ranging from the Marxist to the ridiculous. The thing to remember is that everyone has followed the Vlahoyiannis edition and this is a pity because the Vlahoyiannis text is hard on the reader. I was writing this introductory note when a friend handed me a copy of an English translation of the Memoirs that had just been published (The Memoirs of General Makriyiannis, 1797-1864, edited and translated by H.A. Lidderdale, London: Oxford University Press, 1966). The Oxford book contains less than half of the original text and will never be a bestseller. Not only the translator didn't know Ali Pasha's dates, he didn't have enough Greek to tell the difference between bedclothes and underwear. Even worse, he committed the capital error of sticking with the Vlahoyiannis sentence and paragraph division.

Vlahoyiannis is unbelievably stingy with punctuation marks. Many of my Greek friends who had not read the Memoirs were impressed by my addiction to this book and tried to read it. They all, without exception, told me it was difficult reading. The more persistent got as far as page 50 and then stopped because, they said, they got confused. To straighten them out, I performed a proper editorial job on the first 30 pages of the Greek original. Perhaps "proper" is not the right term because I was afraid they'd accuse me of re-writing the text too freely. So, I refrained from

touching a single word. All I did was insert full-stops, put quotation marks before and after speeches, and use plenty of paragraphs. The excerpt was typed out and handed over to those who stopped at page 50. "Ah, yes!" they said. "Delightful reading. However, you've spoiled the spontaneity of the original. You shouldn't have re-written it so freely."

This translation aims to make the reader love Makriyiannis. It's a sure bet that fellow-countrymen of mine who haven't read the original, to say nothing about foreigners who couldn't order moussaka in Greek, will feel confident enough to accuse me of literary crimes too many to list. In turn, I feel confident enough to say they won't know what they'll be talking about. The General wrote a bitter-sweet commentary on his country and I tried to reproduce his love-hate attitude, not the idiosyncracies of a style which any hack could ape. This book is not about linguistics, or ethnography, or sociology, or 19th Century Greek history. Like Thucydides, it is about forever. In all the years I spent on it the feeling never left me that Makriyiannis talks about specific persons of 19th Century Greece without realizing that his comments apply to all Greeks, living and dead. Time and again I saw in his pages photographic descriptions of individuals who are alive today, and it amazes me that genetic codes can be so strong and bad habits so hard to break.

One final word. I did the translation to prove to my wife, who thought otherwise, that the Memoirs can be rendered in a foreign tongue. If I knew better English and had unlimited time I might have done a better job. As things stand this is my best and, now that the struggle is over, I think fondly of the balmy evenings I spent with the General in a city which, like him, I loved not wisely but well.

Athens
November 1964 - January 1968

AUTHOR'S PREFACE AND INTRODUCTION

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Athens,
Mid-1855

Brother Readers!

Having allowed myself the liberty to bother you with my ignorance, and assuming that these writings see the light, I ask you to read the whole thing first and then pass judgment as to whether I'm right or wrong. When I began writing about the misfortunes that befell our country — misfortunes born out of the greed and foolishness of priest, politician and soldier alike — I was indignant because we hurt our country much and made it my practice to note everybody's mistakes. I've now reached the present when patriotism and virtue are empty words and we're threatened with extinction. Looking back I see this took a very large number of mistakes indeed so, when I describe how the plight of Greece came about, and since I got a stake here myself, I write with much indignation against the culprits. Not that I have anything personal against them but I love my country and couldn't be nice.

They were after me and for years I kept this manuscript hidden. Now that I dug it up I see what I'd written until April 1850 and realize I don't feel any sweeter towards anybody. That's one thing. Another is that I repeat myself because I'm not educated, and forget, and can't keep a regular order. A third is my tone when I talk about Koletis' administration. Koletis made many mistakes at the expense of his country, faith and comrades who, by and large, were honest men. For as long as he lived he shed rivers of blood and Greece suffered. Now that he's dead we have his disciples to govern us. The Parliamentary and other tricks he invented don't leave a penny in the till and have reduced the country to misery. A fleet of foreign dogs has blockaded us for three months, confiscated our ships, smashed our trade

and trampled upon our flag. People in the islands are starving and former shipowners drift in the streets and weep bitter tears.

All these evils and a multitude of others are the work of Koletis and his gang. It was his last will and testament that we should be governed in this fashion and by such creatures. That's the cause of our present suffering and although only God knows what else we'll suffer in the future, one thing is certain. Koletis had straightforward motives. Everything he did was either to serve his cupidity or to emasculate the Third of September. The Constitution adopted on that day was to protect our religion and nation but we prefer to keep intentions on paper and instead of the Constitution saving us we are doomed by the hypocrisy with which we regard it. This too was Koletis' personal accomplishment. Everyone else I mention is a saint compared to him, despite the fact that their mistakes prepared the ground for those that followed.

It's because of all this that I write. Being a man I'll die but either my children or someone else may bring this manuscript to light. Whoever that may be, he must first examine the case of the people against whom I write. He must do it calmly, not by abusing them, so that lessons can serve as an example for those yet to be born who must show greater devotion to Greece and Christianity. No nation survives without love for its soil and without faith in its religion. Above all, all nations must fear greed. Let them trip once and they'll plunge headlong in the abyss. It happened to us and we're sinking deeper and deeper.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Argos,
February 26, 1829

Governor Capodistria has appointed me Commander of the Peloponnesus National Guard and I'm quartered here in Argos. I keep in touch with the Central Government and the provincial authorities and, when necessary, make rounds to ensure that peace is preserved. It isn't an arduous existence and, not having mastered the art of coffee-house attendance, I became idle. The full extent of my education consisted of some words I could scribble because I was too poor to go to school when I was young. Recently I begged some friends and they taught me something more.

After spending a couple of months to learn the sort of spelling you see here I thought I ought to write about my life. What I did when I was a boy and when I grew up, and what I did for my country when I joined the *Filiki Etairia*. I'm not educated and shouldn't have taken up this task. It's not right to bother good readers and wise men, to prick their curiosity and make them waste valuable time on me. But since I allowed myself this weakness I beg forgiveness for the burden I'll straddle you with.

I'll write the truth if I'm an honest man and readers must examine my conduct, how I behaved in war and peace. If I behaved honestly, you may believe my writings. If I behaved dishonestly, don't believe a word. Personally, I think you'll believe I behaved honestly after you examine the documents I've collected. Every one of these papers was signed either by the authorities in whose area I served with my comrades, or by the Commanders under whom I served myself.

I began fighting with 18 men and God allowed me to have as many as 1,400 later on. I've never dishonored the history of my country. Neither in the Government archives, nor in the provinces — no matter where we fought, in Roumeli, in the Peloponnesus, or the Islands — nobody can find the slightest accusation against us. Whenever God permitted me to govern a certain area, and while the rest of the country was suffering from rascals and thieves, let God's holy name be blessed, He didn't allow our hands to get dirty. For this our country owes gratitude to my honest, true and brave comrades. Virtue and patriotism were displayed by these good Hellenes, not by me. I didn't possess much virtue then and don't possess any now. In war and peace my comrades were always my betters and they still serve Greece under me, brave officers from Messolonghi, honest and valiant fighters from the islands, from Peloponnesus, from Roumeli, plus the patriotic Athenians with whom we fought in so many battles I now forget exactly where the battles took place. The virtue of these men but, first and foremost, the goodness of the Lord, didn't allow us to hurt our country.

As for you, honest readers, I beseech you to find out whether what I'm saying is true or false and there's only one thing I'm asking for. Don't pass judgment, either for or against, until you've read the whole story. Then go ahead and judge as you please. Read this book from beginning to end and then you'll see who wounded Greece, who stirred up civil wars to serve their personal interests. The culprits set out to make money and the result was catastrophe for our country, misery for honest men. I'll speak the bare truth. With no passion. But the truth is a bitter thing and those who did wrong are not in love with it. We want to do wrong, we want to make money and, at the same time, we want to be regarded as great patriots. This can't be done. I shall not hide that Greece was wounded from within, that she was parceled and sold out, lock, stock and barrel. It happened because we Greeks are wild beasts.

What I write doesn't matter much. Educated people should be writing, not illiterates like me. The younger generation should be reading their accounts and our distant descendants should read them too so that they'll be virtuous and patriotic. A man has nothing but his country and faith. He must make every sacrifice so that he and his family can live like honest people. A group of human beings is called "nation" if it's adorned with patriotic feelings. If it's not, it's called garbage and dirt.

Everyone has a stake in this country and religion. Greece is the home of every single citizen, from the strongest to the weakest, and nobody should forget his duty. An educated man must shout the truth with an educated voice, an illiterate must shout it with whatever voice he commands. Neither the weak nor the strong can grab a piece of real estate and carry it around on their backs. In one respect or another we're all weak and nobody can carry the weight by himself. So, when one uses the strength of others he must not get ideas and say "I". He must say "We". There were many backs in this.

Our leaders have become "Illustrious" and "Excellencies". But this isn't enough. We were poor and became wealthy. Kiamil Bey and other Turks used to be fabulously rich here in the Peloponnesus. Now it's the turn of the Greeks. Kolokotronis and his friends have farms, workshops, mills and houses. They've got everything that belonged to the Turks. When Kolokotronis and company came from Zakinthos they didn't own five inches of land but what they own now they themselves don't know exactly. Same thing in Roumeli with Gouras, Mamouris, Kriezotis, Staikos and the rest. And what do they all demand? A few more millions for their valuable services! And, quite often, they do receive what they demand. In return they work full-time passing laws and organizing factions for the good of the country. What Greece suffered from these laws and for the enrichment of these creatures she didn't suffer during the war against the Turks. We forced human beings to live in caves, together with beasts. We've proven we're past masters in creating deserts. We're the scum of the Earth.

Those are the reasons why I learned the alphabet. I wanted to put everything down. Let someone else write whatever he knows about me. I'll speak the truth because I belong in Greece. It's here that I'll live with my children. I was young and, one day, found myself a wreck. I've got five wounds from five battles and they've turned me into half a man. Most of the time they bleed and I can't get out of bed. I thank the Lord for not having taken my life and I thank my country for having promoted me to the rank of General. I live with what God gave me and my conscience is light because I never deprived anyone of a single stone.

EARLY LIFE AND THE COMING REVOLUTION

BACKGROUND

The Ottoman Empire was falling apart in the early 1800s and only the genius of Sultan Mahmud II averted the disintegration of this once-mighty state. On paper, Constantinoupolis ruled over vast territories but its hold was tenuous. Egypt, Algeria, Tunisia and Tripolitania were virtually independent. Serbia and Bosnia seethed with insurgents. Armenia and Mesopotamia were subject territories in name only. Even the holy cities of Mecca and Medina were assaulted by Moslem raiders who put more stock in cash than in the Prophet's teaching.

In mainland Greece anarchy and insubordination reigned supreme. Like the rest of the Ottoman Empire, Greece was subdivided into Pashalics, administrative units under a Pasha with extraordinary feudal powers. Most Pashas cultivated the local Turks and local Greeks hoping to become independent rulers. Below the Pashas, the descendants of the Turkish conquerors kept themselves apart from their slaves.

From region to region, the Greeks lived under different systems of political organization. Some areas, like Mani, were governed by semi-independent Greek lords. Others were run communally, like the Mount Pilion villages. Others were oligarchies like Idhra. Still others were governed by whomever happened to carry the sharpest sword, like the Agrafa region in western Greece. Ottoman presence was ubiquitous but more so in the softer plains, the gentler coasts, the prettier towns. Mountain areas were the realm of "kleftes" — Greek gunmen who robbed everybody. Pashas tried to protect their subjects by hiring other Greek gunmen -- known as "armatoli" -- to keep the "kleftes" at bay. "Armatoli" who got tired of their police duties would become "kleftes" and Pashas had to hire former "kleftes" to become "armatoli". And so on and so forth.

This fluid arrangement was significant for the coming Revolution. Not that "armatoli" and "kleftes" robbed Moslems and protected Christians. They robbed irrespective of race, color and creed. But by stealing and trying to get away with it, they became experts in guerrilla warfare. When the Revolution broke out they all pitched themselves into the fight albeit for reasons that didn't have much to do with freedom and justice. Today, the reasons are forgotten, the fighting is remembered, and Greek schoolbooks address identical hymns to "kleftes" and to "armatoli" .

Obviously, one doesn't start a revolution simply because seasoned troops are available. One needs a central organization to coordinate the action, raise funds and take care of propaganda. The Filiki Etairia *-- the "Friendly Society" -- was created in Odessa in 1814 to play that role and did much in the areas of propaganda and fund-raising. However, coordination could have been better. Far too much energy was expended on the design of secret handshakes and the broadcasting of insane rumors. In a nutshell, without Ali Pasha the Greek Revolution wouldn't have started in 1821.*

Ali Tepelenli, Pasha of Ioannina, fooled everybody and ended up fooling himself. Intelligent, cruel, vindictive and ambitious, he had what it takes to win friends and influence people. Those he could neither win nor influence he murdered. Starting from what today is the Greek province of Epirus he managed to control all of mainland Greece south of Macedonia. His court at Ioannina was run on a mixture of genuine terror and fraudulent liberalism. He promoted himself as a patron of education and enlightened disciple of European thought. He projected the image of a just ruler and a humorous man but he was as just as Pontius Pilate, and as humorous as the helmet of a Teutonic knight. Versed in the art of war, he surrounded himself with men of military talent and, at one time or another, hired practically every single Greek who subsequently became a Revolutionary leader. For years, he was the host of many Englishmen and even more Frenchmen and these fools agreed with him that he was charming, decisive and charismatic.

In 1820 Ali went into open revolt. Sultan Mahmud dispatched an army against him and Ali, confident of victory, prepared his defenses with a view to counter-attack. He rallied the Albanians by appealing to their chauvinism and attempted to rally the Greeks by promising them — of all things — a Constitution. Some of the Greeks believed him and others did not. But everyone got ready for the coming clash.

It's worth emphasizing that there was no Greek plan specifying that, at point x during the war between the Sultan and Ali, the Greek nation, taking advantage of the confusion, will rebel against Ottoman rule. The absence of a plan signifies that at the most crucial turn of their modern history, the Greeks refused to get together.

EARLY LIFE AND THE COMING REVOLUTION

The place of my birth is a five-hut village three hours away from Lidhoriki. My parents were poor thanks to the rapacity of the local Turks and of Ali Pasha's Albanians. I was still in my mother's belly when she went to gather firewood and right there, in the wilderness, while she was loading wood on her back, labor pains overtook her and she gave birth to me. The poor woman was all alone and exhausted and we both risked death. Anyhow, she cleaned herself up, put more wood on her back, some grass on the wood and me on top of the grass, and went back to the village.

Shortly thereafter three members of our family were murdered, my father among them. When the Albanians of Ali Pasha wanted to sell us into slavery my family set out by night for Livadhia. On the way they had to cross a bridge because the river was impassable from any other point. Turks were crawling all around the bridge and my family hid in the woods for 18 days. All they ate was wild acorns and it was wild acorn milk I sucked. Unable to stand hunger any longer they decided to cross the bridge and abandoned me in the forest because I was a baby and liable to cry. On the way to the bridge my mother changed her mind. "The sin against the baby will be our perdition," she said. "Go ahead and pass and wait for me on the other side. I'll carry the baby and if it doesn't cry we'll pass too." My mother and God saved me. I have this story from her and from our other relatives. Eventually we reached Livadhia and good people there gave us shelter until we were able to build our own house again.

When I was seven I was hired out as a servant. My master saw I could do all kinds of chores so he wanted me to take care of his children too. That killed me! I didn't want to do it and my master and relatives took turns beating me up to make me see reason. To retaliate I got some other servants together and we ran off to Thiva. Our relatives chased us, caught us, took us back to Livadhia and I was put to work for the same master. I had to do the same chores as before and, on top of that, take care of the children. My pride allowed me no rest and, to do something,

I beat up the kids. From time to time I also tried to run away but they always caught me. Finally, my master got tired and relieved me of nursemaid duties. It was about time. Looking after those infants had almost made me commit suicide.

I was 14 when I went to visit a friend of our family in his village. It was a holiday, the feast of Saint John. We went to the marketplace, stood outside the church, and our friend told me to hold his rifle. As soon as I touched it I wanted to pull the trigger, and I did, and the rifle got smashed up. Our friend beat me up in front of everybody. I still remember how hard I prayed for the earth to open up and swallow me. It wasn't the beating I minded but the disgrace. All around people ate and drank while I continued to cry my heart out. Not having anybody else to complain to I thought of Saint John since it was outside his house than I ran into this trouble and shame. I entered the church and, after shutting the door behind me, I wept and yelled with renewed vigor — how could this dishonor happen to me, am I a beast to be beaten up in front of human beings, and words to that effect. My grievances stated, I begged the Saint to give me some weapons with silver inlay and 15 purses with money. If he could fix it, I promised to buy him a silver lamp. We argued back and forth but, at the end, the Saint and I agreed.

A few months later my master got a letter from his brother who lived in Ioannina and wanted a boy to look after his house. My master sent me there. That was in 1811. Soon afterwards Ali Pasha arranged for my new master to get married in Arta and I went there with him. Then he was called back to Ioannina because Ali was fond of him and used him as his confidential secretary. When Thanassis Lidhorikis — that was the name of my master — was leaving for Ioannina he wanted to put me in charge of his Arta household. "I'll serve your house," I said, "but I also want to make friends with the local merchants. I want to borrow money and do some trading because I'm naked and must put some clothes on my back". I said this because he was a miser and never gave me a thing. "That's the first agreement we'll make," I continued. "The second is about shopping for your house. The money should be controlled by your wife. Every day she ought to tell me what to buy and when I bring it in she should weigh it and pay only what she knows it's worth. I don't want you to tell me later on that I robbed you. Today you see me naked and if tomorrow you see me all dressed up you might say I'm a thief." He agreed and I served him for ten years. Four hundred grossia is all the money I saw

from him. Once I asked him for a loan and he demanded 20 percent interest. I still have the promissory note I gave him at the time.

Town elders and rich tradesmen used to gather in the small square in front of my master's house in Arta. In the summer they stayed there as late as midnight. I had my people clean up the square, gave coffee and sweets to the elders and merchants and did what I could to cultivate them. When we became friends I asked them for a loan and they gave me 6,000 grossia. I had saved 24 grossia of my own and with their loan and my capital bought futures in oats. I paid the farmers in the winter and they delivered in the summer. I paid 4 grossia a bushel but, at harvest time, there was a shortage and I sold for 16. The following winter I bought corn for 11 grossia a bushel. At delivery time there was an epidemic in Arta and a shortage of bread. I sold for 33.

That was when I ordered a silver rifle, a couple of pistols and a silver lamp. Well-dressed and well-armed I took the lamp to Saint John, my protector, benefactor and true friend. The lamp is still in his church and has my name on it. I kissed his icon and cried a lot because I remembered the difficulties I had gone through.

Right after my pilgrimage I began trading in earnest. Greeks and Turks in Arta made me their treasurer and I amassed a large fortune of my own. I bought a house and farmland and had cash and promissory notes left over. I still have the notes for sums due to me and they amount to more than 50,000 grossia. My money-box was full, I had everything I wanted and never felt the need to ask anybody for anything.

I lived in Arta for ten years and made many friends. One of them was a priest and I sought his company because I always associate with my betters. He considered me a member of his family and I spent a lot of time in his house. He had four sons one of whom was studying abroad and came to know Count Capodistria. The boy ran out of money and asked Capodistria for help because he wanted to be a doctor. "We're putting together a society to work for the freedom of Greece," said Capodistria. "If we pull it off you won't need to study medicine. If we don't, I'll send you money from Russia and you can go on with your studies." The boy came to Arta, told his father about Capodistria and left again for Kerkira. Sometime later

Capodistria wrote him, they met, and the boy was initiated in the *Filiki Etairia*. By that time, the power of Ali Pasha had grown considerably. He bought the town of Parga and made serious trouble for the Turks. Charges were brought against him and everyone expected that he and the Sultan would fight a war. In the middle of this rising storm, the boy came back to Arta, initiated his father in the *Filiki Etairia* and left again.

In his turn, the priest wanted to initiate me. I swore I'd never breathe a word of what he told me, but asked for eight days to think about what he proposed. I wanted to be sure I was worthy of such secrets. I left, reflected, reckoned everything — death, dangers, battles — and my faith and country were worth it. I went back to the priest, kissed his hand and told him I thought I could count on myself. Still, I asked him not to tell me any of the deeper secrets of the Society because I was young and if they caught and tortured me I might seek to save my life by betraying them. He blessed me and the blessing of that priest, together with the blessing of my country, didn't let me disgrace myself. I went through hell, was imprisoned, wounded and chased like a wild animal. But, with God's help, I'm still alive.

That was how I joined the *Filiki Etairia*. I left the house of my master, went to live in my own house, worked for Greece and Christianity, and prayed for the honor to serve them honestly so that, instead of calling me thief and pirate, my country could call me son and I could call her mother.

Round about then Ali Pasha went into open revolt. The Sultan appointed Khursit Pasha Commander-in-Chief and, together with a crowd of other Pashas, sent him to surround Ali. The towns of Ioannina and Arta were flooded with Turks, rapacious and dissolute characters one and all, and they started abducting Greek women, one of them being a servant of my former master. Then they wanted to take his wife too. She was a beautiful woman and one of the Arta Pashas wanted her. His name was Hassan Pasha, a thoroughly rotten man, who, together with another of his kind, Baba Pasha by name, outdid himself in ruining and dishonoring the local people. Baba Pasha arrested both my master and me and tossed us in jail. He'd have chopped our heads off but we were saved thanks to the huge sums my master paid him. The moment we were out of prison I told my master we should

return to our hometown, Lidhoriki. Instead of listening to me he listened to women and paid the price for it. Personally, I found it easy to take my own advice and left Arta for a while. During my absence Hassan Pasha arrested my master who, eventually, managed to escape. It was then that Hassan took a liking to my master's wife who was pregnant and about to have her baby. Hassan was willing to wait and left her alone for the time being.

Ali Pasha couldn't handle the Sultan's armies. Soon enough, Arta, Preveza, Souli and the rest of Epirus were covered with Turks who soon controlled Ioannina, his very capital. The forces of the Sultan were powerful enough to begin confiscating the arms of the Greeks. In addition, they wanted to close down the ammunition factory in Arta. The factory belonged to a good friend of mine, Yiorgakis Korakis. I knew him to be an honorable man so I asked the priest and Gogos Bakolas and old Skarmintsos, who had also become members of the Society, to bring Yiorgakis into the secret. They'd have none of it from fear he'd betray us to the Turks. The fact remained that we were short of ammunition while the enemy was crawling all over the place. We wanted to start a revolution with no ammunition and with bits of string keeping together barrel and stock on our rifles. It made sense that I should stop asking the others and initiate my friend on my own responsibility. Which I did and we emptied the factory. We made two hiding places in my house and a couple more in his and carried the stuff there. We left some scraps behind and God's divine will blinded the Turks who never saw where and how we carried the real thing. Then, Korakis and I put up money and bought rifles and pistols and swords on the sly. We hid them where we had hidden the ammunition and started arming men who came from the Ionian Islands as well as everybody else who was willing to fight.

Khursit Pasha took his entire army along when the Sultan ordered him to march against Ali. This left few Turks in the Peloponnesus and they noticed Greeks traveling all over the place and talking among themselves in subdued tones. The Turks smelled a revolt, exchanged messages and, soon enough, their suspicions were enlarged. Not just the Peloponnesus but Roumeli too appeared to be on the verge of rebellion. Turks in Roumeli were alerted by their friends in the Peloponnesus and began to ask questions. We replied that nothing serious was afoot. It was just that people were upset about the flood of soldiers who came to

Roumeli to get Ali. The Turks believed this nonsense although any fool could see that people were more than upset to see their land devastated.

The Peloponnesian Turks were less gullible. Every day they wrote letters to Khursit, elaborating on their fears about Greeks preparing to make trouble and asking him to do something about it. Finally Khursit did something about it and, suddenly, all communications with our friends in the Peloponnesus stopped. We found ourselves cut off and surrounded by Turks. We knew nothing about anything, which isn't helpful when you're planning a revolution. We were at our wits' end and the Society leaders in Arta decided I ought to masquerade as a trader, go to Patra and, from there, to eastern Greece. I had to find the local revolutionaries and urge them to make trouble. This would siphon off some Turks from our part of the country and we could then begin to make trouble too.

In March 1821 I put money in my pocket and went to Patra. It wasn't a healthy place for a Roumeliot because if the Turks recognized him they'd hang him on the spot. Still, I wasn't taking the trip for pleasure. In the safety of the Russian Consulate I talked to the local members of the *Filiki Etairia*. I described our situation and the catastrophe Ali Pasha had recently suffered when he came out of his castle in Ioannina to attack the Sultan's army and his best soldiers were cut to pieces.

My friends didn't believe a word. They preferred to think of Ali as the man who'd deliver Greece from the Sultan whereas the truth was that if he managed to win his war he wouldn't have left a single Greek throat unslit. After I told them much and they believed nothing I left them and paid a visit to a wholesale merchant. I pretended I was keen on buying things whereas what I wanted was to dispel any suspicions the Turks might have about me. Also, I wanted to find out what the situation in Patra was really like. When I finished buying the merchant invited me to his house and, once inside, he made the recognition signs of the Society. I told him what I knew about Roumeli and he told me about the Peloponnesus. I then asked if there was much time left before the Revolution would be openly declared and whether the Peloponnesians were prepared.

"The Turks are suspicious," he said. "Ten days ago they asked for a loan and I gave them 150,000 grossia. That took care of their suspicions. But we don't have time to lose."

"If that's the case, what preparations have you made?"

"We sent some money to Kolokotronis in Zakinthos. Now he's in Mani with 30 men. Apart from that we made no other preparation."

"And this pile of money I see on your table? Why don't you send it someplace where it can be safe as well as useful both to Greece and to yourself?"

"Come on now! Do you think it'll be long before we smash the Turks? One night we'll go to bed as slaves and the following morning we'll be free! It won't take more than that!"

"All of you here are important people," I said. "You know a lot. I'm practically a zero and know little. May God show you the right way."

Next morning I discovered that the police was after me. They had already arrested somebody else in my place but realized they had the wrong man and let him go. This fellow knew the inn I was staying at and rushed over to tell me that the Turks meant to hang me. I ran to the Russian Consulate and asked them to keep me there but the Consul wouldn't hear of it. At a time like this, he said, even his own head was liable to roll. The best he could do was keep me until nightfall. They put me in a small room and nobody would come near it. I had to piss. There was a hole in the floor and I pissed through the hole. Immediately, a servant barged in screaming his head off. I explained I was human and could hold out for just so long. He was mollified and asked where I was from. I told him and it turned out he was from a village close to my own. Grasping the opportunity I asked him to take a message to Yerakaris, a friend of mine who had been in the Consulate when I first visited it, two days earlier. He replied that Odysseas, commander of the Eastern Roumeli rebels, was in Patra and Yerakaris was with him. I asked him to find Yerakaris anyway, which he did, and Yerakaris came to the Consulate. I told him to take me where Odysseas was and he took off.

It was getting late and the Consulate people wanted me to leave. I straightened out my pistols and sword, said my prayers, and drank some raki. I wanted the alcohol to help me go out sword in hand even though I'm a confirmed coward. Lots of Turks outside. They had discovered where I was hiding and

wanted to catch me as I'd be leaving. I figured it'd be better if I didn't fall into their hands alive because they'd certainly torture me. Since I might betray something or other I'd be better off dead. I was about to walk out when a man came from Yerakaris. Let's go, he said. I reminded him there were Turks outside and told him to keep a lookout from the top of the garden wall. I'd climb over it and jump down on the other side. From then on, it'd be his job to guide me because I wasn't familiar with the layout of the town.

He did as I told him and I jumped over the wall. I almost broke my back with all the weapons I was carrying but I was so scared I got up and ran like a deer. We hurried towards the sea and I suggested we keep clear from the Customs building because the Turks would certainly catch us there. We reached the coast and I suggested that I hide in a ditch while he called a boat from the ship Odysseas was on. My hiding in a ditch was too much for him. "You definitely are dirty asses wherever you come from," he said. "Can it be that you're afraid of your own shadow?"

This made me feel so ashamed that I forgot about the ditch and went with him. He called for the boat in too loud a voice, the Turks heard us and started shooting. With God's help we reached the ship and I met Odysseas. I told him the news as well as my plan to meet with the Eastern Greece chieftains. He replied he had already contacted them, that they would make trouble, and that he himself had been told to make trouble in Xiromero. "Come along with me," he said. "Things will be lively and I'd rather see the end of this right there, I replied. "Also," I said, "I want to pick up the rifle I abandoned at the inn. And I do want to tell our people in Patra what you've told me." Odysseas left for Xiromero that night.

The Revolution broke out two days later in Patra. The Turks moved towards the fort and the Greeks towards the sea. I took ten men from the ship and we went ashore. Thousands of people were milling around the Customs building and I saw women and children wading in the water. Among them I saw my friend the wholesale merchant hanging on to his wife and children. Nothing remained from his vast fortune. He'd have gone to bed one night and next morning Greece would be a sovereign state. Big people make big mistakes. Smaller people make smaller mistakes. I took him onboard and tried to console him.

The following day I crossed the Corinthian Gulf and arrived in Messolonghi. I bought rum, olive oil, and large candles because I wanted to return to Arta under my merchant's masquerade so that the Turks wouldn't get ideas as to what I had been up to. I loaded the stuff on my ship and proceeded to Vassiladhi, a near-by port. Next day was Palm Sunday and we couldn't sail on account of the wind. On the opposite side of the Gulf we saw Patra covered with smoke and heard cannons booming and rifles spitting. That evening some friends came from Patra to tell us that Yussuf Pasha entered the city, took it apart, and slaughtered most of the inhabitants.

We left Vassiladhi on Good Friday. I went to Preveza, sold my goods for a good price and, late at night on Good Saturday, entered Arta. I met with my friends and gave them the news. We were confused by what happened in Patra. The Turks kept bringing to Arta Greek heads they had cut off and this didn't relieve our discomfort. However, I soon had other things to worry about because I got arrested and the Turks informed me I was a traitor to the Sultan. I had just returned from the Peloponnesus, the Peloponnesus had just rebelled, therefore straight to the dungeon. They loaded me up with chains and started torturing me. They wanted the secrets of the Society and tortured me for seventy-five days. Then they picked out twenty-six prisoners. They were to hang us all and God saved only me. The others were hanged in the marketplace but I was spared because the Turks wanted to interrogate me some more. They were no longer interested in the Society but were very interested in where I kept my money hidden. Back to the castle and into a new dungeon. This one had 180 people inside. From time to time the Turks threw us some bread but the prisoners were literally shitting on it. With so many of us packed in that little space there was no place to shit. This, plus the stale breaths, raised a stench that couldn't be matched. We put our noses behind the keyhole and tried to breathe but didn't succeed too well.

The Turks continued to beat and torture me and from being knocked about so much, my body got swollen and I was about to die. I promised money to an Albanian guard if he'd let me go out, see a doctor, buy some medicine and get him the cash. The Albanian succumbed to temptation and told a Turkish friend of his to accompany me home. Even though I wasn't in perfect health I put up a great show groaning and moaning and giving the impression that my soul was still inside my

body only because I was biting on it. The Turk, a real beast of God, extremely stupid, concluded I was done for. We got to my house and I collapsed. Death was imminent. The doctor came but I paid no attention to him. All my thoughts were with the Turk. How the devil was I to shake him loose?

I crawled up and gave him the money. "Take this," I whispered. "Give it to our Albanian friend but, please, make sure nobody sees you." Then I slipped him another 100 grossia for him to keep. "Take all this money to the castle," I continued, "and come back as fast as you can. Meanwhile, the doctor will have prepared my medicines. For God's sake, come back quickly! I'm scared to death of the Turkish army and wouldn't dare show my face outside this door except in your company."

He took the money and the door had barely closed behind him when I ran to the house of a cousin of Ali Pasha. Ismail Bey was his name, may the Lord bless his soul, and he was sorry to see me in that shape. I described what I'd been through and begged him not to hand me back to the Turks. "What's the matter with you!" he said. "Have you forgotten that we Albanians are fighting the Turks? I wouldn't hand you over to them even if they became my blood-brothers." He gave me weapons and took me to his camp, three hours away from Arta.

A few days later my friend fell seriously ill. He was my benefactor and I looked after him as if he were my own father. If I wanted to I could have left him because a Greek camp was barely a mile away. But I couldn't abandon the man who saved me, especially when he was sick. He was terribly weak when he managed to stand up and I accompanied him back to Arta. I wanted to nurse him until he recovered completely and I also wanted to save the wife of my former master. Hassan Pasha continued to look forward to the day when he could install her in his harem and, for the sake of that woman and of my friend the Bey, I went back into Arta and danger. We had been there for about a week when all the leading Albanians came to pay a visit to the Bey. I took this opportunity to tell him about the woman and the Bey went through the roof.

"Pashas and Beys!" he told his assembled friends. "Mark my words, we're doomed! We've offended the honor of the Greeks and stolen their property! Now the Greeks have picked up their guns! The Sultan doesn't know which end is up

because his sycophants keep on fooling him. People say that the big issue is the war between Ali and the Sultan but I say people can't see beyond the end of their noses! The big issue is the Greek uprising! The trouble they're making here is only the beginning. I can see the handwriting on the wall and I'm telling you we're finished! The Greeks are determined to fight and they've got a plan. We've tried to find out what this plan is and failed! Doesn't that make you stop and think? Aren't you surprised that we offer huge sums and no Greek traitor shows up to tell us what this is all about? We have no idea whether the Greeks are fighting by themselves or whether they're supported by the European powers. We kill, impale and torture to find out what's going on and come up with nothing!"

He then went on to say that the Sultan put in command of his armies rapacious and lascivious Pashas who steal from the innocent and abduct women for their seraglios. "Just think, however!" the Bey continued. "These Pashas will go home when the war with Ali is over. But we'll have to stay because our homes are here!" He then told them about my master's wife and that Hassan Pasha was after her. The Albanians agreed that she ought to be kept out of his hands so they took her away and put her in the English Consulate where she was safe.

When the Bey recovered completely I told him I'd leave and asked for his blessing. He didn't want to let me go. I told him I could have left when he was sick but my honor hadn't allowed me to. He realized I wouldn't stay, blessed me and told me to tell the Greek leaders to be fair and honest. He said I ought to tell them that the Moslems had been unjust and that's why they were doomed. "You Greeks should follow the path of justice," he said. "If you do maybe we too will find peace even though we've strayed from the path of God."

I kissed his hand and prepared to go. He wanted to give me money. "My Bey," I said, "I've got money and I thank you. Keep your money because you have your own people to look after."

He gave me weapons, commanded me once more to be honest and sent me to Gogos, who was a Society member and a local chieftain. "Gogos," said the Bey, "is a virtuous man and a precious friend." Then he told me to warn our chieftains not to try and take Arta by assault because too many Turks were inside.

We ought to besiege the town and the Turks would leave on their own because they had no supplies. I thanked him once more, begged him to continue looking after the wife of my former master, and left for the mountains.

August 1821 was just breaking.

FALL OF ARTA AND DEATH OF ALI PASHA

BACKGROUND

In the summer of 1821 three armies of the Sultan commanded by Ismail Pasha entered Epirus from the north, east and south. Ali Pasha retreated to his fortified castle and Ioannina was quickly taken. This wasn't good enough for the Sultan who relieved Ismail and had him beheaded for incompetence.

Supreme Turkish command was now vested in Khursit Pasha who imposed discipline upon the three armies, organized supply routes and tried to resolve the Albanian Problem which can be summarized as follows.

Centuries earlier many Albanians migrated south from Illyria and settled in various parts of Greece whose inhabitants had been wiped out by plague or war. They now lived in widely scattered locations all the way down to the southernmost tip of the Peloponnesus. Khursit worried about these Albanians because they placed an extraordinary value upon honor. Being honor-bound to protect Ali Pasha, they didn't care if they died in the process. They continued to fight after Ioannina fell and could have gone on fighting as long as any of them were alive. Albanians in the north had concluded an alliance with the Greeks from Souli and conducted joint operations west of Ioannina. In the south, an alliance of Greeks and Albanians was successful enough to make them think about assaulting the city of Arta.

While these plans were being hatched, Makriyiannis fought under Gogos, a former "armatolos" of Ali Pasha. Let it be noted that his account of what the Greeks did to their Albanian allies in Caboti as well as his account of what the Greeks did to their fellow-Greeks in Arta are scrupulously excluded from schoolbooks dealing with modern Greek history.

FALL OF ARTA AND DEATH OF ALI PASHA

A few days later elders from the surrounding area came to our camp and we tried to figure out how to hold back the thousands of enemy troops inundating our part of the country. Turks were already like ants all over Ioannina, Arta, Preveza and Souli but more kept coming on account of Ali Pasha who continued fighting the Sultan. We kept things confused by claiming that we too fought for Ali, that it was our duty to help him, that the Sultan was wrong in persecuting this kindly old man. Such were the fairy tales we broadcast to make allies out of Ali's friends and, during that meeting with the elders, we agreed to exert ourselves and convince the Albanians that our sole concern was the deliverance of Ali. When everybody got that point we discussed how to continue the war, a serious problem since most of our men didn't have rifles. But we had enough of the Turks. We weren't masters of life, honor, or property and the choice was clear: death or liberty. We swore to fight all the way and to sell everything we owned in order to keep alive ourselves and those of our brothers who had no money. That way, every Greek could perform his duty. We appointed some honest men to supply the troops with provisions so that everyone could concentrate on fighting. It made no difference what you were — politician, soldier or priest. Everyone fought and the system we adopted was copied throughout Greece and worked for two years. Examine that period and you'll see our victories, our love for one another, the total absence of discord.[1]

After the meeting Gogos sent to the Albanians in Souli a letter with the right variations on the old tune — the Greek nation was ready to commit suicide for the

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1

At the end of the two years, the Illustrious Mavrokordatos and his associates began to instruct us in factionalism and mutual distrust. Today, Viaros and Agustinos, the worthy brothers of our Governor Capodistria, go so far as to ask us — "And who the devil told you to pick up those guns? Now go and beg so that you won't do it again!" We got rid of Hassan Pasha to inherit Viaros. The country is full of stool-pigeons and, thanks to the newcomers, we've learned new trades and disgusting tricks. May the Lord help us!

sake of Ali Pasha the Just.[2] In response, we were visited by Ago Vassiaris, the Albanian commander in the Souli area, a prudent and fearless officer who came accompanied by many Albanian and Greek chieftains. Markos Botsaris was among the latter even though there was blood enmity between him and Gogos. Back in the days when Gogos worked for Ali Pasha as an "armatolos" Ali ordered him to kill the father of Markos. Now Markos came to our camp and embraced Gogos and told him that what happened was the work of the tyrant. "Let it be forgotten," Markos said, "and let's be brothers from now on." The rest of us welcomed the Albanians and lectured them about the best way to save Ali. In private, we explained to the Greeks our plan for freeing our country and stressed the importance of secrecy. We couldn't afford to make enemies out of Albanians whom we needed to help us bleed the Sultan's forces.

Khursit Pasha, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, was the lord of the Peloponnesus and left his post to lead the Sultan's armies against Ali. When he marched north he had to leave many Albanians behind because they wouldn't follow someone who was out to kill their kinsman. When the war broke out and our fairy tales spread far and wide about how concerned we were for their beloved leader, a thousand or so of those Albanians crossed the Corinthian Gulf and joined us in Roumeli.

The moment they got across the local Greeks began to murder them. The Albanians marched in a long column and those who were ahead thought that the ones behind were late in showing up because they were tired and hungry. There's a stream near Caboti and many Albanians were thrown in it. Sneaky Greeks would

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2

And if the filthy dog managed to come out of his castle alive the Greek nation was guaranteed to vanish from the face of the earth. Ali Pasha knew everything about the Filiki Etairia. A Greek scoundrel from the Ionian Islands told him the secret. And not only that. He showed Ali our documents and even recited our oath to him. Naturally, Ali communicated the lot to the Sultan as proof of his good faith and asked for forgiveness. If the Sultan found it in his heart to forgive him, Ali promised to destroy the Filiki Etairia which was such a threat to the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan took the message as a ruse and figured that Ali was dreaming up this wild story to save his neck. Therefore, thank the Lord who blinded the entire dog pack.

pounce upon the rear of the column, catch a few prisoners, hang them, and throw the corpses in the stream. One of the Albanians wasn't properly hanged and was still alive when the Greeks stole the clothes off his back and tossed him in the stream. The cold water brought him back to his senses and he walked to Caboti. Most of the Greek and Albanian leaders were there, waiting for reinforcements from Messolonghi, Agrinio, Xiromero and Valtos.

Elmaz Metzos, the leader of the Albanian column from the Peloponnesus, was with us. He had walked ahead with a few of his officers and they were waiting for the rest of their men who, they thought, were unaccountably delayed. Around midnight, the half-drowned fellow found him and Elmaz and his officers came to where Gogos and the rest of us were assembled. They produced their half-drowned evidence and he described the treatment his friends had been subjected to. At dawn we went to the stream and saw with our own eyes those unbelievably evil doings. The poor Albanians were weeping. "What have you got against us?" they said. "Our enemies kill us and our friends murder us." It was a nightmare and we didn't know what to say. None of us had anticipated that something like this could happen and we were ashamed and confused. We tried consolation but the Albanians didn't forget and we paid for it when we entered Arta.

The allied Greeks and Albanians fighting west of Ioannina contacted us and it was agreed we should get in touch who everyone in Messolonghi who might help us. Then all our forces would gather in Caboti and Peta and, from there, we'd march against Arta. Reinforcements began to arrive. Three thousand Greeks and all the local Albanians came from Souli. They were commanded by everybody who was anybody. Notis Botsaris, Fotos Maras, Markos Botsaris, Drakos, Veikos, Agos Vassiaris, Suleiman Metzos and so forth. This group occupied Marati, a few miles outside Arta. It was a place with gardens, a few houses and a solidly built mosque. A river separated Marati and the area occupied by our own unit which was about a thousand strong and held Aghios Ilias, exactly above Arta. Below us, we could see the city gates and, further away, the monastery of Faneromeni. These two positions were defended by the best Turkish garrisons. The total Turkish forced in the city amounted to 12,000 men.

On November 15, a large Turkish party of both infantry and cavalry attacked our friends in Marati. They fought bravely, killed some of the Greeks and routed the rest. Karaiskakis and Markos Botsaris locked themselves up in the mosque and replied to every Turkish bullet with a bullet of their own. The fleeing cowards saw this, were ashamed, returned and, together with those who were in the mosque, slaughtered many Turks and chased the survivors back into Arta.

The following day, Fotos Maras, Karaiskakis and some of the Albanians from Marati came to our camp in Aghios Ilias. It was agreed that 300 Marati men would take Mili, just outside Arta. One hundred men from our own unit would attack Aghii Apostoli and the monastery of Odhighitra, both of which were held by just a few Turks. The Turks had to be killed, the monastery occupied and our men should await further orders. The same applied to the 300 men from Marati. All they had to do was take Mili and hold it. Markos Botsaris and Karaiskakis would lead the 300. Fotos Maras and I would lead the 100. When all details had been straightened out we stopped talking and began to advance.

The 300 were promptly attacked by cavalry and infantry. Our own unit was attacked by only 800 infantry because the terrain was mountainous and horses couldn't negotiate it. But we paid little attention to the Turks. We were too busy looking at our 300 comrades. I swear upon my honor they weren't human beings but strange creatures, mixtures of eagle and lion. They didn't bother to fire their rifles twice but drew their swords and fell upon the enemy. The Turks were annihilated and their survivors ran back to the city. The 300 advanced and occupied their appointed positions.

Our unit was also attacked and we couldn't maneuver much. Hedges, walls and the monastery were full of Turks who took careful aim and shot at us. As if their concealed riflemen weren't enough, we had to repel 800 infantrymen who came at us. The point is, even if every one of us had been a coward and a eunuch, the example of our 300 brothers breathed fire into us and we behaved like real fighters. The Turks kept advancing, we emptied our rifles on them, their leader and some 20 others fell dead, and we began the chase. Such was our momentum that we didn't stop until we had kicked out of that mountain every single Turk.

The 300 had stopped in front of a fortified seraglio at the city's edge. But not for long. The building was squeezed empty of all Turks who hoped to find shelter inside. Then it was set on fire. Cleaning up the surrounding area came next and this too was speedily accomplished. Our troops went so far as to occupy half of the city bazaar.

Night fell. Both our unit and the 300 notified our superiors we had captured the positions we had been ordered to. Then, naturally, we advanced some more. Down came the word that we should hold the positions we'd been ordered to take and never mind further advances. We paid no attention. If something popped in our heads then, by God, we'd see it through and I selected 50 out of our 100 men.

After the years I spent in Arta I knew every road and path. Quietly, we went through the bazaar and penetrated into the Turkish quarter. We made a careful selection of horses and other useful things and, just as quietly, went back again. Not, of course, to the positions we'd been ordered to but to those we had picked out by ourselves. A new message from high up. "Either go back to where you're supposed to be or tell us that you've appointed yourselves commanders of everything. Then, we shall be happy to take orders from you." We went back to where we were supposed to be and fell asleep.

In the morning we went to our superiors. "You're angry at us," they said. "It's obvious from your faces that you think we were presumptuous to order you back. Are you curious to hear why we insisted? It's really simple and you're fools not to have figured it out by yourselves. All right then! For weeks you've been hungry and tired. Suddenly, you run into food and drink and gorge yourselves. But *where* are you gorging yourselves? In some exposed position! The Turks come out and you're asleep. Next minute you're dead. The minute after that *we* are dead because you didn't keep us covered. Is it so difficult to understand that we attack and, at the same time, we're surrounded by the enemy?" We didn't argue with them and Gogos resumed the offensive next dawn. We hit them wherever they resisted. Small units of our troops entered the city from different points and there was fighting everywhere. Finally, the only significant enemy concentrations were limited to three spots.

A Greek by the name of Papadopoulos had persecuted me terribly when I was imprisoned in the castle. He was actually *encouraging* the Turks to torture and finish me off. I couldn't forget his attention so, before we entered Arta, I got permission from Gogos to kill Papadopoulos and his entire family. Now I went to his house but he was gone. He had heard about my intentions and was hiding in the British Consulate. We weren't yet in full control of the city, I had to fight my way to the Consulate and it was bursting with people from Arta, Ioannina, and other places in western Greece. The misery I saw broke my heart. "God saved me from what you wanted to do with the help of the Turks," I told the shivering Papadopoulos. "Now I can slit your throat but I won't."

The family of my former master, including his wife who had been pursued by the Pasha, was also in the Consulate. I took them as well as the family of Papadopoulos and led them to safety, behind our lines. Papadopoulos was carrying all kinds of valuable but neither I nor my men deigned to touch anything. I found my former master and reunited him with his people. "Now," I said, "I owe you nothing for the food I ate in your house for so many years." As for Papadopoulos, he was happy to continue carrying his head on his shoulders. He had a hiding-place in his house where he and his friends stored their valuables. I knew about that hiding place but it'd be a smear upon my honor to steal their property. We had now become friends and, besides, Arta was where I grew up. I deposited Papadopoulos in his house and went looking for Gogos. Meanwhile, one of Papadopoulos' servants had betrayed the hiding place to some relatives of his and they stole everything. Papadopoulos entered his house, saw the empty cache and concluded that I spared his life because I stole his riches. Then he discovered what his servant had done and came running to me, begging forgiveness for having suspected me.

What happened to him was happening all over the city. We were four thousand strong when we assaulted Arta to free it from the Turks. When we took it and the time came to rob the Greeks our numbers swelled to ten thousand. Our heroes looted the British Consulate and the Church of Aghia Sotira, both of them full of valuables belonging to Greek refugees from Arta, Ioannina and other cities. Our attack on Arta cost us practically no casualties. Our attack upon the property of the Greeks cost us plenty because the isolated Turkish sharp-shooters were aiming at leisure and nobody shot back at them. In the process of looting and drinking, we

lost many of our people but achieved our objective to strip our brother Greeks naked. Upon my honor, I didn't take one single penny. My men found a hiding place and, since I was their chief, they gave me a double portion of what they found. It amounted to five hundred grossia and, from then on, whenever I fell sick I'd leave this sum to different churches.

I went to my house and opened my own hiding place. The small quantity of ammunition that was still there, as well as the rifles Korakis and I had bought, were distributed among my men. I packed up my personal weapons and clothes and sent them to Aghia, a village some distance away from Arta. The fighting against the isolated Turks within the city continued for sixteen more days because our forces had shrunk and there were only 3,000 left. The rest, having robbed our brothers, went home to rest.

A close friend of Ali Pasha, Tahir Abazis, a man of merit, was sent by our Albanian allies to look things over in the Messolonghi area. They wanted to see whether the Greeks were truly committed to the deliverance of Ali Pasha the Beloved. That's what we trumpeted and the Albanians wanted to make sure. Tahir went to Messolonghi, found Albanian women proselytized to Christianity, Albanian men being killed, and mosques destroyed and desecrated. As a pious Moslem he felt bitter about all this and those Messolonghi Greek idiots didn't keep him there when they realized he saw what he saw. Instead, they allowed him to return to Arta where he gathered his friends, reported on the situation and informed them that their faith was practically extinguished. "Is a dirty old man like Ali Pasha worth the destruction of our nation and faith?" he asked them. They agreed that the dirty old man wasn't worth it and took appropriate steps.

At the time, every Greek leader of note was in Arta and if they got killed it'd be the end of the Revolution. Until then, the Albanians were our allies and slaughtered the enemy. Now they contacted the Turks who were still holding out in different parts of the city and discussed with them the best way to slaughter *us*. They were keen on secrecy and wanted everything figured out in advance. Elmaz Metzos made an important contribution by telling them about the drowned Albanians in Caboti. This made them feel much obliged to us and it didn't take them long to conclude they had to kill every Greek in sight.

A few days earlier we had tightened up the siege of the castle and began preparations to mop up the isolated groups of Turks who continued to resist here and there. Then Tahir came back from Messolonghi and the Albanians sent word to the Turks not to surrender. They also sent a message to the Turkish headquarters in Ioannina. The messenger found Omar Pasha and begged him to interceded with Khursit Pasha on behalf of the Albanians. If they were forgiven, the Albanians promised not only to deliver Ali Pasha to the Turks but, in addition, to murder all the Greek leaders in Arta. The messenger carried a plan setting forth in detail how this would be accomplished. The Turks should send an army from Ioannina to occupy Lamari and Placa, two positions outside Arta. Seeing this, the Greeks would have to split their forces in two. No matter what the split would be like, the Albanians, who were still our allies, would be posted next to the Greek units. Once the Greeks began to march, the Albanians would cut their throats.

A Turkish army marched south from Ioannina and the Greeks split their forces in two. Lamari would be defended by Markos Botsaris and Placa by Gogos. Both units were accompanied by our Albanian allies. Gogos divided his unit into two sub-units. One he took with him and the other he left behind in Arta. Before starting out he presented his son and myself to those of our Albanian allies who'd stay behind. "As we agreed," he said, " I'm going. These two will command the men I leave behind. Give them ammunition and whatever else they need. I'm going with God's and your own blessing. You may rest assured that I shall personally cut off each and every nose belonging to the pigs approaching us." He was calling the Turks pigs because they were Moslems and forgot he was speaking to their fellow-Moslems.

Elmaz Metzos answered him sadly because he was a brave and honorable man. "Go, friend," he said. "We know how you handle the Turks. Let your men come to us and we'll give them everything they need." The agreement about supplies was crucial because the Albanians had plenty of everything and supplied us too. Our leaders left and the Albanians resumed their secret conversations with the Turks. Previously, it had been routine for some of us to attend all Albanian meetings. Now, little by little, they drew themselves apart.

One day the Turks came out of the castle and gave us a rough time. We fought them non-stop for twenty-four hours and ran out of ammunition. I hurried to the Albanians but they wouldn't give me a single bullet. I found Karaiskakis and he gave me some. "I asked the Beys for bullets and they refused," I told him. "What do you think is going on?"

Karaiskakis gave me a hard look. "Keep your eyes open," he said. 'There's something going on and we'd better watch out. An Albanian friend of mine dropped some hints about it." The fighting continued and Karaiskakis' ammunition was soon shot away. Back to the Albanians I went. "If you have no ammunition," they said, "we suggest you stop fighting." This was something I simply had to tell Karaiskakis but he had news for me too. His Albanian friend broke down and told him that Turks and Albanians would join forces and attack us. Our marching comrades, Gogos and the others, would be hit on their way to meet the approaching Turkish army. We sent a message to Gogos and Botsaris and began to worry about our own necks.

Karaiskakis told me to lift the siege of the castle and gather my men in a spot outside the city where the terrain was suitable for defense. I did so and we met again that same night. We talked things over and concluded that the attack was imminent. In fact, we got hit at once from everywhere. We retreated step by step and each step had to be fought over. The Turks increased the pressure and our retreat became disorganized. We fought as best as we could, tried to stay together, and it wasn't always possible. One of my officers and 15 of our men got surrounded, barricaded themselves inside a house and kept the Turks back all day long. They were valiant men but we couldn't get close and had to leave them behind. At night, they pulled out their swords, opened the door and hacked their way to us. Our retreat was in the general direction of Peta and Caboti. All the way there I carried on my back an old woman, a member of a family entrusted to me by Gogos who told me to save these people if anything went wrong. I saved them with only the clothes on their backs.

Thus were we thrown out of Arta at the end of November 1821.

Upon our departure our former Albanian allies went to Oman Pasha in Ioannina and he took them to Khursit. They made obeisance and contacted their friends who were still inside the castle, defending Ali Pasha. They told them how the Greeks had fooled them, how Albanians had been duped to fight for the freedom of Greece, how they were rewarded by getting themselves murdered, and how the Greeks were proselytizing Albanians to Christianity. These were powerful arguments and the Albanians inside the castle started flattering Ali Pasha. They said they had spoken to Khursit who then wrote to the Sultan recommending that Ali be forgiven. Furthermore, Khursit wrote that Ali Pasha was the only man able to demolish the Greeks who dared to rebel against their beloved Sultan.

Ali was so happy to hear all this he didn't have the sense to blow up the castle with himself and his sycophants inside. He wanted to come out and be a tyrant some more. But his friends lied when they said he was forgiven. They just wanted to get him out of the castle and when they did they chopped his head off and shipped it to that other tyrant, the Sultan, who, I suppose, made soup out of it.

That's how they killed Ali Pasha and gathered up his treasures, and sent his wife and friends to Constantinoupolis. Such was the end of the beast in January 1822. He was slaughtered like cattle because tyrants are afraid to die like men. Despite his advanced age, he still wanted to play the tyrant for just a while longer.

The Turks came after us when we retreated from Arta. They had cavalry and infantry and they chased, captured, enslaved and killed. I reached Aghia, the village where I had sent my things, and saw the unfortunate people of Arta arriving in flocks. Barefooted, naked and hungry they begged me to rescue them. All the important folk of Arta showed up together with women and children, a total of more than five hundred families. I assembled them and, with the help of my men, guided them to a near-by stream. We gathered wood, built fires and took care of them. Around midnight we were visited by some individuals who shot at us. We thought they were Turks and the people panicked. Some jumped into the stream, others ran up the mountain, still others fainted on the spot. We shot back until we realized who the attackers were. They were Greeks from the surrounding villages and they came to steal the shirts off the back of the shivering Arta people. They'd have preferred

to steal more than shirts but everything else had already been stolen. We exchanged a few words with the scoundrels and they went to the devil.

In the morning I led the whole crowd through the mountains. As we marched you could see one who had fallen down and couldn't lift himself up. You could see others who were exhausted from hunger and from walking so far for so long. Until then these people had barely stepped outside their doors and some of them didn't even have shoes. All they had were bandages around their feet, strips torn from their clothing. One woman had four children and the oldest was seven. She abandoned the two youngest in the forest and my heart bled for them. I tied them up, put them on my shoulder and saved their lives.

I kept pushing ahead because I was in a hurry to leave the mountains behind. I wanted to reach the plain, gather wood, build fires, buy bread from some village. We hurried and some couldn't keep up with the pace. They gradually fell behind and into the hands of the Greek jackals who followed us from a distance. Stragglers were stripped of everything. One woman had a ring on her finger and the ring wouldn't come off. The gallant patriots who captured her wanted to cut off her finger. Such was the agony she suffered at her hands she didn't feel a sharp stick that went right through the sole of her bare foot. Moreover, she was too busy begging them to cut the ring and not the finger off. They were kind enough to grant her this favor and she escaped with all her fingers intact. Limping, she made it to where the rest of us had stopped and told us her story. We rushed back but found nobody. The scoundrels had vanished into the woods. I pulled the stick out of her foot and poured some boiling fat over it but it was too swollen already. Not wanting to leave her behind, I put her on the donkey that was carrying my clothes and really began to hate our race of cannibals. From then on some of us sat up, night and day, rifle in hand, watching over our people so that the human wolves wouldn't devour the defenseless creatures.

From there, I led them to Spitovouni. I bought a few sheep from some shepherds and fed the people. Then we separated. Some went to Messolonghi and Agrinion and I led the majority to Katouna. Their clothes and furs were full of lice. I got some quicksilver, melted it and rubbed them with it to kill the lice. I spent twenty days with them. Gogos called me back to his camp but the people wouldn't

let me leave them. I sent my men to Gogos and told them to tell him I'd soon be arriving there myself.

I continued to stay with my Arta friends but, within a fortnight, the most important men were dead -- the entire Vranas family, Korakis the honest patriot, and Papadopoulos whom I had so much wanted to kill. The survivors wanted to make me their chieftain, to lead them back into battle. They had lost everything for the sake of liberty but their patriotism burned on. I wasn't eager to do what they wanted but they insisted and I wrote Gogos about it. I didn't want to offend him because he was the commander of the area and he might not have liked to see new commanders sprouting under his nose. He replied that he had always regarded me as a son and that it would give him great pleasure if I was made a chieftain. That was the kind of man he was. He loved and trained me as if I were his child. He was an honorable man and a true patriot. He died shortly afterwards and our country owes much to this valiant soldier.

The Arta people continued to insist that we go out and set up our own camp. We had no provisions and no rifles because, long before Arta fell, the Turks had confiscated all weapons. Then, when the city did fall, we, the liberators, robbed the people of Arta of everything they possessed. With the intention of acquiring supplies I left for Messolonghi where I knew a lot of patriots who could help us. On the way I caught a tremendous cold. My nose opened up, blood flowed out by the gallon and I was sick until March. I couldn't stand up, something happened to my eyes, and I couldn't see. The Arta people begged in the streets in order to come and visit me in Messolonghi, a city many days away from where they were. I was still weak, still unable to either walk or see, when my brother came and took me to his village in Salona. He was married and had a house there. The change of air and the care of my relatives helped me recover.

REVOLUTION IN EASTERN GREECE AND BEGINNING OF FACTIONALISM

BACKGROUND

At the end of 1821 the Revolution was nine months old and not doing badly. In its earliest phase Ali Pasha distracted Turkish attention and the Sultan ordered Khursit Pasha to march out of the Peloponnesus and to the north. This weakened the Ottoman garrisons in the Peloponnesus and the Greeks took advantage. Attica, Evvia, Fokis, Livadhia and Doris rose up in arms and the fleets of Idhra, Spetsai and Psara spread the revolution throughout the Aegean. The rest of the country rebelled too but with in vain. In Thessaly the Turks extinguished the uprising almost before it started. In Constantinoupolis where, according to the pipe-dreaming of the Filiki Etairia, *a model assassination would dispatch the Sultan, nothing at all happened. Except that the Sultan found out about the model assassination and had the Patriarch hanged and thrown into the Bosporus. The much-heralded uprising in the Danubian principalities didn't materialize and the few half-hearted attempts to start a revolt ended in disaster. In short, the Revolution was limited to the southern part of Greece and the Aegean Islands.*

In September 1821 Tripolis -- the capital of Khursit Pasha -- fell and the Ottomans realized that the Greeks were not fighting for Ali Pasha. From Epirus, they dispatched two armies to occupy Roumeli first and the Peloponnesus afterwards. The Greeks turned both armies back. At the same time, Greek fire-ships blew up elements of the enemy fleet right inside the port of Lesvos. As a result, most of the Peloponnesus was free by the end of 1821. The Ottomans held only some northern areas and a few heavily fortified castles in the south but the Aegean was controlled by Greek fleets. Even so, the situation remained critical.

After the murder of Ali Pasha two new Ottoman armies prepared to attack Mesolonghi in the west and Attica in the east. The latter was an important target. The Ottoman garrison in the Acropolis of Athens continued to hold out and had to be reinforced. If the Acropolis fell the eastern army wouldn't be able to advance to the Peloponnesus. Ottoman plans called for this army to join the western one after the latter captured Mesolonghi and then proceeded south via Antirrion, Rion and Patra. Clearly, the Greeks had to attack before they were attacked and the next

section of the Memoirs shows that the best allies of the Ottomans in their war against the Greeks were the Greeks.

One might have expected that, considering the small territory of the liberated nation, one Government would be enough, two Governments paradoxical, and three Governments sheer lunacy. Since reason and politics never go together, Greece opted for three Governments — the Peloponnesian Senate, the Senate of western Greece and the Arios Pagos of eastern Greece. Then, upon further reflection, it was decided that three Governments weren't enough. Accordingly, the First National Assembly, held at Epidavros in early 1822, appointed a Central Government, consisting of a Legislative and an Executive body. Now that administrative arrangements were settled satisfactorily the Greeks embarked upon their first serious attempt to exterminate each other.

REVOLUTION IN EASTERN GREECE AND BEGINNING OF FACTIONALISM

By February 1822, Roumeli was pressing the Peloponnesus for help. Dramali Pasha had invaded eastern Greece and the Turks were too many to handle. The Central Government in Peloponnesus ordered General Nikitas to form an army and go to Roumeli. Dimitrios Ipsilandis, a member of the Central Government, didn't take long to gauge the moral caliber of his malicious and greedy associates who schemed against anyone showing concern for our nation. Whether one happened to be a politician, a soldier or a priest, if his fellow Cabinet members thought he was honest, they persecuted him Being a man of conscience, Ipsilandis resigned from his Government post and offered to accompany Nikitas as a volunteer. He wanted to find Odysseas, who was commander-in-chief of eastern Greece, and help him draw up a plan so that the war for our country would be fought by Greeks who did not at the same time fight each other.

Ipsilandis' resignation and his decision to take active part in the fighting didn't please the rest of the Cabinet. There was a chance he might earn some glory or, and this was worse, he might betray the noble designs our politicians had for the country in general and the army in particular. To make sure Ipsilandis didn't get far, they warned Nikitas. "Don't be a fool," they said. "Don't make the mistake of taking Ipsilandis with you! People will say that he's the chief and you're a stooge. What will this do to your reputation? " Nikitas, the gallant patriot, paid no attention. He and Ipsilandis went to Roumeli together. Our political leaders were sorry that their advice was disregarded and sent a message to Odysseas. "Nikitas and Ipsilandis," they wrote, "have joined forces and are coming to Roumeli to break your neck. They want to grab the supreme command away from you."

When the Peloponnesian army arrived in Roumeli, Odysseas ordered that Nikitas and Ipsilandis should camp at some distance from his own headquarters.

He then invited them to a meeting, specifying that they should bring along just a few of their men.

When they got together, Odysseas spoke as follows. "You, Ipsilandis," he said, "I don't know at all. As for you, Nikitas, I've only heard about you because we've never met. Now, if you answer to the description sent to me by my friends, I suggest you pack up and go because it'd be a pity to start knocking one another's brains out. If, on the other hand, you're my friends and true children of Greece, let us embrace, let us become brothers and let us fight for our nation which is in mortal peril." He followed up by showing them the letter from the Central Government. Nikitas read it, took out of his pocket the letter he received about Ipsilandis and passed it around. Ipsilandis read both letters and told the others a few stories about the patriotism of his former colleagues in the Cabinet.

The three men got up, embraced, swore they'd always be brothers and that they'd never stop fighting for the good of Greece. They sent messages to all the chieftains in the surrounding areas and invited them to meet, draw up plans, join forces, and march against the Turks. The meeting took place in Tourkohori. Ipsilandis and Nikitas were presented to the chieftains and plans were made for the upcoming campaign. They estimated they could raise 7,000 troops and agreed to attack the Turks in Aghia Marina, Stilidha and Ipati. The Central Government was expected to provide ships and provisions.

Preparations for the attack were rapidly completed. The Government sent the necessary ships and Nikitas and Odysseas crossed over to Stilidha and Aghia Marina. Ipsilandis stayed behind in the Odysseas' headquarters in Drakospilia. Other chieftains would attack Ipati. The plan called for a simultaneous attack on Good Saturday so that the Turkish forces would be split in three.

The units ordered to take Stilidha and Aghia Marina disembarked on the agreed date and found both places crawling with Turks. Our men fought bravely, some Turks were burned inside the houses they defended, others were captured, still others were killed and both positions were captured.

The unit ordered to take Ipati didn't fire a shot. Everybody else was fighting but the Greeks in Ipati became pacifists.

The Turks regrouped. Gathering together their infantry, cavalry and artillery they fell upon our units in Stilidha and Aghia Marina and pushed them back to the beach. This couldn't be helped because the Turks were many and well supplied whereas our people were few and didn't have bread to eat.

Odysseas saw a mighty army pressing down upon him and sent a message to Ipati. He begged the Greeks who were there to attack so that the Turkish forces would be split up. The fellows in Ipati reflected upon the request and made a half-hearted move three days later. The Turks noted how peaceful these men were, stopped paying attention to them and concentrated on Aghia Marina.

The battle raged on, day and night, with the Greeks being slowly exterminated. Too many rifles and too many cannons were shooting at them, casualties mounted and they had no physician. Also, they were fainting from hunger because, for close to seventeen days, their diet consisted of a handful of corn.

The attack had been launched with the understanding that the Central Government would keep the troops supplied and the Government certainly lived up to its part of the bargain -- a handful of corn per man per day is nothing to sneeze at. Furthermore, the Government monitored the battle closely. Her representatives lolled about on the ships which had transported our men and, in between eating and drinking themselves to a stupor, observed the carnage carefully.

The troops realized they were getting themselves killed in vain. Hungry and thirsty, they got angry with the chieftains who dragged them to this massacre. They demanded either to be boarded back on the ships or to be permitted to hack their way through the Turkish lines and withdraw over a land route.

Odysseas transmitted these requests to the Government representatives but received no reply. Instead, the representatives ordered the captains of the transport ships not to send a single boat ashore. Apparently, those who were ashore were welcome to get themselves killed in any way they preferred.

The reason for all this was that the Central Government hated Odysseas. These fine patriots were ready to sacrifice 3,000 men just because they hated the commander. Never mind that this was the only organized unit at the country's disposal. And never mind that all other Greek troops were sitting it out because they wanted money and promises before they'd fight. Suppose that those 3,000 troops were killed. Who would have fought the Turks then? The men who fought in Aghia Marina were the men who subsequently fought Dramali Pasha in the Peloponnesus. Later, they fought again in Roumeli and annihilated Dramali's supply caravans. If Dramali had received supplies he wouldn't have been defeated. But he *was* defeated.

The fact was that our loving Government saw the eastern Turkish army and turned yellow. This, they thought, is the end of the Revolution! On the other hand, they thought, if that's the end of the Revolution, why not perform a service for the Turks? Why not let all those wild chieftains get killed in Aghia Marina? Our leaders weren't worried about themselves. The conquering Turks would appoint them "Chief Headmen" and "Exalted Bogeymen" and they'd have lost nothing. "Government" for the Greeks, "Exalted Bogeymen" for the Turks, what's the difference?[3]

Odysseas got the message. The Government didn't mind if his troops were slaughtered. This, plus the fact that the troops were threatening to kill their chieftains, made him abandon the positions he held. He had friends among the shipowners and persuaded them to disobey the Government's orders and send him boats. Embarkation began at night so that the Turks wouldn't get wind of it. First, he embarked the wounded. Then the cowards. Then all the rest. This went on all

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The Illustrious Koletis (Prime Minister, Minister of this, that and the other) had actually offered his services to Kioutahi Pasha. The letter in which he made the offer was shown by Kioutahi to a Greek called Maginas when Maginas was captured in Messolonghi. After Maginas escaped he described the contents of the letter during a session of the Greek Parliament in Aighina and this provoked a terrific battle among the deputies. Personally, I see no cause for agitation. We're being governed by the sons of Turks and that's all there is to it. This country has never seen an honest Government and never will. Let the Lord prove me a liar and a scoundrel. Let Him prove that the people about whom I speak so harshly are honorable patriots and lovers of justice.

night and, in the morning, he and Nikitas set their former camp on fire. For the Turks this was the first indication of what had happened and they ran to their artillery. But it was too late. The entire Greek force had been evacuated.

The Government representatives told the shipowners to bring Odysseas to them because, they said, they had a lot to talk to him about. The truth is they wanted to murder him but the shipowners, true patriots, would have none of that. Greece was in danger and they felt she didn't need scum like the Government representatives, she needed men like Odysseas. Turkey shuddered at the sound of his name. The Turks talked themselves into believing that he commanded an army of sixty thousand vampires and had wings growing out of his ankles. Naturally, our leaders were losing little sleep over whether or not the country was in danger. They were too busy hating Odysseas and it never occurred to them that if he was as bad as they claimed it was up to fine people like themselves to straighten him out. However, it'd be more convenient to murder him.

As long as the trip lasted Odysseas didn't exchange a word with the Government representatives. The army disembarked at Boutounitsa and, from there, Odysseas wrote a report and sent it to the Government together with the document that had created him commander-in-chief of eastern Greece.

"To the Respected Government," he wrote. "I wish to inform you that I'm aware of every trick you pulled to get me killed. I had you in my power before and I've got you in my power now. I can do whatever I please with you but do not deign to do anything because you're supposed to be government of my country. Since I'm evil and cause trouble I resign and no longer want to command anybody. Send someone to take charge of the troops. Attached you will please find the document that created me commander-in-chief. I don't want my country to run risks on my account and I don't want my men to risk their necks because of me."

The Government replied as follows: "To Odysseas Androutsos. We received your report and the document. Feel free to go about your business. We shall send a new commander to take charge of the troops."

Odysseas was my personal enemy, he wanted to kill me, but the truth must be told. I wrote the above precisely as Nikitas and other officers reported it to me. At the time I was still recuperating and it was a month later that I and my men went to eastern Greece to join Odysseas and the others.

Ipsilandis and Panourias heard about the Government's reply. They asked Odysseas what was going on and he showed them a copy of his report together with the reply he received. "I warned you," said Ipsilandis. "That's the sort of thing they did all the time I was in the Cabinet. Now you see why I resigned and came to find you. I wanted us to work together because there might still be a chance to save this country. Greece is threatened by her very children and judging from the way honest people are being treated, she's doomed."

From beginning to end, the whole dirty business was the handiwork of Koletis, our War Minister. He had been the personal physician of Mouhtar Pasha, a close friend of Ali Pasha, and knew from way back that Odysseas had the finest military mind. Koletis couldn't fool Odysseas who, consequently, had to be gotten rid of for interfering too much with the plans of the half-Turkish physician. Koletis was from Calarytes, a village in Epirus. When his village was destroyed by the Turks at the beginning of the Revolution he visited Gogos and other chieftains in western Greece collecting letters of recommendation to the Central Government. He also persuaded them to elect him their regional representative. At that time the Peloponnesians didn't know the first thing about politics and the associated skulduggery. Finding himself in the comparative safety of the Peloponnesus, and being crafty by nature, Koletis began to dig up gentlemen who resembled him. With their help he became an important man and handled the affairs of our country any way he pleased. As to the way he preferred, all one needs to say is that throughout his life he remained a pupil of Ali Pasha.

The trouble with Odysseas was that he refused to recognize Koletis as a deputy and Koletis was in the habit of breaking stinging thorns. He was nice and polite to the non-stinging ones but Odysseas had to be devoured for being a pain and the hell with the country being in danger. Koletis cared nothing about such details. *He* was well off, wasn't he? He could always become the physician of

another Pasha, couldn't he? He had written to Kioutahi Pasha for extra insurance, hadn't he? There was nothing to worry about!

When the troops learned what had passed between Odysseas and the Government they begged him not to resign. Ipsilandis and Nikitas did the same and, at the end, Odysseas changed his mind. The Government heard about it and sent one of their secretaries to Nikitas to tell him that he'd be commander-in-chief of eastern Greece, provided he killed Odysseas. The promise was written in a letter and the message was delivered first by word of mouth and then in writing.

"I don't think", said Nikitas when the secretary finished talking, "I could stoop low enough to cut your throat. Get out of here before Odysseas hears about this dirt. He could get mad, kill you and soil his hands on a cockroach like you. Don't you realize that you propose to kill the very man who can deliver our country from her present peril?"

"Let me tell you something and try not to betray me," said the secretary. "The Government told me that you soldiers are wild animals. They said it so many times I believed it. Now that I've met you I realize it's only the soldiers who can save our country. I'm in the confidence of the Government. Everything they undertake I know. Every plan, every thought, every ambition. Well then, everything they undertake has but one objective -- how to sow dissension among the military, how to make one kill the other until all of you are dead. The moment you're all dead they'll replace you with their own people." Then the secretary told Nikitas all about the Government plans. He swore both him and Odysseas to secrecy and urged them to warn Kolokotronis and the other important chieftains. Nikitas and Odysseas did as he told them.

And now let's ask one question: *Exactly when was it that the Government proposed to accomplish all this?* The answer is: *At the precise moment when Dramali Pasha had just about re-conquered our country.* Let's suppose that all the chieftains were killed and ask a second question: *Who would have fought against the thousands of Turks swarming all over Roumeli and the Peloponnesus?* Why didn't our patriotic leaders wait for the danger to pass? Let the Turks be defeated and then, by all means, kill the chieftains who defeated them. Isn't this the

traditional thing to do? Isn't this the reward of those who serve their country? Isn't this how the Athenians thanked Themistocles when he saved them from the Persians? The time for rewards is when the country is at peace.

Illustrious leaders of Greece! Remember when you appointed a new commander of the castle of Korinthos? His name was Achilleas. You heard the name, you assumed he stepped out of Homer and expected him to fight the Turks with his name. But a name can't fight! Valor fights, patriotism fights, virtue fights. Your man was carefully chosen. His name was Achilleas, the castle was full of supplies, and he had plenty of soldiers under his command. So what did this hero do when he saw the exhausted Turks approaching? He ran away! He abandoned the castle without firing a shot! Would Nikitas have done that? Would Hatzichristos? The hell they would! They waited for the Turks and smashed them on the plain. They didn't have a castle. And they certainly didn't have a castle like the castle of Korinthos.

His Excellency, the Illustrious Mr. Mavrokordatos (Prime Minister, Minister of this, that and the other, which is to say a fellow just like the Illustrious Mr. Koletis), was also of the opinion that military leaders must be wiped out. *Karaiskakis!* said His Illustrious Excellency. *Karaiskakis has contacted the Turks! Karaiskakis is a traitor!* Next thing you know the henchmen of His Excellency sit in judgment of Karaiskakis and, sure enough, find him guilty as charged. Karaiskakis is condemned to death and, had it not been for his friends who rescued him at the nick of time, he'd have been executed.

Is there one honest man who can grasp the meaning of this? Karaiskakis, a fighter of Turks since the age of ten, is now betraying Greece to these same Turks! To the Turks he killed in the mountains, in the plains, in the forests! He chased Turks barefoot because he loved freedom more than he loved shoes but Mavrokordatos isn't fooled by such crude tricks. His Excellency, the Fanariot gentleman, the houseboy of the Turks, their faithful servant — Mavrokordatos, the certified darling of tyrants, chases Karaiskakis and calls him a traitor and wants him executed! Let's take hold of ourselves though! – Mavrokordatos is right! Karaiskakis must die! He may not have betrayed Greece to the Turks but is a sinner all the same! He refuses to kiss the feet of Mavrokordatos! He refuses to be

a sycophant! He isn't like Kostas Botsaris, or like Staikos, or like all those who burn incense to Mavrokordatos and call him "Illustrious" and he calls them "Most Valiant". Where did all those Most Valiants *fight*, Your Illustrious Excellency?

You, Excellency, have been innovating ever since you set foot in this country. We were united and you imported discord. You imported other fruits as well, things we had never known, nor seen, nor tasted. You taught us the theory and practice of dissolution. If you had murdered Karaiskakis where would you have found his likes when, later on, Roumeli was flooded with Turks? Have you forgotten that the common people were so fed up with your government that they ran to the Turks to make obeisance? This traitor however, this despicable Karaiskakis, gathered the chieftains, spent all his money and took advantage of the love the common people felt for him. He marched to Arahova and Distomo and once again freed that part of the country. How come you were not in Arahova yourself, Illustrious Excellency? Where did you hide? And where was the other Illustrious, your friend Koletis? And where was the Illustrious Metaxas?

But I forget.

Metaxas got his hand scratched in the battle of Lala and has been screaming ever since. He demands that Greece be turned into his personal fief as partial payment for the few drops of blood he shed at Lala. The Illustrious Metaxas sacrificed himself at the altar of his country, which gives him the right to agree with the rest of you that military leaders must be murdered. However, one name pops up every time I speak of Metaxas -- Yiannoulis Nakos.

Nakos, the head of one of the foremost Greek families, spent his entire fortune for the freedom of our country and was reduced to abject poverty. Being a neighbor, the Illustrious Metaxas became godfather to one of Nakos' children. This gave him access to Nakos' house and the Illustrious Metaxas dishonored the name of his friend who died from shame.

I shall therefore say that the lot of you worked hard to destroy all virtue, all morality, all patriotism. But you can be sure of one thing. What you have in mind

is visible. God sees your brand of patriotism and you'll receive your just rewards. God will not forget the innocent blood you shed.

And speaking of blood, let's go back to Odysseas and Koletis.

Alexis Noutsos was the head of the most important house in Roumeli. He was prince of Zagori, a friend of Ali Pasha, and an honest lover of mankind. Time and again his friendship with Ali permitted him to save many Greeks, Turks and Jews from the gallows. He was recognized as a prominent leader by all military, political and religious authorities in Greece. When the Revolution broke out he ran from one battlefield to the next. When there was fighting in Souli, he was in Souli. When it was in Langada, he was in Langada. When it was in Makrinoros, he was in Makrinoros. He spent his fortune for our country and when the fighting in western Greece was over he went to the seat of the Central Government hoping to be of some service. The poor man had no idea about what he was getting himself into.

Mr. Koletis was running things. He was Minister of War and happy to be surrounded by friends who resembled him. One look at Noutsos however and Koletis realized that his sway over Roumeli had to be kissed goodby. The newcomer was not only abler but, also, loved by all. "I used to have Odysseas to worry about", Koletis said to himself. "This one is worse."

Christos Palaskas, a brave and honest aristocrat, was a second newcomer. Koletis became friends with Palaskas. Not that he admired the brave and honest aristocrat but he admired his wife. Koletis took stock. "Odysseas is my enemy," he thought. "And so is Alexis Noutsos. Furthermore, it'd be convenient if Palaskas were killed because I could then make his wife my mistress."[4]

With the strength of the Government behind him, Koletis took action. Since the secretary he sent to Nikitas failed in his mission, it fell to Noutsos and Palaskas to exterminate the third Koletis' enemy, Odysseas. Noutsos was appointed Chief Supply Officer, Palaskas was appointed Chief Executive Officer and they were sent

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And so he did. She lives in his house this very moment.

to find Odysseas. Their instructions spelled their murder: *You are to take the command away from Odysseas. If he doesn't let go, kill him.*

Some time earlier my men and I had volunteered to fight the Turks under Odysseas. We pitched our camp in the mountains of eastern Roumeli and tried to do our duty. Noutsos and Palaskas visited our camp and read to us some convoluted orders from the Central Government.

"This camp," we replied, "is being supplied by the near-by villages. If you've got Government money, go ahead and bring supplies too. If you haven't got money but want to organize things, you'll do us harm. The villagers will stop bringing us provisions and God help us then. The Turks are all around and keep getting closer. They're preparing to go through the mountain passes and there'll be no stopping them if they succeed. We've been fighting for a long time and the men are exhausted. So, don't mess up the way we receive what little we do receive. In conclusion, if you've got money stay and help. If you don't, report to the Government what we've told you and tell them to send you supplies for us."

For days Noutsos and Palaskas kept sending messages but received no answer. They returned to the Central Government to tell about the condition of our troops and the Turkish advances and the continual battles.

The weeks that followed were taken up by tough fighting. Our forces in eastern Roumeli engaged the Turks and, at the end, the Turks retreated. The battles of Derveni, Alamana, Gravia, Vassilika and Makrinoros put an end to the enemy efforts to move south. We had to fight in small bands. Odysseas was in one place, Nikitas in another, Gouras in a third and so on. It was after a bloody encounter that Gouras and I had with a Turkish unit which, for a change, chased us instead of the other way around, that we heard the latest about Odysseas.

When Koletis saw Noutsos and Palaskas come back alive he consulted with his colleagues in the Cabinet and the two men were once again sent to Odysseas. They arrived in Distomo, tried to take over and were promptly kicked out because this was Odysseas' territory from way back. The two of them visited other villages,

attracted attention, friends of Odysseas took them in custody, searched them and found letters saying that Odysseas must be killed.

Noutsos and Palaskas were taken to Drakospilia, Odysseas' headquarters. He assembled the inhabitants of the surrounding area and all the troops who happened to be near.

"Brothers," he said, "listen to these letters." The letters were read out. "Brothers," Odysseas continued, "you know that the Government is after me. When we attacked Aghia Marina they decided that the whole army ought to perish if that meant that I'd perish too. I didn't want our country to suffer on my account and submitted my resignation. You made me take it back. Now the Government wants these two gentlemen to replace me. It's up to you. If you want them, kill me. If you want me, kill them."

Noutsos and Palaskas were killed and Koletis got rid of two headaches.

Our Government expressed its sorrow when it heard about the death of the two patriots who, incidentally, were true and precious children of Greece. But that's irrelevant. Far more relevant was the Government's resolve to punish the author of the heinous crime and, after much deliberation, they conceded that the undisputed author was Odysseas. And thus unfolds the plan revealed by the secretary: chieftains had to be killed. Nikitas was supposed to begin by killing Odysseas and, at the end, our Government, the offspring of the Turk, would have killed us all.

Since Nikitas declined the honor, the Government went to work on Gouras, Odysseas' second-in-command.

As I said, my men and I were fighting with Gouras and our camp was quite a distance from that of Odysseas. One day a fellow in European garb paid us a visit. I minded my own business but couldn't help noticing that Gouras, an officer by the name of Komnas and the fellow with the funny clothes were having secret conversations. This went on for a few days and then the stranger left. A few days after that Gouras told me to pick out ten of my men and to accompany him.

I did as I was told and we went to Agoriani, the village of Komnas, who was waiting for us. We ate, drank, danced and caroused for a number of days. Then the stranger reappeared. More secret conversations. We left the village and installed ourselves in a remote farmhouse. It was quiet there, very suitable for secrets, and more conversations followed. Finally, the situation got on my nerves. "I'm taking my men back to camp," I said to Gouras. "We received word that the Turks are ready to attack and all we're doing here is eat the food of people who are about to be hit."

Gouras wouldn't let me go and, after the stranger went away, he and Komnas took me into their confidence. "The Government," Gouras said, "wants to appoint me commander-in-chief of eastern Greece in the place of Odysseas. All I've got to do is kill him. It won't be hard. We've got about a thousand men lined up in Aghios Loukas and we'll knock him off. Komnas and I kept it a secret from you because we were afraid you might not want to go along."

"Compared to the two of you I'm nothing," I replied. "If you say we go, we go. If, on the other hand, you allow me to have an opinion, let me have my say."

"Go right ahead. Come what may you'll still be our brother."

"The first thing I want to ask is whether I'll have a share of the profits when Gouras becomes Commander-in-Chief."

"I come first," Gouras said cautiously. "But you and Komnas come immediately after me. You'll certainly have a big share."

"Let me ask something else. When do we say that a friend is honest? When he speaks the truth even though this may be against his personal interest, or when he keeps his eye on the cash and lets his friend go to hell?"

"The honest friend," Gouras replied, "speaks the truth and doesn't care what happens afterwards."

I took a deep breath and launched into the speech I had been preparing in my head while playing questions and answers. "This country," I told my two friends, "has lost the war before she began it. It couldn't be otherwise. Greece expected to be liberated by cannibals like ourselves and never imagined that neither her soldiers nor her Government possessed any virtue. Brother Gouras and brother Komnas, consider this! The Government practically forced Odysseas to kill Noutsos. The

Turks loved every minute of it because such things strengthen the enemy and bleed us white. The same goes for Palaskas. Or, isn't it true that Odysseas was obliged to do what he did? The Government sent two strangers into his home and they were told to order Odysseas around. Was there any other chieftain treated in this fashion? Just Odysseas! Now, as soon as Odysseas is killed, it'll be your turn. But, before going into that, let's ask why did Odysseas displease the Government. He went to fight the Turks and, instead of receiving thanks, his army was abandoned to the mercy of the enemy so that he could be killed. He came out alive and saved the army too. Then he submitted his resignation but the troops made him take it back. That was when Noutsos and Palaskas showed up with their orders and Odysseas had them killed. An evil thing to do, no doubt about it! But now the Government is urging you to kill Odysseas. Tomorrow they'll urge me to kill you! That's how they'll bury us all. And another thing. You want to attack Odysseas. But do you really think he's helpless? He's got scores of men and holds a powerful position. We shoot at him, he shoots back, we do nothing to him and he does nothing to us. Or, rather, there is something we'll do. We'll let the Turks come in and enslave our country while we fight among ourselves. At which point the villagers will catch us, hand us over to the Turks, and the Turks will chop our heads off for being so stupid. And you're making still another mistake. You think you've gathered people who are against Odysseas. Are you sure these same people won't go over to the enemy when they see the Turkish army approaching? How sure are you that they won't hand us over to the Turks? And what about Odysseas himself? Suppose we do make it tough for him. Are you sure he won't go over to the Turks? If he does we might as well say farewell to this liberty we dream about and, while we're at it, we might as well say farewell to our lives too. So, brother Gouras, don't be fooled by Koletis and the rest of the Government who are weeping for Noutsos and Palaskas. They're like seals weeping for drowned sailors. When the cadavers have rotten and gone soft the seals eat them. Koletis will eat us the same way. So, I advise you to find Odysseas, shake hands with him, and we'll all go back to our posts. If we don't the Turks will walk in and we'll have to explain our behavior before God and men. Once our country is free you won't need areas to be Commanders-in-Chief of. You'll have honor and glory and rewards from our country just like it happens in all nations that value their warriors. The Commander nonsense was useful when the Turks were masters. Now we're fighting for freedom, which is why villagers stand up when they fill our glasses. They've got faith in us, they give us

money and food and, when the battle begins, we tell them to charge ahead. And they do, and they get killed, and we get the glory."

It's God's truth that Gouras was ashamed when I finished speaking. He asked me to go to Odysseas and mediate but I replied I wanted us to go together. He didn't object but wanted to go to Salona first.

He wanted to quarrel with the people there because he wanted to be given a village plus one thousand olive trees and they refused. We went to Salona together. I spoke secretly to the elders and everything was fixed up. I also sent a message to Odysseas telling him not to get rough with Gouras when we met. Then Gouras, Komnas and myself arrived at Aghios Loukas, met Odysseas and embraced each other. Komnas told Odysseas what happened and Odysseas didn't know how to show me his appreciation.

When everything was settled we returned to our camp. That same night a spy we had in Lamia warned us that Dramali Pasha was advancing in full force towards the passes.

This time scattered confrontations wouldn't turn the Turks back and we prepared to evacuate all women and children. The Salona elders asked for ships with which to transport them across the Corinthian Gulf. Together with another officer I was sent to Messolonghi to get the ships ready. We were almost done when we heard that Dramali went through the passes, over the Isthmus and into Korinthos without firing a shot. In fact, he wasn't bothered until he reached Derveni. Korinthos had been defended by Achilleas, the darling of our Central Government. The moment he saw the Turks he took off for the mountains.

Be advised, brother readers, that our Government proposes to liberate the country with this kind of officers. New officers, that's what we need! The old ones must be murdered! The Government is sick and tired of hearing how Gogos and 81 men held back 6,000 troops and how the battlefield was covered with enemy corpses. The Government hates the sound of Odysseas' name. Nevertheless, it's the name of the man who stood behind a tiny fence and curbed the initial Turkish attack. On the other hand, fighters of that sort are barbarians. Achilleas! That's

whom our Government wants! They love to see him abandon a fully equipped castle. Noutsos disgusts them and must be sent to his death even though he spent all his money and sold his jewels at half price to finance the revolution. In one of our camps I was chopping wood to bake bread and Alexis Noutsos carried the wood on his back as if he were a peasant. That was the man they killed. Not that Odysseas was morally superior to the Government. At one time Ali Pasha was going to hang Odysseas at Ioannina and Noutsos intervened and saved his life. So, Odysseas repaid his benefactor in the appropriate way.

Around the end of June 1822 the Turks began to have difficulties in keeping themselves supplied. They did invade the Peloponnesus but their caravans couldn't reach them because they were hit at every pass. The blockade was so tight that not a single Turkish mule got through. The brave and fearless Thanassis Skourtaniotis made sure that no Turk moved south of Thiva. Moreover, the Athenians carved them up too.

ODYSSEAS, GOURAS AND MAKRIYIANNIS IN ATHENS

BACKGROUND

By mid-1822 the Sultan was on the verge of extinguishing the Greek Revolution. His western army besieged Mesolonghi under the command of Omer Vrioni Pasha. His eastern army, under Dramali Pasha, advanced south and was something else again.

For more than a century, mainland Greece hadn't seen such a powerful body of troops — 30,000 infantry and cavalry. Many units consisted of fierce Albanians and Dramali's retinue included a former Prime Minister of the Ottoman Empire and other high officials attached to him as advisors.

The campaign plan called for a rapid drive into the Peloponnesus. Reinforcements would be sent there by sea as soon as Dramali solidified his hold on the peninsula. Speed was of the essence and Dramali didn't relieve the siege of the Acropolis in Athens. He felt that the Turkish garrison could hold out for a while longer and led his army straight at the Isthmus of Corinth. A couple of miles south was the castle of Acrokorinthos, a formidable group of fortifications on top of a huge piece of rock. The Greek garrison was commanded by Achilleas who panicked and abandoned the castle to the Turks and himself to the sarcasm of Makriyiannis.

The Greek Government went insane with fear as the enemy rolled south. The Ottomans had encountered no resistance all the way to Corinth and now, as they marched towards Argos, they were avoided like the plague. The fathers of the Greek nation hopped on a vessel that transported them en masse to the island of Spetsai. The city of Argos and, in a broader sense, Greece, were abandoned to their fate.

The first resistance that Dramali encountered came at this point. A few Greeks decided to defend the castle of Argos and were joined by Dimitrios Ipsilandis, a man with an uncanny nose for crucial battles. The desperate heroes

were certain that theirs was a suicide mission but didn't care. All they wanted was to take a few Turks with them and, with this in mind, put up a spirited fight.

Meanwhile, the Greek fleets were active in the Aegean. The Turks enjoyed a numerical superiority in vessels but had lost their best crews. For centuries their crews consisted of Greeks like Barbarossa and those days were gone. Also, the Greeks picked this time to perfect the art of fire-ships. Slender Greek boats and incredibly courageous captains terrorized the Turkish armada to the extent that Dramali received zero reinforcements and zero supplies. Furthermore, guerrilla warfare was renewed in eastern Greece. As Makriyiannis says, the objective was to hack at the Turkish supply routes and this was accomplished.

Dramali began to worry. Every mile separating Argos from his base in Thessaly was infested with wild Greek fighters and his large army began to run short of everything. To safeguard his lines of communication, Dramali decided to turn back and establish his headquarters at Corinth. The castle of Argos continued to resist but he raised the siege and marched north on the same route he had taken to come south.

The modern road to the fabled antiquities of Mycenae and Tiryns passes through the soft plains of Corinthia. Just where the Nemea hairpins begin, travelers driving south can see, at some distance to the left, a white marble monument perched high on the side of a mountain gorge. The monument commemorates the utter destruction of the Dramali army. The Ottoman force was trapped in that gorge between July 26 and 28, 1822, and close to 26,000 men were massacred. The remaining 4,000 wormed their way north but they too were decimated in Acratas. Dramali survived and made it to Corinth on foot. Three months later, heart-broken and sick, he died.

So much for the eastern Ottoman army.

The western Turkish army wasn't annihilated. It was merely defeated. The first siege of Mesolonghi failed and the Ottomans didn't even think about crossing over to the Peloponnesus. They learned what happened to Dramali and, in December 1822, raised the siege and withdrew to the north.

The next section of the Memoirs deals with the situation in Athens during 1822-1823.

Makriyiannis went there after the defeat of Dramali. At the time, Athens didn't look like a candidate site for the nation's capital. It was a little village known for the mild character of its inhabitants. However, the little village possessed two attractions. First, the rock of the Acropolis for those, like Odysseas, interested in castles. Second, the rock of the Acropolis for those, like Lord Elgin, interested in works of art. Athens, which did produce its share of heroic soldiers, didn't produce a major Revolutionary figure. God wished that it should find its military and civic leader in Makriyiannis. He shed his blood for the city and when liberty was won he cultivated a garden in the district which today bears his name.

ODYSSEAS, GOURAS AND MAKRIYIANNIS IN ATHENS

When the Revolution broke out the Athenians besieged the local Turks in the Acropolis. The siege was long and stubborn. The Athenians tried to storm the castle, the Turks resisted, and there were many casualties on both sides. It was a valiant struggle and Omer Vrioni Pasha put an end to it.

He swept into Athens, killed a lot of Athenians and sold others into slavery. Throughout his comparatively long stay the city suffered much but learned nothing. The moment he was gone the Athenians chased the Turks who stayed behind back in the Acropolis. This second siege didn't last long because the Turks ran out of water and supplies. They surrendered when the Greeks agreed to let them leave unharmed but the agreement was hot air. The Turks opened the gates and the Greeks slaughtered them regardless of age or sex. A few Turks managed to survive either by seeking refuge in the consulates of Foreign Powers or by running into Greeks who believed in covenants.

Captured Turkish valuables were piled up and divided into two parts, one to be distributed among those who fought during the siege and the other to provision the castle. The latter portion was hauled up to the storehouses of the Acropolis and those who carried it took a bite out of it.

They were encouraged to do so by a fellow called Batzakatzas, their commander and a jewel among men. Athenian elders and the population at large suffered at the hands of this scoundrel what they hadn't suffered at the hands of the Turks. He generated so much disgust that most of the leading Athenian families fled to the islands. Skouzes, a city elder, was an honest man appointed by the city to look after the captured Turkish property. This brought him into contact with Batzakatzas and, to make a long story short, Skouzes fled the city too. Batzakatzas looted in comfort but, when he was through, he worried about his reputation.

Skouzes knew what had been inside the storerooms and was honest. This made bribery impractical. The only option was to send for the old man who had sought refuge in Salamis. Skouzes was persuaded to return to Athens but didn't make it. His escort beheaded him on the way, a drastic but effective solution. The perfidious conquerors of the Acropolis caught a few more potentially troublesome aristocrats whom they either imprisoned or, else, treated in the fashion dictated by their gentle temperaments. However, this couldn't go on forever. Honest people got together, tricked their so-called army, threw them out of the Acropolis, and freed the imprisoned aristocrats.

When the Athenians recovered their castle Batzakatzas ran to Ipsilandis and Nikitas. "I want to deliver to you the keys to the Acropolis of Athens," he said. He had the keys all right. What he didn't have was the castle itself. Not knowing this, Ipsilandis and Nikitas accepted the keys, took their men and, accompanied by Batzakatzas, went to Athens. They discovered that all they had was the keys and looked at the Acropolis from a distance.

Meanwhile, those who actually held the Acropolis decided to deliver the castle to Odysseas so that he could protect them from Batzakatzas and his likes. They sent Mitro Lekkas and Meletis Hassiotis to Odysseas who, at first, couldn't believe his ears. When he realized that the Athenians really and truly proposed to make him their lord and master he descended upon them like a crow upon a corpse. He'd been searching the heavens for a castle and here was one offered to him on earth. He brought the Athenian envoys to our camp in Gravia and the three of them pushed us to go to Athens at once.

We didn't think we should let the Turks occupy the area we were defending for the sake of locking ourselves inside a castle and said so to Odysseas. He disagreed and we had endless arguments. Personally, I was dead against the idea and so were all the people in my command. To persuade us, Odysseas suggested that we pay a visit to Athens to claim *our* share of the spoils.

So far as he was concerned, it was *us* who had kept the Turks from supplying the castle so the victory was really ours and we deserved our share of the booty. "Are you sure," I asked him, "that we can call our heads our own and you're

so anxious to hoard money?" We kept on arguing and then Odysseas and the envoys described the mess Athens was in, the murder of that innocent old man, and the imprisonment of the elders. If we aren't protected, said the Athenians, we'll see a repetition of what happened in Corinth with Achilleas. Moreover, they continued, the Acropolis is the only castle we possess in eastern Greece and we'd better keep it. The latter was a powerful argument and we went to Athens.

Nikitas and Ipsilandis were still there when we arrived. They stayed on for a couple of days and left. Odysseas appointed Gouras Commander of the Castle and me Commander of the Guard. With administrative details out of the way, Odysseas and Gouras could focus on the real business and scrutinized expertly the scraps of captured Turkish property that were still unstolen. The more valuable objects went into their pockets, the rest was sold in the bazaar, and what remained for provisioning the castle wasn't worth talking about.

No supplies were purchased and nobody was concerned about the consequences. Odysseas had urged us to come to Athens because it was the only castle we had in eastern Greece and we should hurry up and get it ready for war. Once inside the Acropolis, things like jewelry, pearls and silver — whatever could be turned into cash, was confiscated by Odysseas and Gouras. The castle was without supplies before it was taken and stayed that way afterwards.

Odysseas and Gouras may not have worried about provisions but didn't neglect other matters. For example, as soon as they arrived, they dispatched their goons to plunder the Athenians. The loot was converted into cash and the cash stashed away.

It was in those glorious days that Mamouris became Chief of Police. He was a minor chieftain with a wooden pistol in his belt and he went around the villages breaking the bones of everyone who displeased him. He reminded me of Yussuf Arapis, one of Ali Pasha's bogeymen. Yussuf broke bones with an axe but Mamouris preferred his wooden pistol. Otherwise you couldn't tell the two apart. Today, Mamouris is a millionaire and a widely respected citizen.

Having descended upon these blind people who had been *looking* for masters, Odysseas and Gouras thought about murdering the envoys who invited them in. They were honest men so they had to be killed. Not to feel left out, the rest of the elders were also persecuted and political power, such as it was, passed to Zaharitsas and the Vlahos family, a group of individuals who resembled Odysseas in everything pertaining to virtue.

Mamouris, the compassionate Chief of Police, married into the Vlahos family and the intimate circle of our leaders was completed with a highly educated scoundrel by the name of Sourmelis who had been studying abroad and rushed back when he smelled money.

The activities of the fraternity were varied but consistent. For example, two Greeks had just arrived from Egypt. They brought money and fine weapons and wanted to serve our country and taste the fruit called liberty. Our chieftains eyed the fine weapons and the money, and tossed the owners in jail. The two men were obviously spies and Jesus Christ Himself didn't suffer what they went through.

I believe that future gendarmes ought to be proficient in such matters so I'll describe how these two men were tortured. That way, if our descendants are as fine patriots as we were, they, too, will be able to perform comparable feats. First of all, the "spies" were tied in such a fashion that their heads touched their asses. Then they were whipped for hours. Then their jailers drove poles into the ground. On top of those poles and at a height of about two meters they nailed a large plank. The prisoners were tied to the plank so that their arms and legs were hanging towards the ground. At the end of each limb their jailers tied a big cannonball.

The first prisoner didn't take long to die. The second was ready to follow him when I returned to the castle from the bazaar and saw one man who was already dead and another who was almost there. I cut off the cannonballs from the latter's limbs, carried him to my house, called a doctor, and the doctor fixed him up as best as he could. I kept this man with me for many years because he was honest. He was thirty-five when I first saw him on that plank and he'd already learned everything there is to know about the liberty that he and his friend had been dreaming about.

Our chieftains found themselves in a castle, in the middle of a city, in the company of the local scum, and began to mistreat their own troops, beating them up and dismissing them for the slightest misdemeanor. Our chieftains loved misdemeanors which gave them the excuse to pocket the pay of the men they dismissed. The Government had turned over to Odysseas and Gouras all the taxes of eastern Greece so that troops could be paid out of the tax income. This straightforward idea was developed into an accounting system which allowed a chieftain with 10 men in his command to promote them into 100. Not that the 10 got paid. They never did. Or, if they received some money, it was counterfeit. Odysseas discovered some accomplished counterfeiters, installed them in the castle, and they turned out tons of worthless coins.

Next thing you know our chieftains organized a treasure hunt.

When the enemy was chased away from Athens a young Turk was captured and he knew a hiding-place full of valuables. He betrayed this secret to Mitros Leloudas, one of our officers. Gouras heard about it and threatened Leloudas not to say a word to anybody. Despite the threats, Mitros told me about it and, since I was bunking in the same room with Gouras, I decided to have a word with him.

"The loot," I said, "should be taken out and divided in three parts. The first should be used to buy provisions for the castle. The second should be given to Odysseas to pay his men. You should take the third and do the same. You've got to pay the troops and keep them happy. Beatings and dismissals must cease. The Turks are near Oropos and Thiva. We ought to fill the castle with supplies so that we don't have another Acrokorinthos on our hands. I'm talking to you as a friend and as a brother Greek and I wish you'd listen to me."

"When it comes to hiding places," Gouras replied, "I don't want any friends. Mind your own business and tell Leloudas to get the hell out of here before I forget myself and kill him."

"It may be that we shall all end up either as your slaves or dead," I replied. "Right now, it certainly looks that way." I packed up my things and left the room we had been sharing. Then I thought for a while and assembled the officers of Odysseas.

"It seems that we're about to disgrace ourselves," I said. "It also seems that we'll drag the poor Athenians to our own doom even though they've been doing all the paying and we've been doing all the eating. The whole country will be in danger if we leave the castle unprepared for a siege. It'd be a sin and a shame to abandon this stronghold the moment we see the Turks approach, and we won't be able to answer the just accusations of Greece."

They told me to do what I thought best and that they'd be with me all the way.

I then gathered the officers of Gouras, spoke to them and when I saw that their reaction was the same I assembled both groups together, swore them to secrecy, and asked them to sound out the troops. We met again and they said that every man would go along with whatever I might undertake. Let's form a committee, I said, and discuss the matter with our superiors.

The committee consisted of six officers of Odysseas, six of Gouras, and myself as president. I made sure that these twelve officers were the strongest and best because I didn't intend to find myself all alone if something went wrong. We visited Odysseas and Gouras was sent for. When everybody sat down I said the following to Odysseas.

"Everything you told us in Gravia has been forgotten. The money to be used for the castle has disappeared and there are no supplies. If someone crosses you, you beat him, dismiss him and threaten to kill him. We've therefore formed the committee you see here and I speak both for the committee and for the men it represents. Our first demand is that you should supply the castle. The Turks are all around us and we don't plan to abandon this place without a fight. You've got eight days to bring in supplies. Starting tomorrow you'll start stockpiling food, ammunition, firewood and water. If you don't want to do it we'll do it ourselves with the help of the Athenians. When the time comes we shall lock ourselves in and fight. Try to understand that we won't hand this castle over without firing a shot. However, in the condition it is right now, we'd have to do precisely that. You've got until this evening to give us an answer as to whether or not you're bringing in supplies. Furthermore, you no longer have the right to beat up the troops, or

dismiss them, or threaten them. If a man does something wrong the committee will punish him."

We got up and left after I said this. We returned in the evening and our chieftains promised to do everything we asked for. The castle was supplied and, since there wasn't enough money in the till, Odysseas paid 1,000 gold pieces out of his own pocket. His family has been badgering the Government for this sum down to the present day. But that's irrelevant. What matters is that the supplies came in and we all became friends again.

The Athenians wanted to put me in charge of city security and asked me to come down from the castle. Odysseas and Gouras were much in favor of my leaving the Acropolis and readily granted me permission to take 40 men and go. They then grabbed the young Turk who knew about the hiding place and bullied him into pointing out dozens of spots except the one where the loot was.

They then invited all Athenian citizens to be present, hired workmen, and made a big production out of a public search for valuables. They dug up the entire castle except the spot where the treasure was and were disappointed when the search yielded nothing. Years later, the hiding place was discovered but it was empty and nobody knows what was inside.

When I became responsible for security in Athens I noticed that both soldiers and civilians walked around armed like lobsters. I had the town-crier announce they ought to leave their weapons at home and that it'd be my job to look after their safety. Nobody paid attention. They couldn't conceive that a man could appear in public without weapons. The result was constant fights with dead and wounded all over the place. I issued another order, they still wouldn't listen, and one day some scoundrels knifed a man. I caught the culprits, gave them a good beating, stuck them in jail and kept them there until their victim recovered. I made them pay his doctor and let them loose.

The local toughs weren't pleased with me. Peace and quiet didn't sit well with them. They got together and agreed to knock me off. They'd ambush me some evening as I'd be going home from a visit to the Town Council. Little did they

suspect that Odysseas and Gouras were looking for some excuse to go after all Athenian heroes of this type and, in the process, plunder the city. I found out what the toughs had in store for me and went to meet them all by myself in the coffee-shop that served as their headquarters. "Here I am," I said. "Go ahead and do as you please."

Nobody said a word.

"Waiter!" I said. "Drinks all around!"

Everybody drank.

"Brothers," I said, "foolish notions destroy those who think them up and those who implement them. Don't you see the sorry shape Athens is in? You bled yourselves white to capture the Acropolis and you're still slaves. You were fools then and you're fools now. You take shots at each other and want to murder those who look after your safety. Well then, here I am! Shoot! Just make sure that Odysseas and Gouras don't find out about it because they're looking for an excuse to exterminate the lot of you."

They begged me to keep quiet, got up and went home. They said they'd been drunk. I said nothing to nobody but Odysseas and Gouras found out about the planned ambush. They arrested a few of the toughs and threw them in jail. One of the prisoners was a soldier, Sarandis Bananas by name. They tortured him and put red hot irons around his neck. The scars are visible until today. I heard about him, went up to the castle and rescued him.

Another time someone lost a purse full of money. He came and told me who the thief was. I called the fellow in and urged him to give the purse back. I pretended I thought he hadn't stolen it, he merely found it, and offered him a reward for returning it. He'd have none of that. I beat him up a little but he still refused to change his story.

"I'll tie him up," I said to my officers. "Then I'll pull out a knife and pretend I'm about to carve him up. You'll jump on me and I'll give you a couple of kicks apiece. Then I'll chase you out of the room so that he thinks I'm prepared to beat my own officers to get at the bottom of this."

The prisoner was tied up and we proceeded. "Let me have the money," I said, "and I'll give you the reward. I'm convinced you found the purse and didn't steal it. Afterwards we'll eat bread together and you'll go home."

He continued to be stubborn because he didn't want people to say he was a thief. This forced me to put my plan in operation. I pulled out a knife, beat up my officers, chased them out, closed the door and squinted at him. He looked at the blade and had second thoughts. "My General!" he said. "Let me have the reward and I'll return the money."

"I'll give you the reward," I said. "We'll eat bread together and, when I release you, you'll be free to go home. All this I swear."

He led my men to a dung heap and the money was found hidden at the bottom. I prepared to stick to my oath. "Until I release you," I said, "we shall be eating bread together." I had to keep him around for five or six days not only to teach him not to steal again but, also, to provide a lesson for everyone else.

The weekly bazaar was on Mondays and everybody showed up at the marketplace. The thief was caught on Tuesday and I needed six more days. I counted the money, gave it back to its owner and, according to our agreement, ate bread with the thief. Then I picked out a ten-pound cannon ball. "Anybody who feels like stealing," I wrote on it, "should admire this fellow first. This fellow stole."

I hung the cannon ball around his neck and took him to the marketplace. I hanged him up by the arms, because the arms had done the stealing, and gave him one hundred lashes. I then took him down, led him home and we ate bread together. In the evening I'd hang him up for half an hour and give him ten lashes. And so on until Monday. When we were finished we ate together one more time and drank like brothers. I gave him money for the trip back to his village and sent him on his way. Years later I ran into him at Nafplion and he threw a feast for me. He was blessing the memory of my parents because, he said, I made an honest man out of him. There were no more robberies after that. The city was secure and peaceful. The Athenians loved us and we respected them.

One evening Gouras invited me to have dinner with him and his wife up on the Acropolis. Odysseas came in as we were eating and Gouras' wife left. "We've got a few things to discuss," said Odysseas.

"If you have secrets," I said, "I'll leave the two of you alone."

"No! This concerns all three of us." He opened the window. "Look down, Makriyiannis," he said.

I became suspicious because they weren't above pitching me down the cliff. "What can I possibly see?" I said. "I know the city from a mile away."

"Go ahead and look all the same! Tell us what you see."

Without getting too close to the window I said I saw houses.

"How about a little further away? What about olive trees and gardens?"

"What about them?"

"Everything you see," said Odysseas, "belongs to us. Those are the things I brought us here for."

"You are kind to remember your friends, Odysseas."

"You lost your property but you've got nothing to worry about. You can now have more than you ever possessed. But there's one thing we must do before all this can be really ours. We've got to clean out about thirty Athenian thorns. Say the word and it's done. It's entirely up to you."

"Let's not rush," I said. "The people you're talking about aren't a problem. I'll go to the city with the list of names you'll give me and I'll have everyone on the list brought in. Plenty of wells! As soon as a man is brought in, I toss him in a well. Another one arrives, into another well he goes. And so on. They'll never know what hit them."

"Good plan!" said Odysseas. "Stick to it!"

"I'll stick to it all right! But do you really think that this is the way to save Greece? This behavior is worthy of a tyrant, not of Odysseas. Your name will be anathema. Nobody will believe that Gouras or Makriyiannis did the killing. Odysseas did it! — that's what people will say. You're our commander and it's you who'll be accused. Do you want my advice? Take a couple of thousand men, and let me to be the worst among them, and let's go fight for our country. Save Greece, earn glory for your name, and make people call you their savior. Behave according to your reputation! That's what I want to see you do, not this stuff of tyrants! And another thing. Don't you ever again propose something like this to me! Get it through your head! I don't want your booty!"

"Friend Odysseas," said Gouras, "I honestly think you're only giving yourself headaches by talking to Makriyiannis. All he wants is to form committees that make

trouble for his friends. As for his soul, it's been the property of the Athenians for quite some time now."

"You know perfectly well," I said, interrupting him before he went any further, "that I'm your comrade in everything worthwhile, such as the freedom of our country. It's for Greece that the Turks wanted to kill me and it's for her that I abandoned my property. I've got bills due to me and amounting to more than 40,000 grossia. This, and everything else, I've given up and I'll ask you to remember that whereas all of you receive salaries from the Government I receive nothing because I *want* to receive nothing. I speak to you as a brother -- both the freedom and the slavery of Greece depend on you. And since you brought up the committee, be advised that I formed it to protect your good names. If you don't understand it now you'll understand it in the future. Do me one favor though! Don't suggest to anybody else what you proposed to me tonight!"

I left them and went back to town.

In October 1822 Odysseas received a letter from the elders of Atalandi, Livadhia and the surrounding villages. "Twelve thousand Turks," the letter said, "have entered our lands. We had lookouts on the mountains and, hearing that the enemy approached, we abandoned our houses and flocks and sought refuge in the forests. Winter is coming and we'll perish from hunger and cold. Come to us as soon as possible. Your presence will console and save us."

Odysseas gathered the Athenians and read them the letter. "We must form an army from the people of Attiki," he said. "We've got to march to our camp in Livadhia, join our troops there and fight the Turks. If we hesitate or falter, we'll be beaten. The Turks are many and have already captured the abandoned cities and villages. This means they're well supplied. It also means that, unless we push them back, they'll invade Athens itself and, what's more, they'll take it. We mustn't forget their big camp in Halkis which will provide them with reinforcements. Their attack will be a major one. The proof is that they took the offensive in wintertime."

The patriotic Athenians responded by supplying 300 troops commanded by Sarris. They could have sent more but a sizeable force had to be held back to keep an eye on the Turks in Halkis. Odysseas picked out a number of his own men and

the combined force marched to Livadhia where they were joined by the rest of our troops.

The Turks moved in two columns. The first started out from Gravia and the second from Arahova. Both columns entered Amphissa at the same time because the Turks sent the Greeks on a wild goose chase. They encouraged a rumor that they planned to attack Athens through the Thiva road, and the Greeks bit. They concentrated on that approach while the Turks entered Amphissa without meeting any resistance. Once there they quickly discovered that the men in the area had sent their families to safer places and were now preparing a counter-attack. Not wishing to be attacked, they put all the Amphissa villages to the torch, took the Gravia road and returned to the plain without losing a man. Following which, they split up and returned to their various camps. In short, the first Turkish column was disbanded.

Odysseas was still in Athens when he heard about the fall of Amphissa. He began to march in that direction but, on the way, was told about the Turkish retreat. He changed direction, went to Livadhia and ordered his men, who were scattered all over the area, to assemble at Dhadhi, a village at the foot of Mount Parnassus, about five hours' distance from Livadhia. When they all got together Odysseas and his men climbed further up, to the monastery of Panaghia, where the terrain was more suitable for battle. Sarris and the Athenians stayed down below.

There are those who say that Sarris wanted to stay while others say that Odysseas made him do it because Odysseas and Gouras wanted to kill him, which, later on, they did. At any event, Sarris stayed in an unprotected spot near the village. The Turks arrived. The Greeks were few and the Turks many. One assault and the Turks were chasing the Greeks. Sarris was taken prisoner and fifteen of his men got killed. Encouraged by their victory the Turks climbed up and attacked the monastery.

Odysseas was in a terrible spot. He had a handful of men whereas the Turks were more numerous than stones on that rocky slope. Attack followed attack, the Greeks held out bravely but, eventually, one of their outposts was taken. Katsikoyiannis was killed, Targatzikis was wounded and the Turks rushed upon the

survivors to capture Odysseas. The survivors panicked and fled. Odysseas escaped by the skin of his teeth. He literally ran all the way to Arahova and lost his shoes on the way. In Arahova he gathered the remnants of his unit and they descended to Aghia Roussali. By that time the Turks were everywhere, with their principal concentration in Velitza.

Odysseas considered the facts.

The Turks were strong and the Greeks weak. Moreover, not many Greeks were left because the majority went home. Winter was coming. The Turks made it clear they were prepared to take Athens and even the Peloponnesus. Turkish forces in Halkis were still kept on reserve and would certainly play a decisive part in any subsequent campaign.

In order to divert this torrent that was about to drown Greece, Odysseas let the Turks know that he was willing to negotiate. He even hinted he might make obeisance. He dispatched his secretary to suggest that the two sides might start talking and the Turks were happy to hear that.

Odysseas began the double-talk. Discussions, negotiations, proposals, counter-proposals. Meanwhile, he was sending messages to the other chieftains urging them to come at once with as many troops as they could raise. He gained precious time and the civilians led their flocks up the mountains where no Turk could find either the flocks or the shepherds. The Turkish command didn't pay attention to these details. They were preoccupied with the arrangements for a meeting with Odysseas in person. The meeting took place after lengthy negotiations and the Turks asked Odysseas to make obeisance. "Make obeisance," they said, "and anything you desire, *anything* at all, will be granted by the Sultan."

Odysseas replied that, so far as he was concerned, there was nothing wrong with making obeisance. He was an effective liar and the Turks were delighted. "One thing though," he said. "How about a safe-conduct for me and for the people in eastern Greece?"

"Granted! Just make obeisance and you've got no idea of what we're prepared to do for you!"

Odysseas pretended to think. "I don't believe that making obeisance will be a problem," he lied again.

Afraid that he might change his mind, the Turks drew up a document. Obeisance and so forth. "Here," they said to Odysseas. "A small formality. Sign, please."

He peered at the sheet of paper. "This is fine," he said. "I'll be more than happy to sign this document."

"Go right ahead!"

But Odysseas was troubled. "It's no use!" he said. "I can't do this to you!"

"Do *what* to us?"

"Fool you! I can't fool you! If I sign and say nothing about what I really think I'll be fooling you. I can't do it!"

"What do you really think?" the much obliged Turks wanted to know.

"I'm thinking that, all by itself, my signature means nothing. What you *really* need is *everybody's* signature! My conscience would have killed me if I didn't tell you this. I'd hate to turn out a liar to the Sultan and to yourselves. In my opinion, if the document is to mean anything it ought to be signed by everybody!"

The Turks thought about this.

"Naturally," Odysseas continued before they thought about it too much, "in order to get everybody's signature we must first get everybody back. The trouble is you've scared these simple-minded peasants and they've hidden in the mountains. We need a little time to quiet them down. Perhaps you Turks ought to return to your Lamia headquarters. Matters would be facilitated if you did that. It goes without saying that I'll give you hostages to prove my honorable intentions."

Believe it or not, the Turks considered this to be a reasonable proposition. They set a deadline for Odysseas to do what he promised and he handed over three hostages whom he advised never to stop repeating to the Turks how much they admired them and what a magnificent nation Turkey was. The Turks took the hostages, listened to their nonsense, and were pleased. They returned to their Lamia headquarters and preserved their formation for about two months. They then disbanded their army and their troops went home. Odysseas had already talked the Turks into returning the flocks they had confiscated. Such generous behavior, he said, would encourage the peasants to come down from the mountains and sign their name on the obeisance document. The Turks agreed that this would be an

effective trick on their part. They returned the animals and thought they were being terribly crafty.

I shall therefore say that Odysseas was a great man. Great men are those who do both good and evil, the point being that they do more good than evil. When such men do good they save their country whereas, when they do evil, they hurt individuals. Man is both good and evil. He who does a little evil and a lot of good is forgiven by God.

I wrote this account on the basis of information given me by various officers and civilians who were present when Odysseas negotiated with the Turks. The reader must believe what I say because I was no favorite with him. Christos Tzannis, one of his officers who was a member of my committee, gave me an account of the negotiations which is identical with the one I set down. The same man told me that when Odysseas was in Athens he warned Gouras to keep an eye on me. "Watch Makriyiannis," said Odysseas. "He and his committee may well take the Acropolis away from you." Gouras did watch me and Odysseas would have liked to take me with him on the Livadhia campaign but the Athenians loved me and he left me behind to preserve peace and quiet in the city. However, he always eyed me with suspicion. Therefore, believe when I say he was a great man. I am objective.

* * * * *

Sarris, the Athenian commander captured at Dhadhi, escaped from the Turkish prison in Larissa with chains on his legs. An honest and brave man, he ran away from jail to continue fighting for his country and the Greeks murdered him.

Odysseas and Gouras had been after him long before he was captured by the Turks and had even asked me to kill him. Since I respected Sarris as a man and loved him as a brother I warned him and he went to the islands for a few months. They discovered it was me who warned him so, when he returned from his Turkish prison, they sent me away from Athens on a phony mission. When I got back Sarris had been killed and his property stolen. A little while later, Meletis Hassiotis, the second envoy who went to Hassia to invite Odysseas to Athens, was also found murdered. Then they tried to kill all the men in the Lekka clan but they

escaped to the Peloponnesus. I looked after their families and our chieftains considered murdering me too. But I kept my eyes open and the Lord preserved me.

Mamouris, the Police Chief who went around breaking the bones of people he was supposed to be protecting, had lieutenants in all the villages and their character mirrored his own. His man in Menidhi got drunk one evening and wrote to Gouras that the Menidhiates were about to rebel.

Gouras called me in and told me to go to Menidhi late at night. He gave me some of his men and I took my own people. The officer in Menidhi would point out the ringleaders, I was to tie them up and if they resisted I was to kill them and set fire to the village. We started out and I noticed that some of the Gouras troops had animals and great big sacks. When we got near to the village I asked them what the sacks were for. "For carrying the loot," they replied.

"And may I ask what is the nationality of the people we'll rob? Are they perhaps Turks? Well, they are not! They're Greeks, our brothers and fellow-soldiers! Are we fighting to establish a state where Greek will rob Greek? Besides, let me remind you that we haven't yet exterminated the Turks. In fact, it looks like the Turks will soon be robbing us instead of the other way around. Still, you may regard tonight's expedition as an easy job. Walk in, rob the Menidhiates and walk out. Well, I suggest you come back to your senses! Plenty of rifles in this great big village! So, stop the nonsense, do as I tell you and keep in mind that I won't start a battle against my own brothers."

Some of the men weren't pleased by this speech and made noises to express their annoyance.

"Go ahead then!" I said. "I'm going back to Athens. Goodby!"

When they saw me turn around they changed their minds and it was night when we arrived in Menidhi. I went to the house of the officer who had discovered the imminent revolt and took him aside. "Why the devil," I asked him, "did you write all those lies about rebellions and so forth? Gouras sent me to interrogate and arrest you."

"Oh, my God! I was drunk! I've no idea *what* I wrote!"

"Put that in writing and I'll see to it that you're forgiven."

He wrote the letter, I had it witnessed by the people in his house, sealed it up and put it in my pocket. I sent my men to the village, had them arrest ten Menidhiates at random, and we returned to Athens. On the way I told the prisoners to tell Gouras that I nearly killed them with tortures and beatings and that I was the worst beast they ever encountered.

Right in the middle of the night I woke up Gouras and gave him the letter, pretending I knew nothing about its contents. While he was reading I paced up and down bragging about how tough I'd been and that I had prisoners outside, all tied up. "I'll bring them in," I said, "and you can do whatever you please with them."

"For God's sake!" said Gouras, handling the letter as if it were burning holes in his hands, "I beg you! Do anything you like but get them back home tonight, *now*, without anybody hearing anything about this."

I made it clear I didn't understand but the prisoners were immediately sent home.

Some time later other rascals told Gouras a similar fairy tale about the village of Hassia -- the Hassiotes were about to rebel. I'd given up this kind of jobs so it was Mamouris and Katsikoyiannis who went to restore law and order. They massacred the villagers, robbed them and raped their daughters. Such was their recipe for preserving the peace but it didn't work.

Much later, when Kioutahi Pasha invaded Athens, he found villagers carrying huge rocks on their backs. Our chieftains were torturing them to extort money out of them and Kioutahi, a *Turk*, felt sorry for them and told them to drop the rocks. He behaved like a human being and all the villages in Attiki made obeisance. Kioutahi held out against us, and many of our men got killed, and the country was ravaged, and we had to shed rivers of blood to recapture what we had possessed in the first place.

If the Attiki villages hadn't made obeisance the Turks wouldn't have been able to offer any resistance worth talking about. But the villagers knew the terrain, led the Turks around and even fought on their side. It was the villagers who supplied the Turks, who encouraged them, who showed them every little path. Such are the facts. Our chieftains wanted to get rich at a time that was meant for fighting.

Wealth and glory could have come later. But we thought otherwise. We tortured our brothers and loaded them up with rocks so that the Turks could unload them. We killed every honest friend we had, every patriot who dared show his face, and saved our affection for rascals, scoundrels and scum. I write this in the hope that those who'll come after us will try to be more honest. There is no sweeter thing than one's country and faith. When a man's conscience is at peace regarding those two things he's the richest and happiest man on earth.

These thoughts were heavy on my mind so I cornered Gouras and spoke to him like a brother. "Here in Athens," I said, "honor and wealth can be found next to each other. The same goes for infamy and rapacity and you can have whichever you prefer. Right now, you can do great good or great harm. Greece is struggling and needs every one of us. When peace is won our services will be rewarded according to the virtue and abilities we displayed. Athens can demonstrate our contributions and misdeeds equally well. Every day we've got foreign visitors who see if our leaders serve Greece, or if their attention is on cash. They judge us according to our behavior. If we work for liberty, they help us. If we rob each other, they send us to hell. You're the commander here and, if you behave patriotically, Greece earns glory and happiness. If you behave differently, our country is in trouble."

For a couple of days he kept this in mind and then went back to his old ways. His associates needed him to roast the meat so that they could eat it without getting their own fingers burned. Gouras and I had many arguments and, at the end, he wanted to kill me. I locked myself up in my house and many Athenians came to protect me. Not wanting them to be marked as my friends and have them lose their heads on my account, I took about 150 of my men and went to Salamis. I wanted to serve under the immediate command of the Central Government.

Gouras sent people to Salamis to persuade me to return but the men who were with me talked me into not returning. Nevertheless, my plan to serve directly under the Central Government had to be abandoned. A Peloponnesian force under Nikitas was about to go north on a campaign against the Turks and, since my troops and I were from central Greece, the Government didn't want us in the Peloponnesus. The troops of Nikitas were Peloponnesians and were afraid that, in

their absence, we'd devastate their homes. To put their minds at rest I left Salamis and joined Odysseas in Velitza.

Shortly afterwards we learned that a Turkish supply caravan was camped in the plain of Livadhia. We attacked them at night, dispersed the escort and captured horses, camels and all sorts of provisions. The Turks were defeated and then Odysseas fought against his own men who demanded their salaries and were so angry they wanted to kill him. So he went to his fortified cave.

The men sent me to talk to him but he refused to agree to anything. Most of the troops left for Amphissa and only a handful of us remained with him. But he still wouldn't talk to anyone. In fact, he wouldn't even come out of the cave. We appointed an older man to be our commander and continued to attack the Turkish caravans.

One day Odysseas received a letter from Athens with the news that Koletis had attracted Gouras to his faction and that Gouras was now openly against Odysseas.

This was too much! Odysseas forgot about not talking to anyone, called me in and said he wanted to take my men and some of his own and go back to Athens. It wouldn't be a bad idea, he said, to take the Acropolis away from Gouras. I replied I'd do nothing of the kind. I had no desire to bring fresh disasters upon people who invited us to their city and suffered more from us than from the Turks.

He wasn't impressed and continued to insist.

I told him it was absolutely out of the question.

"All right," he said. "Don't go! I'll send Katsikoyiannis in your place. All I'm asking is that you keep what I told you a secret."

Katsikoyiannis went to Athens but things didn't work out for Odysseas. Gouras proselytized Katsikoyiannis and got him married to his sister-in-law. Odysseas learned about it, lost hope, came to our camp, and took us all to Salamis where we found the Parliament and the Executive Council. Then he had another fight with his men. This time it was about which rank each one of them should receive. Once again they wanted to kill him but I mediated and they calmed down.

I was getting tired of Odysseas and wanted to serve away from him.

Tobazis was in Salamis gathering men for an expedition against Crete and offered me the command. He'd give me money to recruit 1,500 men and I promised to start forming the unit. I talked to a number of officers, word got to Odysseas and he complained that I was raiding his men. Other chieftains complained to the Government about the same thing, the Government spoke to Tobazis, and the project was shelved.

Then the Government sent Nikitas and myself to Acrokorinthos to talk to the Turks who were holding the castle. Our instructions were to ask for their surrender but, in response, the Turks fired so many cannons at us that I never ran so fast in my life. Sadly, we realized we weren't dealing with the likes of Achilleas who abandons a fully-equipped castle and flees. The Turks fought for their faith. They had nothing but rats to eat and they almost buried us under those cannon balls. Achilleas had been up to his ears in sheep and goats but dropped everything and ran away to join the friends who appointed him commander.

The castle of Acrokorinthos was not surrendered.

Nikitas went to Nafplion, I reported to the Government and then went to Athens. A few days later there was trouble in Salamis between the troops and the Government and Odysseas sent me to find out what was happening.

I quieted the situation in favor of the Government and Odysseas didn't like it. But I had enough of his likes and dislikes.

One night I took my own men, some of the men of Odysseas and some of Gouras, and crossed over to Piadha. That was on October 25, 1823.

Odysseas sent a message asking me to return. He said he was short of men and promised anything I wanted. I told the messenger to tell Odysseas to forget about us and to go on keeping company with his good friend Karpos.

This was a priest from Russia, a master of calumny who, single-handedly, took the army of Odysseas apart. He was so bloodthirsty, so treacherous that if you told him to catechize a Turk into Christianity he ended up making a more devout Moslem out of the Turk. After he finished fixing up the army of Odysseas he shaved his beard off and became a regular soldier. Once, in Athens, he maligned me so successfully that Odysseas and I almost killed each other.

He was the sort of thing that made me leave Odysseas.

CIVIL WARS

BACKGROUND

Round about when Makriyiannis left Odysseas the Greek Revolution began to fascinate Europe. Even senior managers of the Holy Alliance, silver-tongued individuals who broke out in a rash at the merest rumor of a rebellion, were forced by the inscrutable force called "public opinion" to take notice of a conflict between the Sultan and some of his slaves. After all, the rebels were direct descendants of the supermen who, way back in the Classical Age, had said, done, written, built and sculpted everything worth talking about.

Meanwhile, a bloody war was going on. It was extraordinarily vicious because it was extraordinarily unlike the customary confrontations between two nations, or two monarchs, who hate each other. This was a conflict between the Greek people who fought for their faith and liberty, and the Sultan who fought to keep his empire together. The Ottoman people and the Greek politicians were sucked into the turmoil and would do anything to get out of it. But they couldn't. The Sultan on one side and the Greek people on the other were determined to fight on.

The Sultan saw his fleets burned and his armies turned back or destroyed. Russia was threatening his northern frontier. Persia was invading from the east. The Janissary corps rebelled. Pashas persevered in their private wheeling and dealing. Nevertheless, the Sultan persevered.

The Greek people were faced by difficulties of comparable magnitude. The rapacity of Odysseas. The hatred between Koletis and Mavrokordatos. The bitter rivalry of chieftains. The total absence of any administrative mechanism. The utter disdain for any plan to fight the war systematically. Worst of all, the Greek people had no money. Nevertheless, they persevered.

The Sultan's preparations for the 1823 campaign were dealt a devastating blow by a fire in Constantinoupolis. His arsenal and cannon foundries were destroyed and so were 50 mosques and more than 5,000 private homes. The newly-launched fleet had no cannons and the army of Thessaly no artillery. Still, the Sultan didn't hesitate. Instead of waiting for fresh cannons to be cast he let loose

a light flotilla to chase the Greeks. And instead of postponing land operations he ordered his armies to take the offensive with or without artillery.

Yussuf Berkoftsalis advanced south from Thessaly. A second army, commanded by the Pashas of Ioannina and Skodra, started out from Epirus. The two forces were to come together either in Patra or in Nafpaktos and the Turkish navy would join them.

But the 1823 campaign was as unsuccessful as the previous ones. Greek fleets dispersed the Turkish vessels. Greek soldiers stemmed the Turkish advance in the mountain passes of Helikon and Parnassos in the east, and near Karpenissi in the west. By the fall, the Turkish offensive had petered out.

Realizing that the war demanded more than he could throw at it the Sultan asked Mehmet Ali, his vassal in Egypt, to give a hand. Negotiations took a year, from the end of 1823 to the end of 1824.

In the meantime, Greece was left in relative peace. The fathers of the nation used the respite to stage not one but two civil wars.

Much ink has been spilled on how the Greeks could take time off from a noble struggle for freedom to devour their own flesh. All kinds of explanations have been advanced: clannish mentality of the Greek peasant, personal ambitions of leaders, national predilection for domestic trouble, anarchist qualities of the Greek soul, and so on. Thoughtful observers are advised to explore a different question — what kind of money are we talking about?

A lot!

We're talking about the first international loan negotiated by the Greek Government and it's safe to say that everybody connected with the deal was a master crook. The Greek Government that asked for the loan. The London bankers who floated it. The investors who subscribed to it. The movers and shakers who stole every last shilling of the sum that reached Greece.

Note this last point! There was another sum that never reached Greece because it was stolen in London seconds after the loan agreement was signed.

The loan amount was 800,000 pounds. Since the annual revenue of the Greek state was less than 80,000 pounds, both the Greek authorities and the bankers who agreed to the issue must have been insane. Not in the slightest! They were good businessmen. The loan agreement stipulated that the collateral was the entire surface of the Greek national territory. Moreover, out of the 800,000 pounds, the London bankers withheld 41% as "security for capital and interest payments". Also, capital and interest payments for the first two years were withheld in advance. Thus, the sum that reached Greece amounted to no more than 315,000 pounds and the two civil wars were fought over them.

Greeks have a hard time swallowing the next section of the Memoirs. The names mentioned here constitute the Who's Who of the Revolution and the comments accompanying them are not flattering. I've spent years checking up and, as God is my witness, never, not once, did I find a single piece of evidence invalidating the frightening accusations Makriyiannis flings at individuals widely considered to be the founders of modern Greece.

CIVIL WARS

I went to Nafplion and, after resting for a few days, presented myself to Parliament, told them that my men and I no longer wanted to have anything to do with the chieftains and expected our future orders to come directly from the Government. My comrades were known to be honest patriots and General Kolokotronis, who was a member of the Executive Committee, asked us to join his unit and we agreed.

Odysseas heard about it and sent a message to Kolokotronis telling him to watch me because I was against the chieftain mentality. Kolokotronis wasn't a vicious man and showed me the message. Brother, I said to him, you can watch me all you like but the only thing you'll discover is that I respect those of my superiors who work for our country and faith.

Kolokotronis told me to discuss with his son, Yennaios, how my unit could be incorporated into their own. I went looking for him and found a youngster.

Are you Makriyiannis, the youngster asked.

That's right, I said. And are you Yennaios?

That's right, he said.

Glad to know you, I said.

They had previously asked me what salary I wanted for myself and for my men because the Government would be paying us directly. I said that my men should get whatever everyone else was getting. For myself I wanted nothing.

In our first meeting, Yennaios and I arranged for salaries to be paid to my troops and that was that.

A few days later I heard that Koliopoulos and a few others organized a faction to support the Government. Whereupon, Deliyiannis, Zaimis and the Londos clan organized a faction against it.

We tried to find out what sort of commodity a faction might be. We were familiar with assorted inventions of the Roumeli chieftains but had never heard this particular term and were told that factions are what good patriots divide themselves into for the good of the country.

Greece was full of Turks and, for the good of the country, half of the Greek nation was getting ready to fight the other half. Still confused, I was ordered to take my men and defend the Executive against the Parliament. That is to say, I had to join the Executive faction and fight the Parliament faction.

The trouble was that, so far as I could make out, justice and the interests of Greece were with the Parliament side whereas the Executive merely wanted to quarrel and suck blood. "This," I told my superiors, "is an order which my oath doesn't compel me to obey. Did I perhaps swear an oath to fight Greeks? I distinctly remember swearing to fight Turks. Therefore, I'm not going!" They kept us in Nafplion and sent others in our place.

When the Civil War spread all over the Peloponnesus, Yennaios thought he should fight Notaras so that he could marry Notaras' daughter.

This form of courtship was unknown to me but, when we arrived at the Notaras headquarters near Corinth, I learned plenty about it.

The Notaras clan took one look at us and cleaned their rifles.

We lined up, they lined up and we exchanged threats back and forth.

I spoke to both sides as prudently as I could and, after we robbed the local peasants and ate their sheep, peace was restored.

The Notaras rifles were once again hanged on the wall and we returned to Nafplion.

No marriages took place on that occasion.

We had barely returned when the Illustrious Metaxas, the bosom friend of Kolokotronis, got the Executive roused up and they marched against Argos on a slaughtering expedition.

The Parliament people contacted us and explained that the hue and cry was because the Executive wanted to grab the Parliamentary archives.

Parliament said they needed my help so, together with another officer, we took the archives and hid them.

The Executive faction concluded that since I was responsible for this crime my soul didn't belong to Kolokotronis, who was a member of the Executive.

This being given, they tried to fix me up better than Odysseas and Gouras had tried to. Yennaios sweet-talked my men and figured that when he had lured enough of them away I'd be as good as dead. I sensed what was behind the promises Yennaios showered upon my troops, explained what was going on and it didn't take them long to see through his lies.

I kicked out the sycophants he planted in my unit and told him he was too young for the job.

"Let me teach you how it's done," I said, "and then you too can try it."

"Teach away!" he replied because he was brave as well as crafty.

"All in good time," I said.

Meanwhile, I continued to serve the Executive.

It was in the service of the Executive that Petrobeys, Kolokotronis and I went to Tripolis to confront the enemies of our faction. Kolokotronis, a great strategist, got our men drunk and had them attack our opponents who were locked up inside their houses. Our men were sitting ducks. After watching this dismal sort of fighting for a couple of days, Hatzichristos and I went to our superiors.

"The city," we said, "is being robbed by your men." And that's the Lord's truth! I didn't allow *my* men to touch a pebble. One of them stole a platter to serve our food in and I made him put it back where he took it from. "Tripolis," we continued, "has been stripped. There's nothing left for you to steal but, even so, *our* men are getting killed all over the place."

No comment from our superiors.

"I command 300 men and I'll give them 300 torches." I said. "Hatzichristos will do the same with his men and we'll set every house on fire. Your opponents will come out in the open and we'll fight on equal terms. Getting our men drunk, ordering them to attack and giving the opponents perfect targets will cease."

Our superiors didn't like this idea because they owned houses in Tripolis. "You can't do that!" they said. "*Our* houses will burn down."

"I couldn't give less of a damn if they burned or not," I replied. "You've robbed everybody and it's only fair that your houses be destroyed. God wished them to remain unharmed while the Turks were here but you prefer them burned. Such is the liberty you'll bestow upon us - having fun while ruining the country."

The same evening, our superiors ordered Hatzichristos and myself to arrange a truce and we immediately did so.

The following morning I was visited by an envoy from the new Executive.

What new Executive? I asked.

Apparently, our superiors forgot to tell us that Parliament fired the old and appointed a new Executive Committee. The envoy added that Parliament wanted my support in exchange for 200,000 grossia.

"Make sure," I said to him, "that when it comes to justice the new Executive doesn't resemble the old one. Let them govern with the interests of Greece in mind because our country is in danger. Let them also recall that I'm not for sale. I'm not attracted by grossia. I didn't swear allegiance to grossia. I swore allegiance to Greece. If Parliament needs me to work for Greece, I will. Leave it to me and I'll disperse the forces of the old Executive. However, nobody should know that I'm in contact with the new Government. Otherwise I shall not only risk losing my head, I won't accomplish anything either."

The Government wrote back saying they left everything up to my discretion and that Greece was much obliged for my services.

After the old Executive was through with Tripolis and a lot of people got killed, about 2,000 troops with Yennaios, Hatzichristos, some other officers and myself set out for the neighboring villages. I was sharing a tent with Yennaios and he was beginning to trust me. "Let's go to Corinth and capture Trikala," he said to me one day. "There are no troops up there. I'll grab Notaras' daughter and you fellows can grab his property. He's an enemy of Greece and fully deserves it."

Hearing him talk so foolishly I thought I ought to give him some honest advice. "Do you want the girl to be your wife or your mistress?" I asked.

"Wife!"

"If that's true, forget about it. She's an aristocrat. Pick an ordinary family and marry a pretty girl who pleases you. If *we* take Notaras' money and you take only the girl you can be sure that she'll make you hate yourself for being so stupid. But, all this aside, and speaking of your method for grabbing the girl, I must say it'd do credit to any pirate from the Barbary Coast."

He listened to me and abandoned the project. Interestingly enough, we could have captured the village, killed Notaras and carried his daughter off because there were no troops up there. However, since Yennaios had to do something, he settled for the village of Klimantokaissara which was promptly looted. A large flock of sheep belonging to Notaras were in a near-by pasture and Yennaios was inspired. "Go and grab them," he said to me. "Keep half for yourself and, with the other half, we can supply all our garrisons in this part of the country."

I was delighted neither by the gift nor by the prospect of supplying garrisons loyal to the old Executive.

Yennaios took my lack of enthusiasm for shyness. "Go on! Take them!" he said. "You and your troops didn't get any loot in Tripolis. Take the sheep and make your troops happy." Anything which isn't ours we'll give away — such was his motto.

"All right, I'll take them," I said and thanked him for the gift. I sent a message to the shepherds telling them to lead the sheep away and then went to the pasture to grab them. Imagine my indignation when I came back empty-handed. However, they found out about my warning and we had another argument with Yennaios.

We left Klimantokaissara, arrived in Botzikas and pitched our tents to wait for 3,000 more troops so that, all of us together, could march against the new Executive. A few days later we had a fresh argument with Yennaios who felt I wasn't eager to participate in the forthcoming campaign and, for once in his life, was right. But I didn't care. I had already spoken to Hatzichristos and to a number of other officers and we had agreed on the proper course. For appearance's sake I continued to argue with Yennaios and then, a bit theatrically, I went to my tent.

After I left the leaders of the old Executive gave money to some of their men and these clowns were expected to bribe my own men and murder me in my sleep.

One of the officers of Yennaios found out about this plan and came to warn me. Nobody enjoys being murdered and I went back to Yennaios. "I just finished thinking," I said, "and I'll never abandon you people! I'm ready to die for you and with you."

That's all it took for cordial relations to be re-established. We sat together until midnight, ate together, and Yennaios invited me to visit him again first thing in the morning. "We'll eat pancakes!" he said. (Let the idiot Greeks work for us! Let them eat unsalted cabbage while we have suckling pigs, lamb chops and pancakes. We certainly freed them from the Turks all right!)

"I'll be here," I replied. "I'll definitely come to eat those pancakes!"

I returned to my tent and ordered my men to assemble. I took them all — and some of Yennaios' men for good measure — and left for the mountains. Next morning Yennaios sent a message to remind me about the pancakes and found nobody.

"Remember what I told you about the correct way of stealing men from their commanders?" I wrote him from the mountains. "*This* is how it's done. I spent my own money to pay my troops and, instead of thanks, you and your father tried to sow dissension among them. Now you know how things ought to be done. What you wanted to do to me has happened to you."

Hatzichristos and the others discovered I left and, within two hours, they all joined me in Aghios Georgios. Yennaios was left with only 40 and returned to his father in Tripolis.

* * * * *

Having discussed the accomplishments of military commanders who dare proclaim they work for Greece alone, let me say a few words about the local nobility.

In Aghios Georgios I found Notaras and many members of the Londos clan, blue-blooded gentlemen one and all. The new Executive had turned over to them the tax income from the Corinth area and, out of that money, Notaras was to pay the salaries of my troops. One day I went to his house and happened to enter as he

was torturing a poor villager. Upon my word, the sophistication of these aristocratic tortures couldn't be compared even with the methods of Katsandonis, the famous bandit. The peasant was tied up so ingeniously that you couldn't tell his head from his ass. He suffered excruciating pain but the beasts around him continued to demand money.

That was when I became completely disgusted with us Greeks and our genius for robbery, plunder and extortion! I hinted to the noble bogeyman that he wasn't being nice. When the people see the nobility behaving like you do, I said, they'll conclude it's all right if they carve each other's heart out and eat it raw. Not at all impressed, the gentle aristocrat smiled condescendingly and went on with the job on hand. So, I must confess that, although I used to respect our nobility, I got sick of them too and cursed the liberty we pursued all those years. Such was my despair that I wanted to leave the Peloponnesus but the Government made a big issue out of it and I was forced to stay.

From Aghios Georgios we went to Tripolis and besieged Kolokotronis and his faction. That too was ugly fighting and, once again, Greek was killing Greek. Kolokotronis and his family had a personal grudge against me and proclaimed they'd skin me alive if they caught me.

The gang we were besieging had friends in the near-by villages and sent them a letter. *Tomorrow,* they wrote, *two hours before dawn, you should capture this and that hill. At the same time we'll make a sortie and, with you on the outside and us on the inside, we'll cut off the tongues of these enemies of Greece.*

Their friends had no paper for a reply and used the back of the same sheet. *We're ready!* they wrote. *We'll capture the positions and attack on the hour agreed. Not a single leg of these traitors will escape.*

Evidently, we were traitors and they were defenders of law and order.

Having provoked the anger of our opponents by my defection from their gang I was being extra careful. I was patrolling near one of the hills they had agreed to capture when I saw a monk passing by. The monk saw us too and, without our noticing, threw away the letter he was carrying.

"Where are you going, monk?" I asked him.

"To Argos."

I took a blind shot. "Where's the letter?" I said. "I know you have a letter!"

"What letter? What are you talking about? I haven't got any letter!"

Pretending to be furious, I turned to my men. "This miserable little monk is wasting my time," I said. "Take him away and hang him."

"Now, now!" said the monk. "Stop the talk about hanging and I'll give you the letter."

He took us to where he had thrown it away and we read it. Right away I notified Notaras and Londos. Then I stationed my men in the hills mentioned in the correspondence. Next morning our opponents found us where they were supposed to be. They realized that the game was up and asked for permission to enter the city to negotiate its surrender. The same evening the city was ours.

Tripolis was taken in March 1824. We stayed there for about twenty days, left a garrison and returned to Argos. The Government was waiting for the glorious victors, meaning us, as if we'd vanquished a Turkish army. We hadn't vanquished any Turks but they greeted me as a hero, gave me all kinds of decorations and appointed me "Commander of the Forces Charged with the Security of the Government."

The Government could use a lot of security.

The Roumeli chieftains got together with the Peloponnesus chieftains and agreed to kick the Government out and install themselves in its place. In fact, Odysseas and his men had already arrived in the Argos area and so had a unit from the Karaiskakis forces. Then they found out what happened to their friends in Tripolis and didn't know what to do.

One day I received the piddling little sum the Government gave me to pay my men with. I called in my officers and, with a plan forming in my mind, told them never to stop repeating that Government forces always got paid on the 28th of the month.

The officers of Odysseas, Gouras, Karaiskakis and other Roumeli chieftains were killing time in Argos. They weren't officially rebels although we knew their plans

and they knew we knew. All this notwithstanding I invited them to a feast on the 28th of the month. The previous day I told my officers to ask me for their salaries just as we'd be eating and carousing. They'd say it was the 28th, I'd get angry, and we'd have a fight. The sum I received was in pieces of 5, big coins. I filled a chest with sand, spread a sheet over the sand and the coins over the sheet. This made the chest look like it was full of coins.

Right in the middle of the feast my officers asked for their salaries and I got angry. "What's the matter with you?" I said. "You haven't been paid for 28 days and so what! This isn't the camp of Odysseas, Gouras and Karaiskakis who never pay their men. This is a Government that wants law, order, peace and quiet. To accomplish what it wants it'll spend any amount of money and will certainly pay its men once a month. Have you forgotten that the Government gave me a chest filled with gold, a horse, a sword and five mules?" The horse, the sword and the mules I had bought with my own money but this wasn't the time for details.

Embarrassed, I turned to my guests. "Brothers," I said, "do me a favor and bring me that chest over here. Let me pay these imbeciles who spoiled our dinner."

My guests got up from the table and tried to budge the chest. Naturally, they couldn't move it.

"Never mind!" I said. "I'll open it where it is." I got up and paid my officers. "Now go home," I said, "and if you want more money say so politely."

"Our General!" said my guests when they managed to unglue their eyes from the chest, "we'd very much like to meet this Government of yours."

"My friends," I replied, "I believe this is something I can arrange."

And that was how all the officers and all the troops from Roumeli abandoned Odysseas, Gouras and Karaiskakis and joined the Government forces.

We're through with Kolokotronis and the Peloponnesus chieftains, I wrote to Gouras. *Make ready to welcome us in Athens unless, of course, you want to come here and join the Government forces yourself.* He thought about it and came to see me in Argos.

I introduced him and some minor chieftains he brought along to the Government and that was the end of the planned take-over by the military. The next

to appear was Odysseas himself. He showed up with a belt-full of ink-pots and quills and declared that, in the future, he wanted to be regarded strictly as a politician.

In spite of what I told Gouras, we weren't through with Kolokotronis. He and his faction did lose Tripolis but continued to hold Nafplion. In fact, they were preparing to attack us in Argos and demolish the Government once and for all. To forestall this attack we besieged them in Nafplion. My friend Nikitas was inside and sent me a message: he'd soon chase me all the way to Roumeli and when he caught me he'd hang me upside down from a tree. I replied he was welcome to chase me and that if I caught him, since everything is possible, I'd eat and drink with him because he was a brave soldier and a good patriot.

Two days after we began the siege the entire company -- Nikitas, Koliopoulos, Yennaios and so forth -- made a sortie and fell upon us. Their objective was to capture the village of Dalamanara and our objective was that they should not. Hatzichristos and I withstood their attack for twenty-four hours straight. Finally, after both sides had suffered heavy casualties, we pushed them back and they had to forget about Dalamanara although they desperately needed this village to keep open a supply route to the north.

They retreated in good order and, before entering Nafplion, they stopped in Marbaka. I followed them while Hatzichristos raced ahead to stop them from entering the city. Instead of us encircling them, they encircled Hatzichristos. Going to his aid, I ran into my friend Nikitas and his troops, and being in a hurry to help Hatzichristos, we fell upon them and smashed them. We chased them over such a distance I honestly thought I would be having dinner with Nikitas that night but he escaped at the nick of time. In the meantime, Hatzichristos not only managed to break through but even succeeded in preventing our opponents from going back into Nafplion. When the battle was over I went around the battlefield, gathered and buried the dead and took the wounded to Argos where the doctor could look after them.

That same evening Yennaios and his friends paid a fellow to investigate the entrances and exits of the house where I was staying. They were planning to catch me alive or to kill me off but the fellow was caught by my men. I returned from

Argos where I had gone to look after the wounded and we twisted his arm into telling us the full story. So, instead of waiting for them to come after me, my men and I installed ourselves just outside Argos and hid in a ditch, waiting. Yennaios realized his spy had been caught, postponed the settlement of personal accounts, and marched against Argos because he thought the Government would be totally unprotected.

We stopped them as they were about to enter the city and dispersed them to the four winds. It was a long, wild chase and I almost dropped dead from exhaustion. Still, I didn't neglect to send some men to surround our opponents from one direction while Notaras and Hatzichristos blocked the other. The fleeing rebels were in a difficult position. Not only were they being relentlessly pursued they didn't even have water to drink. One way or another they would have had it, except that Notaras, who was supposed to be on the Government's side, allowed them to escape. I had a big argument with him but, in any case, the rebellion was finished. Those who survived went to Karytaina. Nafplion surrendered and rebels inside the city went to Karytaina too. The Government promoted me to the rank of Lieutenant-General and presented me with a horse. The capital was moved to Nafplion and I escorted the Government there.

And now I want to say a few words about the selfless patriotism of Zaimis, Deliyiannis and all those others who belonged to the Government faction initially and then abandoned it to join Kolokotronis. Notaras was a member of this group, which is why he allowed our opponents to escape just before we took Nafplion. He and his friends belonged to a clique whose guiding principle was that Greece would be saved as long as they discovered new ways for Greeks to kill Greeks. Once that was accomplished, the Turks would never dare attack us.

The new faction began to get organized in earnest when the Government was installed in Nafplion. The truth must be told - they had good reasons for their behavior. Their most powerful reason was that one day Zaimis went onboard a ship and Koundouriotis, the Prime Minister, didn't get up from his seat to greet him. To atone for this crime we had to murder one another for a few more years.

One evening, before they chose to come out in the open, the faction leaders got together in the house of Notaras and invited me over. This meeting was a revelation. "Brothers," I said after listening to what they had in mind, "do you realize what you're about to do? Is this you, Zaimis? You, Londos? You, Notaras? Aren't you the most important people in this country or have I gone mad? Haven't you seen enough Greeks killed? Must the people of Roumeli get killed so that you Peloponnesians can enjoy the spectacle? I've buried dozens of Roumeliots and so did the other side. I'm tired of this! I'm taking my men and going back to Roumeli to kill Turks and not my own brothers."

Zaimis took me aside. It pained him to hear me shout like that because other Roumeliots might begin shouting too and where would we be. He invited me to join their faction and promised me a thousand grossia a month. "Not even fifty thousand!" I replied. "I'm not selling meat for still another civil war!"

A few days later Odysseas, Gouras, Karaiskakis and the rest came to Nafplion. We all became friends again and swore that no Roumeliot would stay in the Peloponnesus any longer. If one of us changed his mind the others would persecute him without mercy. I told them about the new faction and the thousand grossia. But I wasn't telling them anything they didn't know. They, too, had been approached.

Shortly after this meeting the Government decided to put a few more men under my command and send us north where new Turkish arrivals were being reported. We were getting ready to leave when the news came that the Turkish fleet destroyed the island of Psara and its next targets were the islands of Idhra and Spetsai. The Government ordered various chieftains who were in Nafplion to hasten to these two islands. Nobody wanted to go and, finally, the Government asked me.

My chieftain friends advised me not to go because I'd be a sitting duck on a little island with nowhere to retreat. Besides, they said, I had the perfect excuse for not going. I was officially appointed "Commander of the Government Security Forces" and my place was in Nafplion. I replied it was about time we learned to obey orders and that the safety of Greece came before the safety of our individual skins. Moreover, I told my friends, the islands of Idhra and Spetsai had sacrificed

themselves for our country and had to be protected. In short, my men and I went to Idhra while most of the Roumeliot chieftains went back to Roumeli.

We stayed five months on that island. The people loved us, took us into their homes and ate bread with us. Still, trouble couldn't be avoided. One day we learned that the Turks were about to invade the island of Samos and the Idhra fleet made ready to sail there. The troops we had brought from the mainland had been distributed all over Idhra to make sure the Turks didn't pull off any surprise landings. In the confusion prior to the sailing of the Idhra fleet, with people milling about in the port, with noise, hustle and bustle, some kind of argument flared up. An Idhraios pulled out a gun and killed a soldier from the mainland. A second soldier killed the Idhraios and, next thing you know, there's a minor battle right on the waterfront. Sum total: six dead.

I was billeted in a monastery in the middle of the city and, hearing the shots, I ran down to the port to see what was happening. The Idhraii saw me and cocked their pistols as if I had personally begun the fight. Had it not been for the captains of the ships and for some Idhra elders who happened to be present I'd have been killed on the spot and never known the reason why.

Seeing what the atmosphere was like I corralled those of my men who were in the city and herded them into the monastery. There were about 100 of them and, being afraid that another argument might start, I wanted to keep them locked up until the ships left and things settled down. But the Idhraii weren't giving up. Five minutes after I locked us up inside the monastery, we heard a tremendous din. The entire male population of the island was banging on the door, knives flashing, rifles waving, the corpses of their waterfront dead in prominent display. Somehow, I'd been made the focus of their attention and when they saw me peek out from a window they swore foully at me.

My men saw the crowd outside and were in favor of shooting at those easy targets. I said this was a ridiculous idea, they got annoyed, and there I was, trying to calm down both sides. About 5,000 troops from the mainland were on Idhra and if real shooting began both we and the Idhraii would have suffered. So far as my men were concerned this was irrelevant and they responded to my orders by

cursing me from the inside while the Idhraii were cursing me from the outside. All I could do was continue arguing with my men while the Idhra elders were arguing with theirs. Then our Lord and His Blessed Mother gave me an idea.

I wrote notes to all the mainland chieftains who were on the island and gave them to one of my lieutenants. The notes described how the trouble began and asserted that the fault was with our own troops. This was a dirty lie because the fault was with the Idhraii but, under the circumstances, I couldn't say that. "Since our men began the quarrel," I continued, "and since the quarrel resulted in the ships still being here although the Turks are getting closer and closer to Samos, don't make a move and don't send anybody to the city until everything has been sorted out." I then sent a message to Koundouriotis, the chief Idhra elder, asking him to distribute the messages to the mainland officers. This was done and at the nick of time too. Those of my own troops who hadn't been in the city when the trouble began had just learned that I was besieged inside the monastery and were approaching with ominous intentions. They too got my message and stopped where they were. If they hadn't, they'd have entered the city which was empty because all the Idhraii were gathered outside the monastery, cursing me. In other words, my men would have taken the city apart.

The leaders of the Idhraii, and Koundouriotis in particular, deserve credit for calming things down. He climbed some stairs outside the monastery and harangued the crowd telling them about their heroic accomplishments, how brave they were, how their patriotism had saved the country. All these sacrifices, he went on, now seem to have been in vain.

"We want these foreign troops off our island!" was the crowd's reaction.

Koundouriotis replied that the presence of "foreign troops" was necessary. They were there to defend the island in the event of a Turkish landing. "However," he concluded, " I've got an idea. Let's make Makriyiannis and one of our officers responsible for preserving peace and order from now on."

Crowds being what they are, everybody agreed this was a good idea. Next thing you know, the ships which had stalled their departure raised anchors, spread their sails, took off, arrived in Samos, dispersed the Turks and annihilated their fleet. In the meantime, an Idhraios and I formed a police force and kept peace and order.

The Idhra fleet returned home.

In the house I was staying I had a young servant. One day he washed dishes and, without looking to see if anybody was passing by, tossed a pail of dirty water out of the window. A naval gunner who had just come back from Samos was passing by and got drenched. I was in the monastery talking with the elders who loved me like a son and by the time I got home half the island was up in arms.

The gunner and his friends were shaking their fists and pistols at my house, my men were threatening the gunner, and a civil war was imminent. The moment I made my appearance the gunner decided that I had insulted him and shook his pistol at me. He kept this up while I explained how the mistake occurred and offered to pay for the clothes my servant had ruined. "How much do they cost?" I asked.

"Three hundred grossia," he replied.

I paid him and, after they brought him a fresh outfit from his house, he gave me the clothes he had been wearing.

Now it was the turn of my men.

They insisted that we start a civil war on the grounds that I had been made to look like a fool. I paid three hundred grossia for clothes that couldn't cost more than one hundred! More fists, more pistols, more threats. I calmed them down, had the clothes washed and ironed and sent them to the elders.

"These," I said, "are far too expensive clothes for someone like me. I'm turning them into a prize. If a naval gunner proves to be extraordinarily valiant he should get these clothes as a reward."

The elders found out what happened, got angry and arrested the gunner and his friends. They were about to start beating them up when I intervened. After that incident the Idhraii never got excited again and considered me as their best friend. They continue to do so down to this day.

When it became obvious that the Turks were in no shape to invade Idhra the Government ordered me to return to Argos. Karatassos, a mainland officer who had

been on the island, was to proceed to Athens and other units to other parts of the country. During our stay in Idhra, Karatassos was in overall command and I respected him because he was older and more experienced. In turn, he loved me as if he were my father.

"All our birthplaces have been destroyed," I said to Karatassos and his men before we sailed. "Furthermore, Gouras, Odysseas and their politician friends intend to pursue their objectives with your strength. What they're after is clear and. every day, we see fresh evidence of their intentions. They want to loot, to grab other people's property and to organize factions and fight civil wars because a civil war is the best way for them to enjoy what they've stolen. The result is that Greeks get killed, the country is threatened, and those of us who may survive will become servants of scoundrels. We've got to stick together. We must stay with the Government and strengthen the spirit of the law. It's the only way for our country to prosper."

We swore to act with this objective in mind and renewed the oath we took when we first joined the Revolutionary movement. In much the same fashion I spoke to all other officers who had been in Idhra. We embraced and agreed to keep in touch. We did so from then on without the selfish and thieving rascals getting wind of what we were doing.

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When I got back to Argos the Government ordered me to form a unit of about 1,200 men and proceed south to Trifillia. Kolokotronis, Metaxas his advisor and their friends had incited the people down there to rise against the Government. I'd be the military leader of the expedition and Papaflessas, the Minister of the Interior, would come along to take care of political aspects. Contemplating the fratricide ahead of us I couldn't help feeling sick. When I received the order on October 14, 1824, civil war was in full swing all over Trifillia and, as I mentioned, a principal reason for the bloodshed was that Prime Minister Koundouriotis didn't stand up when Zaimis paid him a visit. Obviously, Zaimis preferred insurrection to dishonor.

I marched to Tripolis. Our force was assembled and Papaflessas was supposed to join us there. He wasn't a man of sterling character and I already had a few arguments with him right inside the Parliament building. By the way, I forgot to mention that ours would be the second Government expedition against the Trifillia rebels. An officer by the name of Poriotis had already led some troops down there and the rebels captured them all. After our argument in the Parliament building Papaflessas wanted me to go to Trifillia by myself. Guessing that he'd love to see me captured in the Poriotis style I brushed his suggestions aside and insisted that he accompanies us. I said we'd be going to the area where he was born and I knew neither the terrain nor the people.

While waiting for Papaflessas in Tripolis I ran into a friend of mine by the name of Staikoulis who told me interesting things. The Kolokotronis family had formally declared that they hated me and had sworn to capture me either alive or dead. I was a traitor to the chieftain brotherhood and they were disgusted to see me being ordered about by the Government. On top of everything, I was now marching against my own flesh and blood. Taking all this into account, the Kolokotronis family was resolved to get me. They'd bribe one of my men, they'd pay one of their own, and never mind if I cost them a few grossia. They wanted me out of the way and the hell with the expense.

To tell the truth, I was flattered. Staikoulis had a niece and hoped I'd marry her. I didn't discourage him, which fed his hopes, and this made him talk more. He said he was present when Kolokotronis and company were discussing me. I told him I wasn't going south to dishonor or rob anybody. I felt that our country needed less chaos and more order and that I marched for the sake of my country alone. Nevertheless, I asked him to keep me informed.

Papaflessas arrived in Tripolis and I wasn't surprised to see his personal staff for the campaign - a woman with a tambourine and a fellow with a fiddle. With this kind of experts to assist our military efforts, we proceeded south to Liondari. Minister Papaflessas wasn't worried by the fact that only 600 men followed us out of the 1,200 we were supposed to start out with. The rest decided they'd rather not because the anti-Government faction had been busy among them and our men were persuaded they'd suffer the fate of Poriotis. Papaflessas kept most of these

600 men with him in Liondari. I commanded 250 of my own soldiers and he told me to take them and march to a village further south. In the meantime, he said, he'd gather reinforcements from the villages around Liondari and they'd all join us at dawn. I confess I was credulous enough to bite.

The moment we entered Lakki, the village to the south, we found ourselves surrounded by rebels. We packed up, marched a few kilometers to Meligala, which was a much better place for defense, and waited to see what would happen. It didn't take long for the rebels to descend upon us and they were a huge crowd, on foot and on horses. We gazed upon them, they gazed upon us and produced their instructions.

First, we should get out of Meligala. They intended to come in themselves and, since they had liberated the area from the Turks, it was them who should eat all those chickens and pies and ducks. Second, I and my men should go back to wherever we came from because our presence desecrated their hallowed land. Third, in case I didn't go at once they'd attack and treat me much worse than they had treated Poriotis. With him, they had been gentle and simply disarmed him. It'd be different with us. They would not only disarm us, they'd leave our carcasses to rot in the sun.

Too many rebels, fighting was out, deceit was in, two things to do. First, create confusion so that my men and I wouldn't part with our heads. Second, bring brave Papaflessas into this. With tambourines and fiddles, he was having a jolly time in Liondari, and kept most of our men there, and made merry, and never gave a thought to the rest of us. I had to bring him to Meligala where he could converse with his fellow-Trifillians whose valor he knew as well as the Trifillians knew his own.

"Who are the chiefs among you?" I asked the rebels when they finished telling us to leave immediately.

They pointed at their chiefs.

"Stand aside," I said to them. "I've got important things to tell you."

They gathered and, together with five of my men, I walked up to them. "Who is in overall command?" I asked again.

"Mitros," they said.

I took Mitros aside from the rest. "In recognition of your endless and selfless fighting for our country," I said to him, "the Government has sent Papaflessas, your fellow-Trifillian and our honored Minister, to bring you a pile of gold."[5]

Mitros was not a sophisticated man and subtlety would be wasted on him. On the other hand, there were certain words whose significance he'd grasp even on his way to the gallows. Gold was one of those words and, at the sound of it, his eyes flickered.

Realizing I hit the right note, I continued my conversation with the hero and described in detail the various decorations Papaflessas was bringing him.[6] It seemed to me that this particular leader of Trifillians continued to be poor, despite the robberies he must have pulled off. I therefore took it upon myself to enrich him with words and gave him money, and medals, and farms, and he ate it all up. Nevertheless, I did stress it was Papaflessas in person who was bringing all these wonderful things and never mind that all Papaflessas had was one tambourine and one fiddle.

When I finished repairing the financial situation of the chief warrior I inquired about the precise degree of bravery possessed by his principal officers. I assured Mitros I had to be conversant with these details so that I could better intercede on behalf of his friends with the Minister. Mitros introduced me to those he felt like introducing, I took them aside one by one and fed them hot air. "Just be patient until Papaflessas arrives," I kept repeating and they all indicated it'd be their pleasure.

We then argued about their wanting to take our place in Meligala but I wouldn't give way and they tried to compromise - half the village for you, half for

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5 We had received a loan but it was to win our liberty with it, not to be divided among the chieftains. Naturally, what happened was the latter and I hope that all guilty parties go straight to hell.

6 It would be difficult to find reasons for decorating these fellows. All they had done was murder the local Turks and steal their property. Then, from lack of anything better to do, they rushed to take part in the civil wars.

us, they said. I countered by asking them to spend the night somewhere else. It'd only be one night before Papaflessas arrived and they agreed to spend it in the villages of Rizou, Bouga, Kambos and Konstandini.

The instant I got rid of them I wrote to Papaflessas. "Hearing the good news of your arrival," I said, "everyone came here and they await their fellow-Trifillian, their one and only savior. They were so anxious to see you that they wanted to come to Liondari. However, I persuaded them not to. I told them you'll be here in six hours and they decided to stay. Don't lose any time! Get here as fast as you can! Important people are expecting you."

One of my men was an extraordinary liar and I gave him the letter. He had to persuade Papaflessas to abandon his revels which, knowing Papaflessas, would not be easy. Still, my man pulled it off. Papaflessas read the letter and, before the break of dawn, he was in a village called Sandani. A wise move. Sandani was close to the Trifillians and far from me. Papaflessas preferred to be far from me. Back in Nafplion he assured the Government that the moment he set foot on his native Trifillia his brother Nikitas would join him with 2,000 men. Well, he had been setting foot in his native Trifillia for quite some time and although his brother Nikitas did join him he brought no more than eight men. Consequently, Papaflessas preferred to be far away from me.

Accompanied by this force of eight, Papaflessas saw the light of day in Sandani and the brave locals showed up with a keen appetite for the money and medals he was bringing them. The problem was, Papaflessas had abandoned his revels just as things were getting interesting and what he wanted now was women. There was a chasm between the Trifillians and Papaflessas, and neither side could satisfy the other. Let's get Makriyiannis to straighten out this mess, they said.

"I'm a stranger in your hallowed land," I replied, " and I've no idea what you're talking about."

The Trifillians waved their weapons under Papaflessas' nose. "These are rifles!" they said. And they started shooting at him.

Naturally, I couldn't be left out. The rebels I had talked into spending the night in Bouga and the other villages came at me. They were mad not only because

I made them look like fools but, also, because my presence desecrated their hallowed land. I picked out 100 of my men, plus 50 hostages from Meligala since I was afraid they might play games when my back was turned, and moved outside the village to a spot we might be able to defend. We were given to understand that people in the surrounding villages were inquiring about the quality of our weapons and had already agreed among themselves how to split the spoils after they massacred us.

We got hit by about a thousand of them and it got so rough that their banner and ours seemed to be touching. It looked like we were as good as dead and desperation was in order. Pulling out our knives, we killed their flag-bearer, captured their banner, killed five or six more, caught a few prisoners and chased the rest back to Bouga. We then turned around and chased those who were beginning to come from the opposite direction.

Papaflessas wasn't as lucky.

Surrounded near a bridge outside Sendoni, he saw some of his men get killed and was forced back into the village. To relieve some of the pressure on him we attacked Bouga, kicked out the rebels and chased them all the way to Kalivohori. My men looted both the people who fought us and those who did not. I tried to restrain them but it was impossible. They were raving mad against all Trifillians who had wanted to kill us for desecrating their hallowed land. In the process of chasing those who had attacked us we came across those who were attacking Papaflessas and routed them too.

Night fell. I gathered the wounded and took them to Meligala. Under the cover of darkness, the Trifillians regrouped outside Bouga and Konstandini. We surrounded them, hit them when they were least expecting it, and took both villages. Now, it was time for negotiations. I sent word to the chief rebels and we agreed to meet.

"This nation," I told them, "rebelled against the Sultan of Turkey and he can't subjugate it. Do you seriously propose to do what the Sultan cannot?" They wouldn't get the drift and I became explicit. "Why don't you like the Government?"

I asked them. "What nation survives without a Government? Don't you realize that Greece needs laws? Without laws, we're doomed. No other country will admit we exist and they'll have every right to call us robbers and scoundrels." This made a slight impression and I twisted the screws. "Don't fool yourselves into believing that the handful of Turks you managed to kill is the sum total of the Ottoman Empire. While we've been fighting among ourselves fresh Turks arrived in Roumeli. The Peloponnesus is next. They'll come in and really desecrate the hallowed land you complain we've been desecrating with our presence. Get it through your heads! We're your flesh and blood! We're your brothers! We are Greeks! Learn to think! If you don't, we'll have to teach you and you won't like it."

"This," they replied, "is the Peloponnesus. The entire peninsula is against the present Government and Peloponnesians will form a Government they'll approve of."

"You think so?" I said. "Listen to me because I speak to you like a brother Christian. You'll never form a Government of your own! The present Government has a huge army behind it. It's got Karaiskakis, Karatassos, all the Souliotes, all the armies of Roumeli! Roumeli didn't suffer calamities for the privilege of watching you kill five unarmed Turks and, on the strength of this feat, have you demand civil wars and fresh factions every two weeks. That's what you've been clamoring for and Roumeli won't stand it any longer. Its armies will enter the Peloponnesus and put an end to your nonsense. That's why I'm warning you. I'm begging you to gather your people in one place so that I can talk to them. Let me talk to them first and then do as you please."

They agreed to do this the following morning and I spoke to Papaflessas about it. Words were the only hope we had. Our force was down to about 300. The rest had looted and gone home.

In the morning I went to the meeting. There were Trifillians from all over and my heart bled as I spoke and tears came to my eyes and the good people listened. They answered back, I spoke some more and eventually realized they had rebelled on account of two people. The first was a sonofabitching monk, a great friend of Kolokotronis, who had appointed himself deputy of the local bishop. The second

was Grigoriadis, a thief of wheat. This bastard had been appointed by the Government to distribute wheat to our troops who were fighting the Turks and, instead of distributing it, he stole it. When he realized how much he had stolen he became a rebel and, together with the monk, incited the Trifillians to rise against the Government.

When we were through talking, the Trifillians agreed to allow our 300 men to penetrate further into their territory. Trifillia would once again recognize the Government and people begged me to intercede so that their insubordination would be forgiven. Their chiefs accompanied me to Papaflessas and we told him about our discussions. He agreed in everything.

The same evening the Trifillians received a message from Kolokotronis. He said he was sending them reinforcements and that they shouldn't begin any discussions with us until these reinforcements arrived.[7] Hearing this good news, the Trifillians forgot everything we had agreed upon and took off. A little later we heard a great din and lots of shooting and understood that reinforcements had arrived and were making noise to hearten their friends.

We prepared to defend ourselves in the village of Konstandini, counted our bullets, saw we didn't have many left, and asked Papaflessas for some. He gave me two hundred rounds. That's all I have, he said, but I'm expecting more from Kalamata. Then, instead of seeing to it that we got some ammunition he took his men and sneaked away without telling me. In fact, he left while I and forty others were shooting at some rebels a little way off. I sent a man back for more bullets and he found neither bullets, nor Papaflessas, nor the rest of our troops. It looked like

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The monk and Grigoriadis were back on the job. After we chased them from Bouga they ran to Kolokotronis and reported the news. Kolokotronis sent his troops in our direction and told them that Makriyiannis must be taken prisoner. He wanted me captured so that he could skin me alive. He knew all about skinning because, before the Revolution, he had been a butcher in Zakinthos. He was naked when he arrived on the mainland but soon became richer than any pasha and devoted all his energy to civil wars. Still, he didn't forget his former trade, which is why I had to be taken prisoner.

Kolokotronis would use his butchering talents on me. We had no ammunition, didn't know the country, and night was falling. Some of the rebel reinforcements had already entered Sandani and planned to surprise us as we'd cross a nearby bridge. Papaflessas found out about this and, being a loyal comrade, took off without saying a word. I don't want to use strong language because he later died for our country but it was only God and good fortune that got us out of that one.

We were wandering back and forth, not knowing the way to anywhere, getting closer to the ambush, when a messenger arrived from my friend Staikoulis. I've already mentioned how he warned me in Tripolis and how I asked him to keep his eyes open. Now he saved my life.

The message was about the ambush we were walking into and the man who brought it led us towards Meligala. On the way, we captured a villager from Sandani and made him show us the way. Wading in the river, because every other approach was watched, we arrived in Meligala. A rebel chief by the name of Mitropetrovas got wind of us and began to shoot. We chased him away, took hostages from the village, gathered our wounded and sent a message to Mitropetrovas that we were coming out and that if he made any trouble we'd cut the throats of the hostages. No trouble was made and after marching for the rest of the night we reached the village of Skala where we found Papaflessas and our troops. I told them what I thought of them and, again by night, we marched to Kalivia, near Tripolis. I left my men there and took the wounded to Nafplion.

I made my report to the Government, pointing out that the rebels were getting stronger while we were getting weaker. This was no news to them. For quite some time they'd been aware that most of the Peloponnesus had gone over to the rebels. They wrote to Gouras and Karatassos in Athens asking for help but Gouras wasn't in the mood.

This put Government in one hell of a spot. After writing four letters to Gouras, without him raising a little finger, they decided to send me to him. I had no stomach for diplomatic missions, I was still mad on account of Papaflessas who abandoned us to die dishonorably, and the last thing I wanted was to get involved in mediation. The Government insisted. Karatassos was the most powerful

chieftain in Athens, they knew I was friends with him, they literally begged me to go, I continued to refuse, and this inspired them to offer me money.

That did it!

"All right, I'll go!" I said. "But let me assure you though that I don't regard my country as a business proposition. I'm ready to die for Greece but not for anything else. If gypsies were to form a legal government I'd obey their orders just as I'd refuse money from them too. You offered me money when I was with Kolokotronis and I left him not because of your money which, in case you forgot, I didn't accept, but because I believe in laws."

I started out for Athens on November 16, 1824.

Gouras was one of my oldest friends and I spoke to him first. I explained how things stood but he didn't want to help the Government and I didn't press him. We had dinner together on the Acropolis and, as I was leaving, I told him we might have another talk at some later date.

Then I looked up Karatassos and Gantzos, the true and brave patriots. I reminded them of what we had agreed in Idhra and described the plight of Greece and the massacre of innocent people. Both of them said they were eager to help the Government. We spoke to Karatassos' officers and they said the same.

Just as these men were preparing to leave for Nafplion, Gouras sent me a message that he wanted to have another talk. This time I didn't feel like it and he came looking for me. "Gouras, old friend," I said to him, "if you don't want to help, you don't want to help, and let's forget all about it."

"Please!" he said. "Don't tell the Government I hesitated. I've thought it over and I'm going to help."

Preparations were completed and they all marched towards Corinth. The village of Agios Georgios outside Corinth was held by a powerful rebel force and Gouras, Karatassos and the others had to go through it on their way to Nafplion. They kept going and I returned to Nafplion by sea. I made my report, the

Government appointed Koletis to be in charge of the fresh troops, and I was made treasurer of the expedition. Koletis and I were ordered to take to Corinth the money with which the troops would be paid.

We reached Agios Georgios, found the Athenian force and noted they had already gotten themselves beaten by the rebels in a few skirmishes. The rebels were many and well-barricaded in the village whereas our men were out in the snow-covered fields. This wasn't bad enough so Karatassos and Gouras expended some of their vigor fighting among themselves because Gouras had let Karatassos and Gantzos walk all the way from Athens even though he had spare horses that carried neither loads nor riders. By the time Koletis and I arrived on the scene Karatassos and Gantzos were angry enough to think about joining the rebels. I gave Karatassos one of my own horses and he calmed down.

Then I suggested a plan. "Our opponents are well settled in the village," I said. "They've got everything. Beds, warmth, food and wine. All we've got is snow and fights among ourselves. Let's split our force into two columns. One will remain here and the other will advance towards Klimantokaissara. Those who stay here will spread the word that the column which left is headed for the home villages of the rebel chieftains who, upon hearing this, will leave to defend their homes. The moment they come out of cover we'll pick them off one by one."

It was agreed that Gouras and I would lead the troops to Klimantokaissara and I made him promise that his men wouldn't loot the villages along the way. We started out, met with no resistance, and captured the village. When the villagers saw us approach they took off for the mountains because we had an enviable reputation. One woman was ready to give birth but left with the others and died on the mountains.

Next morning I climbed up there myself and swore to them they had nothing to fear. They returned to their homes, we stayed with them for two weeks and, at the end, they wouldn't let us go. They kept hearing what atrocious things were happening in other villages that weren't protected. Meanwhile the rebels in Agios Georgios reacted as I had expected. Every chieftain took off to defend his home and our troops pursued them. Koletis, Gouras and I started out for Gastouni and,

on the way there, ran into a Peloponnesian nobleman, Chrissanthos Sissinis, and some of his officers. He surrendered to us and we gave him our word he wouldn't be molested. We knew he had nothing to do with the civil war. In fact, he had been fighting the Turks near Patra. However, since his father was active in the anti-Government faction, we arrested the son.

I was the first to enter Gastouni, went to the house of Sissinis, and it was full of valuables. Upon my country, the only things I took were a pencil and a piece of leather which I gave to a soldier to mend his shoe with it. Then I went to the marketplace to reassure the villagers that nothing would happen to them and that they should reopen their shops.

Gouras and his men went to the house of Sissinis while I was away, stole everything that wasn't nailed down and shipped the lot to Athens. They then went to shops belonging to rebel sympathizers and cleaned them out. I had a serious argument with Gouras over this and wanted to take my men and leave because I hated seeing Greeks robbing Greeks. I was ordered to escort young Sissinis to Nafplion and jumped at the opportunity to leave behind this pack of jackals.

Gouras never missed a chance to advise me. "Listen!" he said. "How about robbing Sissinis and his officers on the way to Nafplion? We'll split it fair and square. One part for Koletis, one for me, one for you."

I agreed because I was in a hurry to get away. I'd have agreed to anything not to be near those crooks who debased our war for liberty into a large-scale burglary and turned the name of Greece into a mat for scoundrels to scrape their shoes on. So I took Sissinis and his officers and left. There were about 30 of them and they'd been fighting the Turks. Now they were prisoners of Greeks who sought to rob them! Merciful God! Grant us some intelligence and virtue! Greece will be wiped out by her very children!

There were 350 troops in my command and it was with them and with Sissinis and his officers that we started back for Nafplion. My men were honest soldiers, I had trained them to be disciplined and I told Sissinis that he and his officers had nothing to fear from us. Perhaps I should have expected it but my men

almost made me eat those words. They had profited from the fine example set by Gouras who looted everything in sight whereas I forbade my troops to touch even a crust of bread. They therefore decided they didn't like my attitude and refused to obey my orders. I was their superior officer but they paid zero attention to what I said, and some of them looted a village near Tripotamos. I was terrified that the next thing they'd do would be to dishonor me totally by robbing Sissinis. So, I said to him and to his men that they should take a different route and proceed to Nafplion by themselves.

The villagers who had been robbed came to me and wept. There was nothing I could do to help them and this was like the touch of death to me. I took my banner and 20 of my men who hadn't disgraced me and left in secret. We descended to a river that was overflowing because the winter was upon us and, with great difficulty, crossed it. My thieves saw that we left and began to follow us. On the way they caught four peasants and forced them to carry half of their number across the river. The other half had horses and crossed by themselves. I was on the opposite bank with my 20 men and saw everything. The peasants turned blue from the cold and then my heroes thanked them by stealing some cheap weapons the four peasants had been carrying.

The miserable fellows wept and shivered. I felt sorry for them and thought that a wild beast is a wild beast but human beings are worse. The peasants complained that seeing Makriyiannis pass by they didn't hide their flocks. "You've got a reputation for leading disciplined troops," they said, "but it was your men who robbed us. They made us carry them on our backs across the river. They stole our weapons and clothes and now we'll perish in the cold."

I took them near the fire, warmed them up, gave them clothes and asked them to point out the thieves. They did and I decided to settle this matter once and for all. I caught the fellows herding the stolen flocks and led both robbers and robbed to the village where I'd spend the night. I made a few strong whips and called in my officers.

"Most of you," I said, "have been with me for years. Have I ever let you go hungry and unpaid in all that time? As long as we did our duty the people honored

us and fed us and sent congratulations to our Government. As long as you behaved honorably I considered myself your commander. Now you've acted on your own and looted a village whose inhabitants were awaiting us as if we were their brothers. You've stripped them of their property and stolen their flocks. Well then, I no longer am your commander and you're free to find another! If you want me to remain in command you must return everything you stole, down to the last penny! If anything is missing I'll ask the Government to deduct it from your salaries." They sent for the villagers and returned all the loot.

Next came the turn of those who robbed the four peasants. Five officers held down each one of the thieves and I did the whipping. I showed my pistols to the officers and said: "Anybody letting go of a man being whipped had better prepare his own pistols. I won't stand seeing human beings used as if they were beasts!" The culprits were held down and I whipped them until blood flowed from their asses. But I think I suffered more. My hands were deeply wounded and I was sick for days. When I was done whipping them I put salve on their wounds, paid them their salaries and dismissed them from my force. From that day on I haven't had a dishonest or thieving man in my command and wherever my troops go the locals welcome them like brothers.

We continued towards Nafplion, met Sissinis along the way and arrived in Langadia together. Koletis was there and, just like Gouras, he told me to rob Sissinis. "Remember though!" said Koletis. "Gouras and I must have the best horses."

I replied it couldn't be otherwise and that I'd follow his instructions to the letter.

"I'm wondering," he said. "Why the devil are you taking so long to perform a simple job?"

I said I intended to perform the simple job in a nearby ravine.

"Good!" said Koletis. "But get on with it!"

Just outside Nafplion I told Sissinis and his officers to give their weapons to their servants so that they'd enter the city unarmed. I then presented them to the Government, explaining that they'd been fighting the Turks and that had nothing to do with the civil war. I also mentioned the instructions of Gouras and Koletis. To tell

the truth, I didn't mind Gouras so much because he'd always be himself but Koletis' behavior depressed me because, in a sense, he was the Government. He was a powerful Minister and his methods didn't seem appropriate for establishing law and order.

I invited Sissinis and his officers to stay with me and told the Government I had no stomach left for civil wars. I said I wanted to go to Roumeli and fight the Turks. Either that, I said, or I'll disband my unit and stay in Nafplion as a private citizen. They said they'd think about it. In the meantime, they said I ought to station my men in the Argos area.

Not much later Kolokotronis and the other rebel chieftains were arrested and imprisoned in Idhra. Then the Government arrested the father of young Sissinis. Minister Papaflessas saw to it that father and son were shipped to Idhra. Young Sissinis, my guest, was arrested in my house on a day when I was away from Nafplion. Before he and his father were put on a ship they were thoroughly robbed. Somehow young Sissinis managed to get a message through to me and I rushed back and spoke harshly to the Government. "I'm an insignificant man," I said, "and didn't deign to rob these people. Instead, I spent my own money and kept them in my own house. I did this because there are foreigners in our midst and watch us. They want to be sure that we thirst for liberty and not for plunder."

It was as if I had thrown a bomb at them. Papaflessas, Koletis and company had been upset that I hadn't taken their advice to rob Sissinis. Actually, Papaflessas was upset enough to do the job himself. On the other hand, Koundouriotis, the Prime Minister, who didn't have a clue about what happened, got terribly angry and ordered Papaflessas to return everything he had stolen. Also, he swore at him in a way one wouldn't have used with a slave. Papaflessas swallowed the insults and returned the money. Needless to say, I wasn't popular with him, we had a terrific argument, and he and his friends resolved to hate me forevermore.

As I said, the Illustrious Koletis had been appointed to command the troops that came from Athens but, all this time, he sat on the cash intended for troop salaries. In Koletis' opinion, paying the troops was pointless and he preferred to fill the pockets of Gouras. Not surprisingly, Gouras fell in love with Koletis. To which

the Illustrious Minister reacted by appointing Gouras Commander-in-Chief of Eastern Greece.

Odysseas realized they were after him and, not having anywhere else to go, sought refuge among the Turks. Gouras arrived in Nafplion, collected some more gold, plus a promissory note for 800,000 grossia, plus the right to collect taxes in Athens, Thiva and Livadhia. Thus fortified, he felt emotionally ready to go after Odysseas.

Odysseas heard that Gouras - his own son, the boy he had turned into a General - was coming after him. He left the Turks and surrendered to his son. Gouras took him to Athens and murdered him. That was how Koletis got rid of his third and last rival. Odysseas, Alexis Noutsos and Christos Palaskas, all three were murdered.

When we started fighting the rebels, the Government told me to bring over to our side as many of them as I could. The understanding was that I'd pay their salaries out of my own pocket and the Government would reimburse me. I managed to proselytize some of Notaras' men and some of Sissinis'. The time came for me to collect and I went with my accounts to Anagnostis Ikonomou, the Deputy Prime Minister. He said he'd gladly give me the money if I gave him my pistols which he liked very much. I was so outraged I told him he could fuck himself before I gave him the pistols I had carried ever since I was eighteen. I never spoke to that bastard again. Then Kostandis Lefkadios asked him for a similar refund. This time Ikonomou got the pistols and Lefkadios walked around with wooden pistols in his belt. He himself told me about it and for me this was still another lesson in modern virtue. Such were the leaders and justice of Greece.

IMBRAHIM IN THE PELOPONNESUS AND FALL OF PILOS

BACKGROUND

The Sultan needed expert assistance to put down the Greek Revolution and late in 1824, after prolonged haggling, came to an agreement with Mehmet Ali, ruler of Egypt.

An Albanian born in Kavala, within the borders of present-day Greece, Ali was barely twenty when he arrived in Egypt as second-in-command of a small Albanian contingent that fought against the Napoleonic invasion. He distinguished himself, was rapidly promoted and stayed in Egypt when the French left. Commanding the loyalty of his fellow-Albanians, and having taken pains to cultivate the Mamelukes, he staged a coup in 1805 and got away with it. The Sultan recognized him as ruler of Egypt although, for face-saving purposes, it was solemnly noted that Mehmet Ali recognized the suzerainty of Constantinoupolis.

Egypt was a rich country that hadn't fielded a serious army since the days of Thutmose II. This was where Mehmet Ali worked miracles. With technical assistance from French officers, leftovers from the Napoleonic campaign, he organized a first-rate regular army. It was this army the Sultan was after and that's the army he got when the haggling was over.

Imbrahim Pasha, Mehmet Ali's son and a chip off the old block, commanded the Egyptian expeditionary force. He set out for the Peloponnesus at the beginning of 1825 and, on the way, stopped off in Crete which had just rebelled. He laid the island waste from end to end, installed Egyptian garrisons and made it clear that the garrisons were there to stay. The way he dealt with Crete was a preview of what he had in store for the mainland.

For the next three years, Imbrahim was the scourge of Greece. He captured almost the entire Peloponnesus and made possible the fall of Messolonghi. Had it not been for the destruction of the Turko-Egyptian fleet at Navarino, he would have extinguished the Revolution. He was the ablest enemy commander the Greeks had to face and Makriyiannis was not pleased to make his acquaintance.

IMBRAHIM IN THE PELOPONNESUS AND FALL OF PILOS

Disgusted by my recent experiences, I pressed the Government to let me go back to Roumeli. Just when I secured a firm promise, a request came from Trifillia that I be sent down there. The Trifillians, so ran the request, wanted Makriyiannis to come back and look after them. I had just finished desecrating their hallowed land with my presence and they were inviting me back!

But the explanation wasn't hard to figure out. They remembered what I told them about villages flooded with rapacious troops and they remembered listening to the rebels. Now, rebel bands were doing worse things than those I predicted. In short, they were beginning to appreciate civil war and the Government was anxious to oblige them by sending me there. It was the last thing I wanted. I was keen to go to Roumeli and nowhere else. Hearing about my unwillingness, the Trifillians sent special emissaries and twisted the arms of all their friends in Nafplion who, finally, persuaded me. In February 1825 I prepared to go back south. I picked 300 men, dismissed the proven rats from my unit, and began the march. On our second day out we learned that Imbrahim Pasha had landed in Methoni, Koroni and Pilos.

Before the arrival of Imbrahim, the Government planned to attack those Turks who continued to hold out in the Patra area because now that we had taken care of fratricide we could afford to deal with minor issues, like fighting the Turks. All troops that fought the rebels, plus anybody else who wanted to volunteer, would be thrown into the attack. Messinia and Trifillia would be the main staging areas, Koundouriotis was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and his force soon touched the 15,000 mark. The Government sent supplies from Nafplion, the port of Pilos was filled with Greek ships, and the omens looked good.

In fact, they were awful.

The trouble was that the two Illustrious — Mavrokordatos and Koletis — were so envious that if one set out to do something worthwhile the other felt obliged to spoil it. Koletis had been originally appointed to command the 15,000 troops and Mavrokordatos opposed the idea as a matter of principle. He pulled strings, Koletis was dismissed, and the command went to Koundouriotis. So, in that sense, Mavrokordatos is entitled to all the credit associated with the subsequent mess.

Koundouriotis appointed a fellow by the name of Skourtis as his Chief-of-Staff. This didn't please the chieftains who'd do the actual fighting. Experienced, tough, battle-hardened commanders like Karatassos, Karaiskakis, Tzavellas and Hatzichristos weren't delighted that Skourtis was given a rank way above their own. I should perhaps mention that Skourtis had never fought on land. He was a naval officer and, as naval officers go, not a very good one. Everything boils down to that imbecile Koundouriotis. Instead of admitting his own ignorance in matters of war and appointing someone who could save the country, he made things worse by telling Skourtis, a simple-minded sailor, to lead a crowd of rough chieftains into battle. Skourtis wasn't an effective leader. "Ahoy! Ahoy!" was his battle-cry and the troops scratched their heads. "What the hell is he mumbling about?" they asked one another.

It was a confused state of affairs. Dubious patriotism, factionalism, distrust, animosities carried over from the civil war, hatred of Koletis and Mavrokordatos, foolishness of Koundouriotis, ahoys from Skourtis, what-the-hell from the troops. The result was that Imbrahim and his Egyptians landed in Peloponnesus and dominated the peninsula not because they were superior fighters but because the Greeks were in terrible shape. It was sad to observe 15,000 troops, the flower of Greece, sitting around in the villages of Messinia, eating, drinking and forgetting all about the Egyptians. But the Egyptians didn't imitate the Greeks. Day in and day out they looked for our men and, when they found some, our men set speed records trying to run away. Such are the products of factionalism.

Confusion was brewing when I arrived in Trifillia. Everyone was talking about the Egyptian advance and I was ashamed to sit it out. I did have 300 hand-picked men and wanted to fight. So, I visited the Governor of Trifillia and suggested I leave him 50 of my men while the rest of us would go where our country needed us.

"You're going nowhere!" he replied. "Do you know the type of man I am? I make and break Generals!"

He was a barber by profession, a good friend of the former rebel leaders, a thoughtful and patriotic individual in every respect. I offered to go and get myself killed in a battle against the enemy and he threatened to have me demoted. I attempted to argue with him, he got furious and expressed himself by ordering his nephew, whom he had appointed to look after our supplies, to stop issuing bread rations. This wouldn't do. I paid another visit to the Governor and beat him up so much that if he hadn't slipped out of my hands and jumped out of the window I'd have killed him. I then bought ammunition with my own money, assembled my men and went to Gargaliani where we were joined by 1,600 Trifillians. The number alone suffices to prove the patriotism of the simple folk. In this country only the leaders are cowards.

When I saw this crowd, I wrote to Koundouriotis, our Commander-in-Chief, asking for ammunition. With a second letter I asked some friends in Kiparissia for picks and shovels. My plan was to attack by night and capture Yalova, near Pilos. We were getting ready when the Bishop of Trifillia came to our camp and did a perfect job spreading dissension among the Trifillian volunteers. He wanted them to follow him, they wanted to follow me, what happened was that they followed neither and went home. Out of 1,600, only about 100 stayed with us and this prompted me to exchange ugly words with His Holiness who had gone to work on my own men. Later on, I discovered that the Bishop was just like the Governor. He didn't want me to go and fight the Egyptians because I'd be weakening the Trifillian defenses. He was one of those who believe that the best way to win a battle is never to fight it.

A few days later Bezandes Mavromihalis came to see me in Gargaliani. "I'm coming from Pilos," he said. "Imbrahim is twisting the screws. The Egyptians are outside the castle and we no longer dare go to sleep. They plan to capture Palaio Navarino and, if they succeed, Pilos is finished. There's practically no water left in the castle." Wonderful news and I told him so. "There's more," he said. "The besieged garrison sent me to Koundouriotis who is camped in Khores with 15,000 troops. I told him what was happening in Pilos but neither he nor anybody else

wants to help. Now I'm coming to you and I'm telling you that unless some help gets there fast the garrison will abandon the castle and that'll be a catastrophe."

I said I'd go to Pilos at once. He sent a message to the garrison and I gathered my men. I told them how much Greece needed us and that we should march as fast as possible. Naturally, we had objections. Half of my men were willing to accompany me but the other half wanted their salaries. "Besides," they said, "the Government sent us to defend Trifillia, not to attack the Egyptians." One word led to another and we had a serious fight. Mavromihalis separated us and things calmed down. I took those of my men who were true patriots, went to church, confessed, received communion, began the march and dawn found us in Palaio Navarino.

We camped opposite the island of Sfaktiria and dug foxholes. The rest of my unit joined us that evening. They were the fellows who loved their lives so much that they wanted to keep us in Gargaliani by force. However, they were too ashamed to stay behind. The first line of foxholes was finished quickly and I sent the recently-arrived cowards to dig other foxholes in front of the old castle in Palaio Navarino. I also told them to repair the walls and fill some reservoirs with water. Then we all pitched in and gathered firewood. I told each man to gather enough wood for ten fires. They did as I told them and placed the piles at some distance from one another. Night fell, plenty of fires were lit and I hoped that the Egyptians would interpret the fires to mean there were plenty of men too.

Imbrahim was a couple of miles away and deduced from the conflagration that Koundouriotis had arrived with all 15,000 of his troops. Two hours before dawn he sent a big detachment, cavalry as well as infantry, to look things over. They came close and stopped just before a little bridge, some two hundred yards away from us. I told twenty of my men to start dancing and singing. The Egyptians couldn't believe their eyes. They came closer and began shooting. My orders were that nobody should fire back until I said so and we pretended to ignore them. However, the Egyptians continued to shoot and two of the dancers were wounded.

I gave a drink apiece to each one of my men, the immortal Greeks, the fearless lions. Let the scoundrels who taught us fratricide roast in hell, it was our

factionalism that turned Egyptians into heroes. While we were toasting each other the enemy came even closer and that's what I was waiting for. The battle lasted seven hours, one Egyptian attack after another, but the Greeks were better fighters. At the end we pulled out our knives and chased them. Beautiful sight! We must have killed about seventy and didn't bother counting the wounded. The survivors retreated to their camp.

Anagnostaras, the Minister of War, was watching from the island of Sfaktiria and wrote a letter to Koundouriotis: *The men brought by Makriyiannis to Palaio Navarino captured a position very close to the enemy. Fifteen thousand troops are sitting around in Khores and none of them would volunteer to come to Pilos. Only these few men did and they fought bravely and effectively. Greece must promote to officer rank every soldier who took part in this battle.* Koundouriotis wrote me a letter of congratulations and assured me that the Government would write a similar letter to every single one of my men.

Imbrahim reappeared in a few days. He reconnoitered the area for about three hours and he and his officers examined our position through their binoculars. They obviously planned to return fully prepared.

We arrived in Palaio Navarino in March and the week before Easter I got a message from the castle of Pilos. They wanted me to go and help because Imbrahim was pressing them so hard they were thinking about surrender. Together with 116 of my men I entered the castle on Good Saturday. The rest of my troops were left to hold Palaio Navarino and, two days later, were attacked by a strong Egyptian contingent. Knowing how few my men were I was sure they couldn't hold out for long so I came out and hit the artillery regiment Imbrahim had planted between the castle and the sea. It was just to divert the enemy's attention but the Egyptians panicked, dropped their swords and allowed us to slaughter them. The artillery commander sent a message to Imbrahim who discontinued the attack on Palaio Navarino and came straight at us.

This was more than what we'd bargained for. We were quickly pushed back into the castle and I almost left my carcass behind. One of my men got wounded and the Egyptians fell upon us as I was carrying him back. I was all alone and an

Egyptian was making circles around me with the intention to cut my head off. I kept my rifle aimed at him, stood next to my wounded friend, then some of our troops came out to help me and there was a small battle over the wounded fellow. Sixteen of our people got killed or wounded. Still, we threw the Egyptians back, picked up our casualties, entered the castle and sent the wounded to Messinia. Much later Miaoulis and Tsamados learned from an Austrian captain who was with Imbrahim at the time that 370 Egyptians got killed in that encounter. There may have been more and there may have been fewer but 370 was the figure mentioned by Miaoulis and Tsamados who were my friends and with whom I ate bread in the castle of Pilos.

Mavromihalis and Yatrakos, another nobleman from Mani, held some grudges against Koundouriotis. To even the score, they formed a secret society inside the castle and promised 30 grossia to anyone who'd participate in an expedition against Koundouriotis. They really and truly proposed to start a new civil war and were dead serious about it. They even chartered boats so that the war against Koundouriotis could start in earnest. Some of my men told me about this and, in my turn, I started a civil war of my own.

"You filthy rats!" I said to Mavromihalis and Yatrakos. "I came here because I respected you enough to have my men killed, and what do I catch you doing? You're offering money to start another civil war and recruit people right inside a besieged castle!" I yelled so loudly that all the Roumeliot troops gathered around. "Go out," I told the Roumeliots, "and sink those damn boats this very instant! As for you," I said to Mavromihalis and Yatrakos, "you will please accompany me to the section of the wall I've been defending. I want to have you next to me from now on! Don't worry about the walls you're responsible for! I'll send my own men over there!" They made no sign of assent or dissent. "If all this displeases you," I said, "be informed that a civil war will start right here and now. I'll even throw the gates open so that the Egyptians can come in and join the fun!"

The ships were sunk, Mavromihalis and Yatrakos came to my post, I sent my men to theirs, and everything was back in order. The two prospective rebels stayed close to me from then on and asked me to keep their plans under my hat. I complied and nobody outside the castle ever found out anything about them. This

is the first time I mention them. One evening Mavromihalis explained his grudge -- Koundouriotis and his troops were sunning themselves in Khores while thirst was driving us crazy. We fought night and day with only 70 drams of water for each man. I can vouch for this because I rationed the water myself and, at the end of the siege, all I spooned out was 35 drams. Thirst was killing us slowly and our tongues were like strips of dried leather.

Imbrahim doubled his artillery and used every piece. Steady rain of bombs. It made no difference if it was night or day, and the castle walls were rotten, and big holes kept opening up. To repair them, we built wooden crates, shoved them into place and filled them with dirt. We worked, fought constantly and were constantly thirsty. Exhaustion and lack of water made most of us sick. Imbrahim had French artillery officers who knew how to shoot and they demolished the pile of bricks we called a fort.

Meanwhile, back in Khores, the troops of Koundouriotis were feasting on lambs and receiving salaries for six months' service. Koundouriotis never thought of paying my men. The troops that fought in Palaio Navarino and Pilos never got a penny from the Government. Not surprisingly, the men got mad and wanted me to take them back to Trifillia. When the rest of the Pilos garrison heard this they said that either I stay or they go too. The result was that I had to pay everyone out of my own pocket, which was incongruous. The Minister of War watched us fight and recommended that every one of my men be made an officer. The Government agreed in principle but, in practice, wouldn't pay salaries due. It's possible that flatterers and liars love flatterers and liars but this is idle speculation. The fact is, I paid what I could, borrowed the rest, and gave the men their salaries so that they'd go back to their posts.

Not all our problems were financial though. The garrison I left in Palaio Navarino couldn't hold out for much longer. The Egyptians were preparing a night attack and it didn't take a genius to see that it'd be successful. It was just as obvious that the enemy would try to take Palaio Navarino and Pilos at the same time.

Imbrahim prepared by digging four ditches from one end of the coast to the other and filling them up with troops. Between the second and third ditch he cleared a square-shaped space and pitched his tent. This was north of Pilos. In the south, and as far as Methoni, one saw nothing but Egyptian tents and troops. After completing his fortifications, which he built because he was afraid we might come out of the castle and capture his cannons, he turned to Palaio Navarino. The commander of our garrison there came to the castle and told us about frequent appearances of enemy officers with field glasses. "If we don't get reinforcements from the 15,000 troops resting in Khores," he said, "we'll have to abandon Palaio Navarino. Either we'll come to Pilos or we'll withdraw to Trifillia." I reported to Koundouriotis, just as I had reported to him innumerable times over the previous weeks. He responded by sending Hatzichristos and his unit who joined the Palaio Navarino garrison.

Two days later we saw some 130 ships approaching. They belonged to the Sultan, to Imbrahim, to the Algerians and to other powers subject to the Ottoman Empire. The day after that Miaoulis showed up with about 30 Greek ships which, compared to the Turkish ones, looked like small rowboats. Imbrahim looked at the two fleets and was kind enough to send us one of his officers.

"What do you want?" we asked the Egyptian,

"My Pasha," he said, "advises you to surrender the castle. If you don't, you'll be pulverized."

"Your Pasha," we replied "should not worry about us. Tell him we're awaiting the time when he captures the castle so that we can admire his magnanimity on that occasion. Meanwhile, good day to you."

He went back to his master and we watched the enemy fleet lower boats which were rowed ashore and took back to the ships a large number of infantry units.

A few weeks earlier we had installed six pieces of artillery on the island of Sfaktiria and planned to guard the port entrance with them. When the enemy troops were embarked, the Ottoman fleet moved closer to the island and our people there sent us desperate pleas for help. Anagnostaras, the Minister of War, was on the island and sent me a personal message urging me to take the Palaio Navarino garrison and join him at once. The troops in the Pilos garrison heard about this and

told me that if I went through with it they'd abandon the castle. This made me stay with them. Nevertheless, and although the operation seemed hopeless, both the Palaio Navarino and the Pilos garrisons sent a number of men to Sfaktiria.

The enemy fleet opened fire on the island. The bombardment was sudden, vicious and overwhelming. Our troops didn't have time to dig themselves in and remained exposed. Then the Egyptians landed and the massacre began. The enemy was like a flood, the Greeks were few and only a handful came out alive. To stay alive you had to jump in the water. Once in the water you had to swim to Palaio Navarino. Not many reached the water. Tsamados, Anagnostaras, Simos and other high-ranking officers perished on Sfaktiria.

Simultaneously with the attack on the island, Imbrahim let his men loose on Palaio Navarino. His infantry advanced and his ships bombarded our garrison. To divert some of the Egyptian pressure we came out of the castle and assaulted the trenches I mentioned. By then, the enemy had captured Sfaktiria and turned our own guns against us. They hit us from behind, they resisted us from the trenches and brought reinforcements from the island. Things were looking up for the Egyptians. We killed a few of them, they killed a few of us, but their artillery broke our formation and we had to retreat. Palaio Navarino surrendered after the majority of its defenders attempted a sortie and perished in the process. Those who survived were captured. Hatzichristos, the Bishop of Methoni, and the commander of the garrison were among those.

Mavrokordatos had been on Sfaktiria and managed to escape on the ship of Tsamados. This one ship slipped through the Turkish armada, shooting cannons in all directions, its crew fighting with undescribable bravery. What these sailors did cannot be put in words and they were saved because God helped them and they helped themselves. At any event, the escape of that ship was our only consolation in those poisonous hours. We lost far too many heroes in one day and if their loss was bitter for our country it was poison for us to see our dearest friends being butchered.

Camped in Khores, the leaders of Greece watched our agony. They kept telescopes trained upon us but were indifferent to our plight, as if we weren't their

brothers and fellow-soldiers in the holiest of wars. They could hear the roar of artillery that exterminated us but remained unruffled. The port of Pilos was clogged up with drowned men floating about like frogs in a swamp. Sfaktiria and Palaio Navarino were carpeted with our dead but the Greek forces in Khores watched the catastrophe and kept their distance.

Such are the results of factionalism, of internal division, of civil wars. Greeks listen to the death rattle of Greeks and keep their distance while Imbrahim gets his name written on the pages of history. "Imbrahim was a brave man," history will say — instead of "Imbrahim had many troops in the battle of Pilos." During the first few years of the war, 50 or 100 Greeks were enough to cover a battlefield with Turkish corpses. Those were the days when we worked like brothers for our country and faith. We followed honest village elders whereas we now have the sophisticated advice of Metaxas and Mavrokordatos to go by. Today, chieftain is fighting chieftain and Koletis dispatches brave Palaskas to his death in order to turn Palaskas' wife into his mistress. Our country is being destroyed from within. Peloponnesians look at Roumeliots and see Turks. Roumeliots look at Peloponnesian and they, too, see Turks. Should we then be surprised if this hatred flares up into another civil war which will, once again, turn Greece into a wasteland?

After Imbrahim captured every Greek outpost except the castle of Pilos, he used the cover of darkness and transferred at night many guns from his ships to the shore. In the morning we looked over the walls and saw the place bristling with cannons positioned no more than 100 yards from where we were standing. It's unnecessary to go into details of what this artillery did to us. All I'll say is that Imbrahim decided we had enough and sent two men to discuss the terms of our surrender.

Both were Greeks, one a soldier of mine and the other from the unit Hatzichristos brought with him. They were captured in Palaio Navarino and were now expected to describe the hell awaiting us if we didn't surrender at once. I took them aside and told what to say to the troops. I was still hoping we'd receive reinforcements, didn't even dream of surrendering and, in this spirit, Mavromihalis and I rehearsed them at length.

They spoke to the troops encouragingly, which was the only way, because the troops wanted to kill both Mavromihalis and myself. While Imbrahim was focused on Sfaktiria, the Pilos garrison could have retreated to Trifillia. The Egyptians blocking us at the time were few and in no position to prevent us from getting away. The Pilos garrison stayed on because Mavromihalis and I made a big issue out of it. Now Imbrahim had us completely surrounded, we could no longer escape, and the troops wanted to kill us.

Our coaching of the two emissaries and the speeches they made took a lot of time. Imbrahim lost patience and sent a message asking for their immediate return. We lied by saying that one of his cannon-balls killed them both. Hearing this lame excuse, Imbrahim began to shoot in earnest and kept it up until dawn. Then the artillery was silenced and an Egyptian officer invited us to come out and talk. The bombardment had been so rough that Mavromihalis, Yatrakos and I decided we might as well step outside for a moment or two.

"The Pasha," said the Egyptian, "wants this castle. Either he takes it with an all-out attack or you surrender. Since the Pasha doesn't want to shed blood in vain he wants to hear your terms."

"Our terms," we replied, "are the following. First, European ships to take us away. Second, the right to take our weapons along. Third, the freedom of Hatzichristos, the Bishop of Methoni and other prisoners captured in Sfaktiria and Methoni. Fourth, the Pasha must pay the salaries of our troops. If he agrees we'll surrender to him a fully-equipped castle."[8]

The emissary went back to Imbrahim and made his report.

Imbrahim replied the following. First, he saw no need for European ships because he was placing his own at our disposal. Second, every single weapon would be surrendered. Third, the prisoners we were asking for had been captured in battle and he'd keep them alive until he caught us too and then he'd kill us all at

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We'll probably roast in hell for this particular lie. Smashed bricks and rocks were the only supplies we had in quantity. We did have some ammunition and some bread left but when it came to water, and supposing we were to stop rationing it, there wasn't enough to quench our thirst for one single day.

the same time. Fourth, he begged us not to be ridiculous by asking him to pay the salaries of our troops which, it seemed to him, was a responsibility of the Greek Government.

In view of the gap between our two positions we could afford heroic replies. "War seems to be our fate," we answered. "You may begin shooting and we'll shoot back until we can shoot no more. We may eventually lose the castle but we'll take a few of you along. At any event, the last one of us will blow the place up."

The battle raged for one more day. In the evening Imbrahim sent us Hatzichristos, the Bishop, and a renegade Frenchman who had become a Moslem. They were to urge us to surrender but we didn't agree and they returned to the Egyptian camp.

Imbrahim's reaction was to have his ships enter the port and bombard us from the sea. It was our miserable luck that the artillery we had positioned to face that direction blew up after firing one shot at the approaching ships. We lost all guns and all soldiers in that bastion. The enemy thanked their god when they saw this, the ships entered the port unopposed, formed squadrons of four, and bombarded our rotten fort systematically. They hit us both from the sea and the land, punched us full of holes, and we didn't know where to hide from this downpour of shells coming down from dawn till night. Then God willed it and the wind changed. The ships drifted away and we could bury the dead.

Perhaps we should have buried the wounded too because none of them survived. We had an English doctor whom Mavromihalis and I paid 500 grossia a month each. He'd been hired by the Government which, naturally, didn't pay him, so the two of us had to. But he was worth it. Not only did he finish off our wounded comrades, he betrayed the horrible condition of the castle to that renegade Frenchman who came with Hatzichristos. I wanted to kill the bastard when I discovered what he'd done but the others didn't let me. He lived on and entered the pay of Imbrahim when we surrendered.

The Egyptians brought out more cannons ashore during the night. On our side, all we could do was strengthen the long walls around the castle, carry logs here and there, and check the water level in a cistern under the innermost bastion. We'd pinned our hopes on that cistern but, all along, the troops had been drinking the water even though the cistern was covered. The men drilled a hole, inserted a long piece of bamboo and sucked the water out. That night, Mavromihalis and I checked the water level. We were astonished to see how low it was, and abandoned any hope for further resistance. Most of the troops were already convinced we had to surrender and, with no water left, they could make their point stick.

It wasn't the way we had planned to end this business. Some other officers and I had agreed to pretend that we too wanted out. When the troops would start insisting too much we'd help them slip past the Egyptian lines, telling them that we'd soon follow. After our the men were safely through we'd retreat to the inner bastion and make our last stand there. We'd mine the place and blow it up when the enemy overpowered us. However, the plan evaporated when we saw there was no water left. We couldn't make a last stand without some water to drink and it dawned upon us that we were at Imbrahim's mercy.

In the morning Imbrahim loaded up his cannons and sent us another emissary. He knew all about the water situation from that damn English doctor and indicated that this was his last invitation for talks. The troops picked Karapavlos, Salvaras and myself to handle the negotiations. The three of us went to Imbrahim's magnificent tent and there he was, with two senior officers holding his hands, in full Egyptian splendor.

"What do you want?" he asked. As if he didn't know. As if he hadn't heard about the siege of Pilos.

"To surrender the castle," we replied.

"Where are you from?" he asked me.

"From Roumeli. My friends are Peloponnesians."

"Which part of Roumeli?"

"Lidhoriki."

"What were you doing before coming to Pilos?"

"I was in the personal guard of Ali Pasha. My master was murdered and I took some of my men intending to come to Your Highness in Egypt. We didn't have money for the passage and entered the pay of the Greeks. But the Greeks fooled us! They stuck us in this castle and we've got to fight night and day. We want to save our skins so that we can join your army and fight them in revenge. That's why we're willing to surrender a fully-equipped castle.[9] Therefore, my Pasha, let us conclude the negotiations as speedily as possible."

"You're a good man! How many soldiers do you command?"

"Seven hundred."

"Are they inside the castle?"

"They are."

"Will you join my army?"

"Gladly! They killed my beloved Ali Pasha and, as I said, I'll be happy to move to Egypt."

"When are you coming to me?"

"The garrison has sent us to negotiate the surrender. When that is out of the way, when I've collected the pay due to me, and when I've shipped my family to Egypt, I'll join you immediately."

"Write me a letter and I'll take care of everything."

"Thank you. Shall we now come to the subject at hand? Exactly what do you want from us?"

"The castle."

"Do you know why we are prepared to surrender it?"

"Why?"

"Because the Greeks are divided among themselves! It's the only reason why we abandon a perfectly supplied stronghold. This has never been done before and the Greek Government may chop our heads off. However, let it be clear that we don't surrender because we're afraid of you. We surrender because we're mad

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9 And he was welcome to inspect the level of supplies when he went inside. Damn our Government which was too busy fighting civil wars to think about supplying castles!

at the Peloponnesians who have 50,000 troops just a few miles from here and don't come to help us. They brought us down here all the way from Roumeli so that we perish! Therefore, the hell with them! Now, if you want the castle, we want European ships to take the garrison away."

"My own ships are right here."

"I have confidence in you but the troops do not."

"That's a lie! It's you who commands your soldiers, not the other way around!"

"Your Highness has good reason to believe this. You were born a Prince and the son of the ruler of Egypt."

"All right. You may have European ships."

"Thank you. What about our weapons?"

"What about them?"

"Will you allow us to take them with us?"

"Certainly not! Not even pen-knives! On the other hand, I'll make a personal gift to you of 30 sets of arms."

"Do make it 35."

"Done!"

"Will you allow us to carry our valuables?"

"Yes. Now send someone to get those European ships!"

"Who's going to pay the shipowners?"

"What a stupid question! You, who else?"

"We haven't got a penny. We've spent everything to load up the castle with the provisions I told you about."

"All right! I'll pay for the ships! Just be quick with the arrangements."

All difficulties were ironed out and we sent two envoys — one for Imbrahim and one for ourselves — to charter some European ships in the port of Methoni. Privately, I told our envoy to find philhellene captains willing to delay their arrival in Pilos because I was still hoping Koundouriotis might send us some help. The ships delayed for 18 days but no help from Koundouriotis showed up. The envoys came back and said that the shipowners wanted 4,000 silver pieces.

Imbrahim was furious. "Am I supposed to pay this fabulous sum for the transport of semi-dead characters like you? Well, I'm not going to!"

We replied that semi-dead or semi-alive made no difference. We made an agreement and expected him to live up to it.

Interminable discussions followed but, at the end, he complied.

A young Turk who had been a prisoner in the castle escaped, made his way to Imbrahim, told him about the water supply, and that two very pretty Turkish women were inside the castle. I never laid eyes on these women myself and all I knew about them was that they were married to two of the local Greeks.

Imbrahim called me right away.

"I hear there are two Turkish women inside," he said. "Do you know them?"

"I know the part of the wall I'm responsible for. I don't know any women, Greek or Turkish." He wanted to make a pimp out of me, God damn his Prophet! He would have never seen the inside of that castle if we had some water.

"Have them sent to me," he said. "I want to talk to them."

The women were sent to him and he interrogated them. The idiots who married them must have used them as confessors because Imbrahim learned absolutely everything about the castle. They told him there were some Turks inside and he promptly asked for them. He wanted to make sure he was missing nothing. Apart from being inquisitive, he was a great drunkard. He consumed terrifying quantities of rum and wine and was partial to both women and boys. These frequent visits to him were not the most pleasant occasions of my life. Anyway, I gathered the Turks he asked for.

"Tell the Pasha," I said to them, "that this is the end! Either he abides by the agreements we made or we resume shooting. Great commanders don't behave like him! They don't ask for people who are inside a castle before the castle is surrendered. Yesterday he asked for women. Tomorrow he will perhaps ask for men. Please tell him that tomorrow we won't be listening. Now, as for the things he will undoubtedly learn from you, tell him that they're indeed correct. We have neither water, nor bread, nor anything else. However, if he keeps up this behavior, we

intend to eat one another and continue fighting. Then we'll blow up the castle! Either war or agreements! Tell him that! He made pimps out of us all!"

The garrison was upset to hear me talk like that but I stayed mad and had an argument with them too.

The night before, a British man-of-war entered the harbor. The Egyptian fleet rushed to surround her because they were afraid we might communicate with the crew. Since we had to do precisely that, we put a letter in a waterproof sack and had one of our men swim out to the British. The Egyptians heard him splash, shot at him and missed. In his haste and fright he dropped the sack and swallowed lots of water but the British fished him out, hanged him upside down, revived him with alcohol, and he delivered his message orally. He said that Imbrahim was angry because we had tricked him into believing that the castle could hold out indefinitely whereas he now discovered we were dying of thirst. Imbrahim resented the agreements he made and we were afraid he'd carve us up as soon as we surrendered. Right away, the British sailed for Kerkira and our man reported to their Admiral who was stationed there. The Admiral's reaction was to send a man-of-war to keep an eye on developments in Pilos.

This second vessel hadn't yet shown up when Imbrahim sent us word to get ready for embarkation. "The ships I chartered for you," he said, "are here. Now, get on board!" It was a mere two hours before nightfall, no British ships were sight and we could smell treachery from a mile away.

"We cannot possibly please Your Highness," I replied. "The gates are walled up and we need time to reopen them. It'll be past midnight when we are through and we've got a lot of wounded and sick people. We can't embark them in the middle of the night. Let's start tomorrow morning."

"Let's not! Let's start right now! It's either tonight or our agreements are null and void!"

"Send someone to inspect the gates. If he says we can open them up, I'll admit I'm playing games with you. But look first and break the agreements afterwards."

He consulted his staff who felt they could polish us off just as easily the following morning. Whereupon he sent two men to examine the gates. I took them around and explained how difficult it was to clear away the rubble. To sharpen their critical faculties, I presented them with a pair of exquisite pistols. They completed their inspection, returned to Imbrahim and advised him to wait until the morning.

At dawn he sent one of his relatives and forty soldiers to collect our weapons. I ordered some of my men to go to the mined bastion and be ready to blow the place up if something went wrong. We then disarmed a few of our soldiers, sent them outside and waited to see what would happen. The Egyptians embarked them neither on their own ships nor on the one that had been chartered. We disarmed a few more and these too were sent outside. Still no embarkation. All we could see was enemy troops. We slammed the gates shut and cornered the Egyptians who had come in to take possession of the castle. "Your people have our permission to murder the unarmed soldiers we sent out," I said. "We shall now murder you and that will even the score."

The Egyptians screamed and yelled and begged us to allow one of them to go and talk to Imbrahim. We looked over the wall, saw the British ship sailing in from Kerkira and let one of them go. He ran back to Imbrahim who jumped on a horse and rode around to tell his army in person that a space should be cleared between our gates and the waterfront. He was still talking when he saw the British ship. He asked what they wanted and they said their Admiral sent them to make sure that everything was carried out according to the agreements. Imbrahim didn't appreciate this show of concern and the embarkation began.

Depending on how many men each officer commanded I distributed the arms Imbrahim had allowed me to keep and, together with these officers, I embarked in my turn. Three ships were to take us away, a British, a French and an Austrian. I went onboard the British one and had barely stepped on it when a servant of Yatrakos came to tell me that Imbrahim had made prisoners out of Yatrakos and Mavromihalis.

As fast as I could, I gathered the captains of the three vessels and the commander of the British warship from Kerkira. "You're witnesses that we kept our word and Imbrahim did not," I said. "He robbed some of our soldiers, kidnaped a few others and has now captured two important officers."

The foreign captains went to Imbrahim and complained. "I'm keeping these two," he replied, "because I want to exchange them for the two Pashas of Nafplion. The Turkish garrison in Nafplion surrendered but the Greeks broke their word and made prisoners out of the two Pashas."

We knew nothing about this incident which, by the way, turned out to be a complete lie. The two Pashas feared the wrath of the Sultan and actually *asked* the Greeks for permission to stay. The point is, Imbrahim's plausible explanation nonplused the captains. Pleased with himself, he put their confusion to good use and proceeded to kidnap some more soldiers. The Egyptian troops pretended to be hanging around the waterfront but, in fact, provided cover for kidnaping. Later on, 63 of our soldiers who were caught in this fashion were ceremoniously executed inside the castle.

The ship I was on lifted anchor, spread sail and the captain invited the Greek officers to his cabin for dinner. The first thing I noticed in that cabin was a parrot. The second thing I noticed was that the parrot wept. I looked around and the captain's wife was weeping too.

"What sort of a dinner is this," I asked the captain, "where all one can see is a weeping parrot and a weeping human being?"

"The parrot and I are right in weeping," his wife replied. "We weep for Greece which was about to lose many heroes. When Imbrahim chartered us he said we'd get paid regardless of whether we transported anybody or not. He intended to murder you all and we had no way of letting you know. I still can't get over the fact that, somehow, you survived."

"God, in His mercy, delivered us," I said. "Let's only hope He will also deliver those who were kept behind."

The ship sailed on, we arrived in Kalamata and were a pitiful sight. One pistol for every ten men. The people of Kalamata were singing and dancing in their orchards. It took them a while to stop carousing and come over to inspect us. "Where do you come from?" they wanted to know.

"Pilos."

"Ah, Pilos! And why the devil didn't you hold out a bit longer? We'd have come and rescued you in no time at all. How did you manage to surrender such a magnificent castle anyway?"

They didn't even give us a roof to sleep under. We stayed in the fields and they never glanced at our wounded. We stayed for a couple of days and all we did was drink water. We drank and drank and drank. Then we drank some more. I sent a message to Khores asking for my horses which were kept in Koundouriotis' camp. I also warned the chieftains to disperse. Any day now Imbrahim would start marching and they'd be demolished.

I was sad to see they didn't question my advice and dispersed immediately. I told the people of Kalamata the same thing because I felt sorry for the innocent among them. On the day he renewed the invitation to join him, Imbrahim himself told me of his intention to advance north.

"What's this dispersion nonsense?" said one of the Kalamata noblemen. "Do you have any idea about the kind of fighters we are? Why, 500 of us will gladly engage 5,000 of the enemy any day of the week! We're not like you who abandoned a magnificent castle without firing a shot!"

"The Good Lord," I told this proud warrior, "creates cowards just as He creates heroes. The cowards got scared and ran while the heroes were dancing in Kalamata and Khores. Imbrahim is inside the magnificent castle right this moment and is planning to attack your fair city. I thought I had to tell you about it and beg forgiveness for any inconvenience I may have caused you."

We left Kalamata and, on the way north, met Papaflessas near Liondari. He was leading a few men and was determined to annihilate Imbrahim. He cordially

invited me to join him but I declined on the grounds that wars are fought with weapons, not with wooden poles. Wooden poles were the only weapons the Pilos garrison was left with. Papaflessas waved his arm at me and, exulting over the victories awaiting him, pressed on. The Egyptians killed him in Maniaki.

We continued the march and arrived in Tripolis. We hadn't been there for more than a few minutes when the troops I commanded in Palaio Navarino, Pilos and Trifillia surrounded me to voice their complaints and demands. "When we went south," they said, "we had fine weapons covered with gold and silver inlay. We fought under you and we now carry wooden poles. It's your duty to replace the weapons we lost." They kept this up for hours and I despaired. I felt like killing myself so that I'd be free of Turks and Greeks alike. I wrote to the Government and received no reply.

I borrowed money, sold all my possessions, and paid the men out of my own pocket.

THE BATTLE OF MILI

BACKGROUND

Those who haven't seen combat visualize it in terms of campaigns, maneuvers, raids, battles, troop movements, logistical and intelligence operations, and intricate plans laid out by some High Command. Those who have seen it visualize it otherwise.

"All war is based on deception", says Sun Tzu.

Lesser geniuses, warriors like Xenophon and Monluc, extracted out of personal experience the unglamourous conclusion that the greatest war is an aggregation of small bands of ruffians bashing each other over the head.

Makriyiannis was familiar with neither Sun Tzu, nor Xenophon, nor Monluc. Still, the account he just gave of the fall of Pilos (a minor incident in the broad scheme of things) and the account he will now give of the battle of Mili (another minor incident) demonstrate that war is indeed based on deception and that all armed conflict is the aggregation of small bands of ruffians bashing each other over the head.

What sets Makriyiannis apart from Sun Tzu, Xenophon and Monluc is that he was deeply imbued, whereas they are not, with the mysterious quality known as patriotism.

THE BATTLE OF MILI

No sooner were we back in Nafplion and the news came that Imbrahim was advancing north towards Tripolis. The Government ordered me to take my men and follow the Illustrious Metaxas who had been appointed Minister of War. Our task was to get to Tripolis before Imbrahim and to defend the city. At the same time, Kolokotronis was taken out of jail, appointed generalissimo and ordered to stop Imbrahim at Dervenia.

Kolokotronis put together a sizeable army, the Government sent him all sorts of supplies but the moment Imbrahim showed up in the distance Kolokotronis' army performed an about face and took to the mountains. Imbrahim continued his march as if nobody had been there to stop him. The Commander-in-Chief was gifted when it came to organizing factions and civil wars but not quite as gifted when it came to fighting the Turks. However, let's not hold it against him. One needs a stomach to fight the Turks.

The Illustrious Minister and I were marching through the Akhladokambos area when we heard that Imbrahim had captured Tripolis and that Kolokotronis and his troops were running away. We found the village of Akhladokambos full of supplies stockpiled for the use of Kolokotronis. I gathered mules and donkeys, loaded them up and sent them in pursuit of the generalissimo. Somebody had to use them, it looked like the Egyptians would be that somebody, and I thought it preferable to have even Kolokotronis use them instead. I then evacuated the village, took the inhabitants with me and, accompanied by the Illustrious Minister, went back to Mili. From there, Minister Metaxas and the villagers proceeded to Nafplion while my troops and I pitched our tents and waited.

Since I was known to be an enemy of the Illustrious Minister and of the Most Valiant Commander-in-Chief, efforts were made to reduce the size of my force by means of gold pieces. My men were successfully raided and I was left with only a

couple of dozen. Speaking for myself, and upon my honor, I never saw the shape of those gold pieces. The first time I laid eyes upon them was there, in Mili, because most of the men who had been raided came back. They left me in order to get some money from those who had political muscle whereas all I had was a desire to drag them from battle to battle, and to make them go hungry, naked and miserable. Now that they collected some cash they came back.

The village of Mili was full of supplies and ammunition. Actually, these were *Egyptian* supplies. They'd been on ships sent from Egypt to Imbrahim but our fleet captured them and the prizes were brought to Mili, a convenient location from which the generalissimo could have been supplied during his glorious campaign. The Egyptians were now approaching the convenient location and it seemed that they'd soon repossess their property.

Such was the situation when I planted myself in Mili and started constructing fortifications.

To begin with, I surrounded the village with foxholes. Then I extended part of an old wall right into the sea. I fixed up an outpost and dug an underground channel so that water could come into the village without the enemy seeing from where. I was keen upon water because I couldn't forget Pilos where we almost went insane from thirst. Then I repaired the roof of two ramparts and, to cut a long story short, attended to every last detail. It was my ambition to welcome His Highness Prince Imbrahim Pasha as befitted his rank and the kindness he showed to me when he invited me to join his army. The filthy drunkard caught me when I was hungry and thirsty and made a pimp out of me. So I fixed up our defenses, supplied the outposts with ample quantities of water, meat and alcohol and thought fondly of old Imbrahim who was about to hear the singing of Greek rifles.

Back in Kalamata Imbrahim had met de Rigny, the French admiral in command at the eastern Mediterranean, and they had dinner together. When they parted, with one proceeding north by land and the other by sea, they agreed to meet again in Mili and the Admiral was first to arrive. I paid him a visit and he told me I couldn't possibly stop Imbrahim. I replied that when I surrendered in Pilos I hadn't

relinquished the right to dream. We were famished down there, I said, so we figured we might as well have the real battle here where both sides had their bellies full.

After this visit I went back to my fortification tasks. I wanted our position to be strong enough so that we could go on fighting until we got killed. If Imbrahim took Mili, Nafplion would be next. There wasn't an ounce of extra water in Nafplion and cannons had been taken off their carriages. Panos Kolokotronis held the city during the civil war and the absence of water, plus the dismantled guns, were his bequest to the Government forces that kicked him out. The Government wasn't much better than he was and the result was no water and no guns. If Mili were taken, Imbrahim would be able to bring in supplies both by land and by sea. Well-equipped and with plenty of water, he could have besieged the capital and draw your own conclusions as to how long Nafplion might have resisted him.

Two days after our fortifications were completed, Hatzimihalis and some men he had bribed away from me came to join us. Konstandis Mavromihalis with a few more troops followed and, finally, Ipsilandis showed up with about 15 soldiers. Just before all these fellows arrived Admiral de Rigny paid me a visit and looked on as we worked away.

"What are you doing there?" he asked. "The position you propose to defend could not be weaker. What sort of battle do you think you can fight against the hordes of Imbrahim Pasha?"

"Both our position and we ourselves are weak," I replied. "But the Good Lord who protects us could not be stronger and we intend to try our luck in this exposed field. Although it's true that compared to the armies of Imbrahim we're a mere handful, the thought consoles us that fate always wants the Greeks to be few. Since the beginning of time all beasts on earth try to gobble us up and don't quite succeed. They do devour many of us but there's always a seed left and from this seed more Greeks appear. The few you see today are resolved to die but resolutions of this sort lead more often to victory than to defeat and although our position is such as you say it is, we'll dig our heels in and once again take the chances of the weak who fight the strong."

"Très bien," said the Admiral and returned to his ship.

Ipsilandis and the others came in the morning and, that same evening, Stefanis and Giorgis passed through Mili on their way to Nafplion. These two had been appointed "Commanders" by the Illustrious Minister of War who gave them lots of gold pieces and told them to recruit troops for the war against Imbrahim. As long as Imbrahim was tied down in Pilos the two Commanders did their recruiting among the women of Trifillia and fought against roasted chickens and kegs of red wine. Now that Imbrahim was moving north they moved north too. Nafplion was north. Plenty of card games and billiard-playing in Nafplion.

"Where are you going?" I asked the two commanders when they showed up in Mili with their battle-hardened troops.

"To Nafplion."

"It's right here we've got to fight if we want to save Nafplion."

"And who the hell do you think you are? We aren't under your orders! We're commanders ourselves, by God!"

"I realize that. But I'm talking as an officer to his brother officers. It's in the spirit of equality that I suggest you send your horses to Nafplion and that, after we charter some boats, you stay here. When Imbrahim arrives, we fight him. We keep on fighting until things get rough. Then we board the ships and go to Nafplion together. Look at it this way: if we fail to hold out in Mili, Nafplion is finished. And so is the rest of Greece."

The above is just a brief summary of interminable discussions. But I did wear them down and they did send their horses to the capital. Only a fraction of their men stayed with the two commanders. Their coffee-shop troops smelled a real battle coming up and departed.

That evening we had an argument with the recently arrived chieftains over the guard detail. "I've spent two days here," I said, "working my men to death and fixing up these fortifications. Today you arrive, find everything in perfect shape and instead of thanking us for having done your work for you, you tell me you don't want to share in the guard detail."

"We're too few."

"Since you're so few you ought to split half the night among yourselves. My men and I will take care of the other half. Do me a favor and don't argue! My men will get mad and leave because, in case you didn't know, they aren't my personal slaves."

"All right, all right!" they said.

We agreed I'd be responsible for the watches until midnight and that they'd relieve us until dawn. I posted guards all over and, at the agreed time, we were relieved. Our friends kept watch for about an hour, got bored, abandoned their posts, entered the village and went to bed.

At times like those I don't sleep easily because I'm a coward and try to protect my hide from stupid mistakes. Furthermore, I had people under my command and a stupid mistake could cost them their hides too. That's what bothered me the most that night when, half dozing, half awake, I dreamt I heard a fellow yelling — *Get up this very instant!*

Scared, I jumped up, looked around the room and fell asleep again. Same dream, same fellow. *Will you get up!* he said.

This time I was so shaken up I couldn't go back to sleep. I got up, staggered to the window, stared at the garden outside and it was crawling with Turkish fezzes.

Turks! Turks! I shouted, putting everything I had in those yells. There we were, unforgivable idiots, pretending to defend Nafplion and sleeping soundly instead of keeping a sharp lookout. Five more minutes and that advance party would have slit our throats.

Nevertheless, my shouts had no effect. Good old Makriyiannis, my fellow-defenders said to themselves. He's terrified and has nightmares.

Rapidly, I gathered 50 of my own men and, crawling inside the shadow of the village wall, we surrounded the enemy advance unit, shot at them, killed a few, pulled out our knives and chased the rest away. The survivors gathered outside Mili

and waited for Imbrahim to arrive with his main force. He wasn't far because he soon showed up and installed himself to the west of the village. He kept five or six battalions with him and all his other troops, infantry and cavalry, spread out to surround us. Some cavalry units were specifically ordered to capture anyone who might try to escape. The Egyptians intended to be thorough.

When Imbrahim completed his dispositions and we saw how things stood, we held a meeting and decided that Ipsilandis would defend the western part of the walls. Two small ships that had just brought in some reinforcements from Crete would cover him with their tiny guns. Mavromihalis and Hatzimihalis would defend the road to Kiveri and my job would be to hold the first line of defense outside the walls. I was also expected to keep a reserve ready in case one of our positions came under too heavy an attack. We then went to our assigned posts.

The sun was hot and the Egyptians stretched themselves out. They planned to attack in the cool of the evening. I told the men who were with me outside the wall that we'd fall back to our fortified positions when the Egyptians became too many to handle. We dug a ditch and built up a stone wall just in front of where we were standing.

First, we'd fight from the ditch. When we were forced out we'd retreat to the stone wall and fight from there. When the wall had to be abandoned we'd enter our bastion and fight from there. As I said, we didn't intend to surrender and I ordered my men not to allow any other Greeks inside our bastion.

I was dead set on this. We broke our backs carrying stones and digging ditches and foxholes while our friends took it easy and slept for two days and two nights. And not only that. When they woke up they laughed at my men and called them cowards whereas they themselves, the coffee-shop warriors, were fearless heroes. God willed that Imbrahim be defeated but I had sworn to leave those sleepy fools outside to be exterminated. I didn't want a single one of them to survive because the lazy ones had done everything they could to keep the others from working.

When my posts, ditches, walls and bastions had been properly prepared I told my men to take a nap. The battle would start in the evening and, whereas we'd be exhausted, the Egyptians, who were already napping, would be fresh and rested. My advice was immediately taken and the next task was to chase away the ships in which we were supposed to escape when things got difficult. I wanted us to fight to the bitter end. Nobody should escape, neither I nor the coffee-shop Commanders. They had chartered three or four boats each and, with means of escape readily available, they preferred sleep to digging ditches. It was clear that when Imbrahim came too close for comfort, they'd go onboard and sail away. This wouldn't be an example to inspire my troops and I worried about it.

The Egyptians were fast asleep when the Greeks finished lunch and began napping. Pretty soon everyone was asleep and I grabbed the opportunity. I called in one of the shipowners and told him to tell the others to get ready. They should all leave simultaneously, with neither warning nor noise. If they failed, I promised I'd personally kill them all. The shipowners had been praying for just this kind of an order. They left at once and only when the ships were some distance away did my Commander friends realize what hit them. As for me, I was fast asleep and had no idea about anything. The Commanders charged into my room and shook me awake.

"What's happening? What's the matter?" I asked.

"The ships are gone!"

"What? Oh! What a catastrophe!"

"Never mind that! Now what do we do?"

"We're lost, that's what we do! Unless, of course, we strain ourselves to make even better fortifications."

"You fool! That was a great idea you had about sending the horses to Nafplion. How do we get out without horses?"

"Not my fault! I pinned my hopes on those ships and thought that horses would be useless. How could I know that the sailors were cowards?"

"Oh, damn you!" said the Commanders and rushed out to start digging. They had finally understood it was either victory or death.

I sat down and enjoyed an afternoon snack.

Admiral de Rigny's squadron was still anchored offshore and four officers with some men came out to collect the kegs with which they had been transporting water. The battle was about to begin and they didn't want their kegs to be shot full of holes. I invited the officers to eat with me.

"From what we can see," they said, "your forces are small while those of Imbrahim are huge. The Egyptians have a regular army with rules, regulations, discipline and supplies. You Greeks are irregulars trying to defend an untenable position. All by itself the Egyptian artillery can disperse you to the four winds."

Our foreign friends couldn't think except in terms of numbers.

"When we raised the banner of revolt," I said, "we knew that our enemies were numerous and that they've got regular armies, plenty of guns and unlimited supplies. We also knew our own deficiencies. Still, God protects the weak just as He favors the strong. If we're destined to die, we'll die for our country and faith. However, before we die, we're determined to fight against oppression and may the Lord help us. Besides, this will be a sweet battle. Nobody is immortal and, sooner or later, we all have to go. It'd be better to die here, today, than in our beds tomorrow from some ugly sickness or the impotence of old age."

One of the officers stood up and embraced me. I embraced him right back. Then the evening was upon us and they returned to their ship.

The air had turned cool when I gathered together my brave companions. They were men who knew the Egyptians from Palaio Navarino and Pilos, back when the Egyptians were well-fed and the Greeks were thirsty and famished. Such were the men I led past the wall, past a watermill, past a church, until we approached the enemy and fed them some lead. We did them little harm but it wasn't our intention to do them harm. Just to wake them up. We succeeded and the battle began.

Imbrahim was still congratulating himself for having taken Pilos and dispatched a couple of battalions against my positions. Then he dispatched the rest of his army against everyone else. Their first attack was effective. They forced us to withdraw from the orchards and retreat back to the wall which I was to defend. We got behind the wall and fought them for some time. It was cooler than it had been around noon but the air continued to be heavy. No wind at all, our rifles raised

clouds of stinking fumes and the enemy pressed us relentlessly. It looked like the end was approaching and we had a meeting. Somebody said we ought to aim at their officers because he thought he noticed the officers leading the troops almost by force. We went back into the battle and concentrated on the officers. We killed a few of them and the impossible happened — their attack lost its verve and we caught our breaths.

Apparently, catching our breaths was all we needed. We drew our swords and fell upon them. The ensuing massacre convinced them they ought to abandon the orchards and, in the confusion of their retreat, we slaughtered them. At the same time, Ipsilandis and the Cretans pinned down a large number of enemy troops and our two tiny ships shot at them non-stop.

Imbrahim threw in some of his reserves which pushed us back to where we had started out from. They were picking up their casualties when we regrouped, counter-attacked and smashed them a second time. Imbrahim sent out more reserves and, once more, we had to retreat. This time I was almost captured. One of my best men, Katsouyas from Salona, got killed and another officer and I stayed behind to defend his corpse. I loved Katsouyas. He never let me out of his sight and had saved my life time and again. He got killed because he didn't want to retreat and now this other officer and I stayed behind to carry his body back with us. We buried the hero in the bastion.

The French had been watching the battle from their ships. They got so excited they burned for an excuse to come out and help us. Since they could find none, the Admiral and the four officers with whom I had dined just a few hours earlier put a case of rum in a boat and came ashore. We took them inside our bastion and I distributed the rum among my men. I wanted them to show the Admiral what a real battle looks like. We swallowed the rum and began the third counter-attack. The poor Egyptians were drilled full of holes. Those who survived the volley were chased by us and by the Cretans while our ships shot at them with everything they had, from cannons to side-arms. It was a heady chase but my good friend Kipraios — the fellow who swam out to the British ship at Pilos — got killed.

We were sitting down for a second when Liakopoulos showed up with 50 men from Nafplion. They were all veterans and good patriots and followed Liakopoulos who was an old friend of mine and couldn't stand watching the battle from afar. He said the entire Greek army in Nafplion was watching. No doubt, they were praising themselves for having the courage to defend the capital in this original fashion. Liakopoulos and his men were given some of the French rum and we prepared for our next attack. Liakopoulos would take the left, Gikas would take the right and I would take the center. The Egyptians had regrouped and we planned to hit them before they hit us. I distributed ammunition and all three columns charged ahead.

We were picking up speed when some Egyptians recognized me. I had met them in Pilos during the surrender negotiations and they shot a musket at me. A huge bullet came out of that thing and pulverized the bone in my right arm. The sword slipped out of my fingers, blood gushed out, and I tied my shirt around the wound so that the troops wouldn't get frightened. That's why I didn't participate in this final attack which smashed the Egyptians for good. They were hit by our three columns, by the Cretans and by the ships. Their losses must have been staggering. They got dispersed and had neither time nor strength to regroup. The night was advanced, the battle was over, and we had won.

They carried me to French flagship. The Admiral sent a boat to fetch me and as the boat approached the flagship he had the band play. They wanted to keep me onboard until I had completely recovered but I didn't want to stay. They cleaned and bandaged my wound and took me to Nafplion where the Government and the people were waiting for me. The Admiral wrote a description of the battle and sent it to France where it was printed in the newspapers.

I appointed one of my officers to be my deputy and look after the men. Ipsilandis and Mavromihalis hovered above my cot and gave me the impression that my wound hurt them more than it hurt me. We don't know exactly how many Egyptians we got that day because their comrades picked up the bodies far too fast for us to keep score. What we do know is that the total Egyptian force amounted to 12,000 and we estimated that 500 got killed. We have no idea about the

wounded. Our own casualties were two killed and two wounded. All told, there were about 300 of us because, as I said, most of the troops took off the night before and went to Nafplion and Argos. The battle took place in June 1825.

Imbrahim left that same night and, in his rage, demolished every village in the area. Then he demolished Argos too. The local Commanders ran away and hid in caves. Imbrahim came outside Nafplion but didn't stay long. Instead, he returned to Tripolis. When the Government saw what happened in Argos they began to fix up the guns in Nafplion. They also cleaned the reservoirs and, until they were filled, nobody was allowed to have a drink of water. I was the only exception. They gave me some because I was wounded.

The Government was pleased with me. De Rigny told them about his meetings with Imbrahim in Kalamata, showed them his description of the battle of Mili, and they were even more pleased. In fact, they were sufficiently pleased to present me with an entire village as a gift. I thanked them and declined. They reflected some more and gave me a present which had been given to nobody else. They calculated how much two servants and the feed of my horses would cost and I was to receive this money every month for as long as I lived. When Governor Capodistria came to Greece he wanted to stop the payments but I showed him the document explaining why I should receive them and he himself renewed the order.

FALL OF ATHENS AND SIEGE OF THE ACROPOLIS

BACKGROUND

After the battle of Mill, Imbrahim shelved his plans to attack Nafplion. Unwilling to get bogged down in another siege and worried that the Greek fleet might disrupt the supply shipments he needed from Egypt, he left Nafplion alone and took the Peloponnesus apart. Unchallenged and unopposed his army roamed from Trifillia, Messinia, Olympia, Ilia and Akhaiia to Cohnthia, Argolis, Mistras and Monemvasia. Large numbers of the Greek population were constantly on the move, trying to stay one step ahead of the enemy. Those who did not were captured and sold in the newly-established slave-market at Methoni.

The Sultan began to wonder whether he could afford Imbrahim was an ally. Extinguishing the Greek Revolution was fine but too many Egyptian successes in the Peloponnesus were not fine at all. With his usual decisiveness, the Sultan ordered Kioutahi Pasha of Ioannina to put together an army, go south, take the city of Messolonghi, cross the Corinthian Gulf, land near Patra, join forces with Imbrahim, and keep an eye on him. The emphasis was on the very last objective and this made Messolonghi much more than just another city to be taken. It would be the base of Ottoman armies that would fight the Greeks while making sure that the Egyptians didn't get too ambitious. To make things perfectly clear, the Sultan inserted a pregnant sentence in the firman creating Kioutahi generalissimo: "Messolonghi or your head."

A Turkish army of 10,000 began the siege of Messolonghi on April 17, 1825. By the fall, Kioutahi was left with 3,000 men and Messolonghi didn't look like it was about to surrender. Since the Sultan never made empty threats, Kioutahi ought to have been decapitated but was not. The Greek Revolution had acquired diplomatic dimensions and the Sultan, extremely sensitive, like all Turks, to diplomacy, decided that head-chopping had to be given a low priority. All over Europe, the Greek

Revolution was the subject of the day and public opinion pressured the bureaucrats to do something about it.

The Sultan was upset that the rebellion of his Greek subjects had been upgraded into the "Greek Problem". A rebellion is a domestic affair and one deals with it as one sees fit. A "problem" is something that foreigners offer solutions for and the situation was aggravated by the stubborn resistance of Messolonghi. Europe followed the heroic exploits of the defenders and remembered that this was the city where Lord Byron breathed his last one year earlier. Add to this that the Sultan apparently could not handle the Greeks by himself and had to ask Egypt for help. Add to this the devastation of Crete and the Peloponnesus by Imbrahim. The sum total amounted to a mess and the Sultan postponed head-chopping. Let Messolonghi fall, let the Ottoman army cross the gulf and enter the Peloponnesus, let the "problem" be deflated back into a rebellion, and we'll see about rewards and punishments. In the meantime, he swallowed his pride and asked Imbrahim to help Kioutahi in Messolonghi.

On December 27, 1825, some 17,000 Egyptians crossed the Corinthian Gulf and landed in Aitolia. A major offensive was launched on February 12, 1826. The bombardment which preceded the assault literally pulverized the city but the Greeks didn't yield an inch. Imbrahim saw that nothing could be accomplished as long as his opponents were supplied by sea. The Turko-Egyptian navy was running a blockade but this was easily penetrated because the Greeks held some small islands in the shallow Sea of Messolonghi. These islands had to be taken and, after a bitter struggle, they were. The real siege began on February 20 and within a month the city ran out of food. The defenders started eating cows, sheep, horses, dogs and cats. Eventually, they hunted down rats and mice and ate those too.

The famished garrison rejected all invitations to discuss their surrender and, by the beginning of April, were left with no alternative but a sortie. This took place on April 10, a full year, almost to the day, since Kioutahi Pasha first showed up. Most of the heroes died on the way out. A few stayed behind, fighting and retreating to the arsenal. The enemy followed them and when the Greeks saw that no more could be accommodated they set gunpowder kegs on fire and everybody was blown

to pieces. So ended a brilliant page of modem Greek history and, contrary to the Sultan's hopes, international concern for Greece increased further.

After the fall of Messolonghi Imbrahim returned to the Peloponnesus and tried to take Mani, the only area in Greece that, for four hundred years, was never occupied by the Ottomans.

He attacked from Kalamata and was driven back by 5,000 Maniates in the pass of Verga. Then he attacked from the sea at Tserova and was again pushed back..

Giving up on Mani, he overran the Peloponnesus trying to subdue the forces of Kolokotronis who would not fight a pitched battle but never stopped attacking the Egyptian supply caravans.

On November 2, 1826, Imbrahim went to Egypt to consult with his father. Meanwhile, Kioutahi left Messolonghi, started out for eastern Greece and, on July 16, camped outside Athens.

FALL OF ATHENS AND SIEGE OF THE ACROPOLIS

The wound on my arm was going from bad to worse and my hand got swollen to the size of a small watermelon. The Nafplion doctor was considering amputation and I suffered so much pain that I barely slept for 38 days and nights. My friends planned my funeral while the surgeon sharpened his saws and knives. Marshaling my remaining strength, I grabbed my sword and pitched him down the stairs. He was lucky to escape because I was determined to kill him rather than let him turn me into a cripple. Nobody knew what to do with me but I had ideas of my own and I persisted so loudly, for so long, that they let me have my way. They took me to Athens and a doctor I knew cured me. Still, the Nafplion doctor put his mark on me and I can't control my arm fully because he set the bones wrong. Going to Athens saved my life and, for that at least, I'm thankful. I was still in the hands of doctors when Imbrahim was reported to prepare a landing in Idhra. The Idhraii asked the Government for help, specifying that "Makriyiannis should come too and we'll assume the responsibility of curing him."

The people on that island were as fond of me as I was of them. On my way to the Athenian doctor I stopped over to see them and the entire island came down to the port. Two of my Idhra friends drew lots to see which one would take me home. The one who won was happy to spend a lot of money entertaining a steady stream of visitors who came to see me. I was so popular in Idhra that they wouldn't let me go on to Athens. They brought doctors, medicines, good food, and refused to allow me to leave. I almost had to force my way back to the ship. Now that the island was in danger they sent a special envoy to talk me into going back. They finagled the necessary order from the Government, sent a special ship to Piraeus and I was glad to gather my men and go to them. They hardly knew how to express their pleasure when we landed.

Besides me, the Government sent Karatassos, Grivas, Katsikoyiannis and some other officers. We spread our forces around and the Idhraii fed us to the best

of their ability. However, the troops demanded their salaries, which created a problem because the Government had no money. The solution which occurred to our men was to plunder the island. I paid my troops out of my own pocket and told them to spread the word so that the other officers would do the same. I took the opportunity to point out that the Idhraii weren't obliged to feed us, and yet they did. By what stretch of the imagination could they also be expected to pay us too? Our salaries would eventually come from the Government and, besides, if we were to plunder Idhra, whom were we protecting the island from?

Persuaded by this rhetoric, the troops made their officers pay them. The officers threatened to kill me but I'm still alive because those who are threatened live longer than those who are not. We stayed in Idhra for a while and when it was certain that Imbrahim wouldn't land I prepared to leave. The Idhraii gave me a document attesting to my good behavior, I collected receipts from the soldiers I paid, and returned to Nafplion.

I told the Government I'd dismiss my men because I wanted to enlist in the regular army with the rank of private. I forgot to mention they had made me a full General in the meantime.

"Without a regular army," I said, "there is no hope that Greece can win this war. Therefore, I'm joining the regular army."

They tried to dissuade me and got nowhere. I demoted myself, dismissed my men and, accompanied by some of my officers, I went to find Colonel Fabvier in Athens.

He was in the process of organizing the first regular units and my officers and I told him we wanted to go through basic training.

Gouras heard about this and expressed the desire to do the same. His only stipulation was that the Government should first pay him when he said he had coming to him, something like 800,000 grossia.

The Government promised to do so and he, too, became a private. The maneuver was strictly for cash. The moment Gouras received the cash, he'd promote himself right back into a General.

Basic training began and I was given a wooden rifle to drill with because my arm continued to throb. Notwithstanding the wound, I drilled with the rest of the men and then drilled some more under a sergeant assigned to me. Following Gouras' and my own example, quite a few other officers enlisted and, under the command of Fabvier, that brave philhellene Frenchman, the regular army grew to 5,000 men.

When Gouras figured that his honorable intentions were sufficiently demonstrated he put his plan in motion. Vlahos, his brother-in-law, was a member of the Government and set up a special committee which came to Athens. The Committee consisted of friends of Gouras and Vlahos and their task was to supervise the sale of State lands. Proceeds would go into paying Government debts to Gouras and, needless to say, Vlahos and his fellow committee-members would get a cut.

Gouras and I were out riding together one day and he was flattering me because he wanted me to marry his niece. On the side, he tried to impress me by describing how important he had become. "The area surrounding the Hassaki estate," he said, "will granted to me by the Government for my services to our nation. I'll get it all! Olive groves, farmland, orchards, the lot!"

"It seems to me," I replied, "that this miserable nation has already given you enough. Every time you lift your little finger you get paid. Tell me though, how many men do you command? Or, rather, don't take the trouble because I'll tell you! No more than 300! It takes all the taxes from eastern Greece to finance this formidable unit and, on top of it, you get paid for incidental expenses."

He felt I didn't know much about finance and shook his head.

But there was no stopping me. "Don't shake your head! You've robbed everybody in Athens! You've extracted teeth to make people give you money! You and the wooden pistols of Mamouris have broken bones for money and now you need an additional 800,000 grossia. Well, I've got news for you! This new Committee is packed with your cronies. They assess properties in which you're personally interested and see to it that what's worth one hundred is handed over to you for ten. Your friends in the Government will call this a fair assessment, probably

because they want you and Mamouris to be Pashas and the rest of us to be slaves. Well, I shit upon the liberty that permits me to have you as my Pasha!"

"What are you getting so excited about?"

"I'm not getting, I already am excited! And if you get your hands on the land you've been eyeing, you may spit on me!" I whipped my horse and rode away from him.

Next morning the Committee posted a notice with details about impending sales. My friends and I took the notice down, pissed on it, and put it up again. From then on, every time the Committee posted a notice we did the same.

They saw how unhelpful I was and informed me that they were empowered to reimburse me for the salaries I had advanced to my troops as well as for all other expenses I had incurred.

In response, I sent them to hell.

That was the end of the land acquisition scheme and Gouras went berserk. He resigned from the regular army and, along with his friends in Athens and Nafplion, tried to persuade everybody else to resign too. While this went on, Colonel Fabvier had to go to Nafplion for supplies. Uniforms and equipment for the regular army were stored in Athens and some friends of Gouras tried to steal them. To discourage this sort of thing, Fabvier formed a guard committee and made me a member. We practically slept on top of the storehouses but, until he returned, nothing got stolen.

Nevertheless, Gouras didn't give up.

He and his friends redoubled their efforts to make trouble because order and legality don't leave much room for extortion and robbery. By contrast, the poor Athenians took the bread out of their own mouths to feed the regular army and collected money to buy supplies for Fabvier whose arrival had allowed them to call their homes their own again. When the Athenians realized that the regular army was about to be dissolved because of lack of supplies they also realized they'd again be at Gouras' mercy. To prevent this, they picked out 1,000 men and placed them under my command. I was expected to keep order in the city and, in the event of a Turkish attack, fight the enemy.

The formation of this unit became known and Gouras didn't like it. Neither did his friends, nor the Government, nor the Land Assessing Committee.

In fact, *nobody* liked it except the Athenians.

The Government sent a message to the Land Assessing Committee which, for some reason, was still milling about in Athens and the Committee informed me that I was an officer of the Government and should stop this nonsense about commanding one thousand Athenians.

"When the Athenians put me in charge of something, I stay in charge," I replied. "I shall relinquish my command only when the Athenians tell me to. By the way, spare me the noise about Government officers because, as you may recall, I resigned. Once I was a General and now I'm a private. Fabvier is my commanding officer and he's the one to punish me if I do something wrong. The Government has no hold over me, and the same goes for piddling little Committees like your own!"

Such were the issues occupying our attention when the news came that Kioutahi Pasha was about to invade Athens. Fabvier suggested that Faliro be fortified and the Athenians population given refuge there so that people wouldn't have to be evacuated to the islands.

Gouras almost died when he heard this.

Fortifying Faliro meant abandoning the Acropolis, the nipple he and his friends had been sucking all those years. The Acropolis justified their existence and they weren't prepared to give it up without intriguing at length.

The scope of the intrigue that followed was unprecedented and Fabvier lost. Disappointed, he took the regular army to Methana, a desolate and infested place, where he built barracks and other installations. Bugs attacked his troops and most of them died from malaria.

Kioutahi showed up with infantry, cavalry, artillery and everything else needed for large-scale war. He captured Patissia to the north of Athens but most of the other villages made obeisance out of their own accord because they had enough of Greek justice. The Turks found people under piles of rocks and cleared the rocks away. They found others stuck in dungeons and freed the prisoners.

Both categories of Greeks were being tortured because they refused to give money to Gouras.

Hearing about the advance of Kioutahi, the Athenians asked Fabvier to let me stay on in the city. Fabvier agreed and after he proceeded to Methana, the Athenian troops defended the walls. We fought for 34 days and nights. Kioutahi bombarded the walls, reduced them to rubble, and we repaired them. One day, about an hour before sunrise, Kioutahi decided we had enough and attacked. His artillery did a fine job opening holes in the walls and then continued to shoot to prevent us from making repairs. Kioutahi pumped plenty of rum down the throats of his men, let them loose, and they got through the walls in three different spots. We tried to stop them but in vain. More came in and pushed us back all the way to the Acropolis.

The force I commanded defended the long walls facing Patissia. Mamouris held the section from Boubounistra to the foot of the Acropolis and Katsikoyiannis fought from the temple of Zeus until the Acropolis. Everybody fought like a true Greek and our country owes thanks to all these people. Gouras commanded the reserves and wherever there was need he ran to help.

It was a brave, lop-sided battle. The enemy had us completely surrounded with their artillery and every kind of shell fell upon our heads. We had no more than 500 men, so we retreated to the castle, and it was a mess. There were so many women, children and animals you couldn't step on naked rock. But the Divine Grace is powerful. Even though the Turks were everywhere, all those terrified civilians, together with their mooing cattle, slipped through the enemy lines and reached Salamis without a single nose getting opened.

We defended the city for 34 days and then, on August 3, 1826, found ourselves cooped up inside a castle full of cows. Gouras, totally innocent in matters related to a siege, pushed them out, set them free and the Turks grabbed them.

"Brother Gouras," I said, "what are you doing? There's going to be a *siege* and you let cattle *out*?"

"Don't worry," he replied. "We won't be shut up for long."

Such was the expert opinion of some European officers who were with us and Gouras took it for the gospel truth. Later, when we ran out of bread, he kept looking for a wall to beat his head against but that's another story. The cows were cooked by the Turks who blessed the stupidity of Gouras.

Personally, I couldn't afford to accept the expert opinion of anybody, European or Greek. I learned my lesson in the castle of Arta where I nearly starved and in the castle of Pilos where I almost died from thirst. Consequently, I had my relatives gather all the supplies they could find. I bought about 1,000 pounds of rice and legumes, and stored away plenty of salted pork and beef. With these supplies I fed my men, the wounded and the reinforcements which arrived later, when a pound of butter cost 100 grossia — assuming you found someone with butter to sell.

Anyway, in we went and, once in, we all assumed the responsibility to defend specific positions. Papakostas, Emorfopoulos and I held Hrisospilliotissa, near the cave with the two columns on top. It wasn't a comfortable spot because the Turks placed cannons opposite us and decimated us. The Theater was held by Maroutsos, Litsos and Davaris. The entrance of the Acropolis was held by Gouras and the Athenians. The Athenians in question were naked and miserable people — Gouras had taken care of them before the Turks showed up.

Davaris, Litsos and a few other noblemen who managed to preserve some of their property by running away from Athens now came back to die with their fellow-citizens and the few things they brought with them they shared with their friends.

Gouras and his men didn't subscribe to such foolishness. Having previously robbed the Athenians, they now sold back to them the very things they'd stolen. The Athenians had no alternative but to pay and keep working in ditches and tunnels. If it hadn't been for them and for Kostas Lagoumitzis, the master tunneler, the castle would have surrendered awfully fast.

Almost from the first day of the siege, the garrison appointed me commander of the guard. My job was to make sure that order prevailed in all defensive positions and that adequate reinforcements were rushed to whichever spot was under the heaviest attack. In addition, I was made responsible for rationing the water.

The first line of defense, outside the Theater, was held by a brave patriot, Dedoussis, who got killed on the second or third day of the siege. It was agreed that I should take a few of my men from Hrissospiliotissa and post them outside the Theater. We did so and found ourselves no further than ten yards away from the Turks who had already dug deep ditches and placed baskets filled with dirt on top of them. Their guns on the hill of Filopapos were a scourge both for us down there and for the people up on the Acropolis. Perhaps it was worse up there. The place was rocky and every shell exploded with maximum effect. Soon, there was no more room for graves on the Acropolis and those who got killed subsequently had to be buried near the Theater.

The time came for the castle to take revenge upon those who made it their headquarters throughout the years of robbery and extortion. We lived under a steady downpour of cannon-balls and woe to those who walked about.

Gouras didn't intend to walk about. He dug a deep shelter under the Erechthion, pounded lots of dirt on top to make it bomb-proof, and installed his family inside. Then he took care of his fellow-robbers: Vlahos, Kororis, Varellas and Zaharitsas. The lot of them went into the shelter and Gouras appointed them "Athens City Council". They lacked a secretary but this was soon remedied. Diomidis Sourmelis got the job and moved into the shelter to serve historical truth. He wrote long reports describing in detail how everybody who was inside the shelter was not really inside but *outside* — they were all fighting the Turks with great determination.

Such were the creatures Gouras installed in his shelter, and there they stayed, eating, drinking and taking care not to get too close to the door. This was prudent. Any fool could see there were bombs and shells and bullets outside. Logic forced them to stay inside, with the exception of Nikos Zaharitsas who'd come out

and risk his neck just like us idiots. Everyone else chose safety and this included Gouras.

The rest of us weren't as logical and continued to fight the Turks. When the day's fighting was over the "City Council" reviewed the action and its Secretary composed the official description of the battle: *Today, Commander Gouras came out of the castle, attacked the Turks bravely and smashed them in this, that and the other way*. Reports were written inside the shelter to praise those in the shelter. Then, for the sake of historical truth, they were sent to the Government, to chieftains all over Greece, and to the newspapers. It was by chance that one of those newspaper accounts fell into our hands and I took it upon myself to visit the celebrated shelter. "If," I informed the heroes inside, "reports of the daily action don't carry the signatures of all officers defending the castle they won't be permitted to go outside."

That was the end of the Secretary's purple prose and I took the opportunity to say a few words to Gouras.

"Come out of the shelter," I said. "Take part in the fighting and then go ahead and write anything you please about your victories."

He was a greedy miser but, also, a valiant warrior. He felt ashamed, came out, fought, and got killed. Later on, people said I killed him but let the Lord be my witness if the thought ever occurred to me. Soon after he died, the Turks scored a direct hit and everybody inside the shelter was killed instantly, Gouras' family and all his friends together.

Herewith a few words about tunnels and explosives used by both sides during the siege of the Acropolis. Tunnels filled with gunpowder were good for both offense and defense. They were offensive when a tunnel secretly dug under an enemy position was suddenly fired. They were defensive when the tunnel was dug under one's own position. The enemy was then encouraged to advance and the tunnel was blown up. In both cases, the remedy was to locate the enemy tunnel and puncture it full of holes from above. The explosion gases escaped through the holes and nobody got hurt.

The Rampart of the Lion and the Rampart of Odysseas dominated the entrance to the Acropolis and we dug a first-class tunnel from the former to the latter. The end of the firing cord was inside the castle, at the bottom of a ditch. The Rampart of the Lion was defended by the Athenian force under Dedoussis, that fine patriot. (Much later, he and Lekkas were captured by the Turks who impaled them both in Halkis). This firing cord was made out of ordinary string because we lacked proper materials. The troops from the nearby bastions were under constant fire and the only place to piss was the ditch in whose bottom we hid the end of the cord. One day the Turks attacked the two tunneled ramparts and pressed us hard. We'd been hoping for just that and ordered a careful retreat while some of us remained on the ramparts, sword in hand. The Turks continued to climb, we pretended to resist them and then we too retreated. Triumphantly, the Turks swarmed all over the two ramparts, the cord was fired, and nothing happened because too many people had pissed on it.

Before we could start kicking ourselves we witnessed an unrivaled example of patriotism. One of the Athenians grabbed some red hot coals with his bare hands, jumped inside the ditch and piled the coals on the cord. For the sake of our country, this man handled red hot coals as if they were lumps of iron but the cord was too wet even for that. Meanwhile, the Turks planted themselves on the ramparts we had allowed them to capture and seemed ready to enter the Acropolis itself.

Furious that we messed up the explosion, we fell upon them, kicked them down from the ramparts, began chasing them and, along the way, killed one of their most important officers. Kioutahi Pasha was particularly saddened because the fellow was a particularly brave man.

This was the second time we made Kioutahi particularly sad. In the days before we withdrew inside the castle, about ten men and myself were outside the walls and a cavalry detachment zeroed in on us. Seeing that we were done for, we concentrated upon getting our last shots into their officers. We managed to kill their leader and another important-looking type. This made the Turks pause and, while

they paused, we ran away. The leader of that cavalry unit was the first man Kioutahi wept for.

I've been saying we were penned inside the castle but this isn't quite true. For the first couple of days of the siege we also held the Placa area and there was a church whose foundations we turned into a tremendous tunnel. This, like most of the others, was the work of Kostas Lagoumitzis, that immortal Greek who fought for our country incessantly, both with his rifle and with his tunneling art. That brave man, the Athenians and I stayed together and worked like brothers night and day. He was a rare master. Wherever he fought his tunnels worked miracles and such was his fame that Kioutahi offered him treasures to lure him over to the Turkish side, but in vain. Kostas made that tunnel under the church and the Turks surrounded it one day. We put up a feeble resistance, pretended we were being crushed, whereas we wanted to abandon Placa because it was too large for our limited forces to hold. The Turks increased the pressure and we withdrew to our positions in Hrissospiliotissa and the bastions at the southern side of the Acropolis. Two of our soldiers, Kounelis and Hormovitis, waited for the Turks to pack themselves inside the church, fired the tunnel and fought their way back to the rest of us. The church and all the Turks inside and around it were blasted to smoke. Dazed by the explosion, the survivors staggered out of cover. Our rifles at Hrissospiliotissa and the castle artillery massacred them.

As I mentioned, my post was outside the Theater. This was the principal focus of the Turkish tunneling activities and, since we had prepared a few tunnels of our own, the ground must have been a vast honeycomb. Our foxholes were no more than ten yards away from those of the enemy and the Turks were in fine spirits. They'd just received reinforcements and, being so close, enjoyed themselves by calling us cowards and Jews, and telling us that all brave Greeks were killed in Messolonghi, that we were good for nothing, that we had two more days to live, that they'd capture us alive and slaughter us like pigs.

We were too tired for jokes. Lagoumitzis and I had been working non-stop trying to drill holes above the Turkish tunnels and, in addition, I had to look after my Athenian force. Which is to say, I had to protect the Athenians from the Greek

cannibals up in the castle who, *even now*, wanted to rob them some more. Seeing how exhausted we all were I decided to throw a feast. I gave orders for the roasting of a cow I had kept alive for just this kind of an occasion and sent out invitations. Apart from my own officers, I invited Lagoumitzis, Kriezotis, Katsikoyiannis and Papakostas, who was a brave fighter and an honest man, as well as a cousin of Gouras. I wasn't on speaking terms with Gouras but Papakostas and I remained friends because he could tell who was right and who was wrong.

We were eating late at night and the Turks, who got wind of the festivities, began the jokes all over again. Our guests were there, my officers were there, everybody was eating peacefully and the Turks picked this time to overdo the coward and Jew part.

"Brothers," I said to my officers, "you see how I look after you. Meat and cakes and wine when the rest of the castle is eating stale bread. But now I'll ask you for a personal favor. I want those-earth-filled baskets the Turks are hiding behind. I can no longer stand their jokes."

My officers were brave men. Their pride and patriotism were touched even though what I was asking for wasn't easy. Ever since we retreated into the castle we hadn't set foot on a Turkish foxhole. "Pour us a glass with your own hand," they said.

I filled their glasses.

"Now give us your blessing."

"I give you the blessing of God and the blessing of Greece."

They jumped up, left the feast, fell upon the Turks, killed five or six, and grabbed some baskets. Initially surprised, the Turks snapped out of it and forced my men to retreat in haste. This wasn't encouraging. Our first attack had to be made good and the men urged me to join them as they got ready to go back at the enemy. Now, I never tire to repeat the truth, namely that I'm in love with my life. Nevertheless, I was responsible for starting this and felt honor-bound to follow through. So I led the men in a counter-attack and we ended up on top of the Turkish foxholes. The Turks threw us back. In fact, they chased us all the way back to our

own foxholes and wounded a couple of my men in the process. This wouldn't do, we attacked again, and again the Turks threw us back. Things were getting monotonous and I decided to play a trick. During our last attack we captured some booty, including a heavy overcoat. I turned to one of my men and told him that no matter what I said or did he ought to shout I was absolutely right. Then I made a sack out of the overcoat, filled it with dirt and, with the help of this man dragged it back to our post. Everyone else was already there.

"Kosta! Kriezoti! Papakosta!" I yelled at our guests. "Come over here quick! I want you to guard this treasure I took from the Turks. Guard it carefully while I go back for the rest." Smiling terrifically, they started in my direction.

"Just a second!" I yelled again. "Stand back! I've got to seal this! I don't want you to rob me while I'm gone!"

They stood back, I found a piece of string, tied up the overcoat and sealed it with some wax. But my brother Greeks had heard enough. The treasure, plus the seal and robbery business, touched the innermost depths of their soul. They threw rifles and pistols away, drew their swords and, like a pack of famished tigers, fell upon the unfortunate Turks.

When we were through we didn't have any treasure to show for our trouble. But we captured rifles and swords, killed many Turks, destroyed the three tunnels which were going to blow us up, took about 25 prisoners, and grabbed quantities of coffee, wine and foodstuffs. We chased the enemy all the way to Karasoui where the Turks had fortifications we couldn't handle. We destroyed every foxhole between Karasoui and the Theater and carried back to our post more than 2,000 earth-filled baskets. These we piled on top of our own foxholes.

Gouras, Papakostas, Hormovitis and I deployed our men around the freshly captured ground and held back the Turks. Meanwhile, and just in case they returned in force, Lagoumitzis connected what was left of their three tunnels with one of our own. Then we did some careful measuring and dug out another tunnel leading under a square-like clearing the Turks used for socializing and coffee-drinking purposes. We filled this particular tunnel with extra large quantities of gunpowder.

The Turks resigned themselves to their defeat and began work on new foxholes around the square we had mined. The Greeks gathered near my tent, pretty close to the square, and began conversing with the enemy because we wanted lots of them to be around when we'd fire the tunnel. On the appointed day, our troops positioned themselves and I distributed one bottle of rum for every ten men. Unfortunately, one of my corporals kept the whole bottle for himself and got drunk. By the time we got ready hundreds of Turks were milling around in the square and, after the explosion, we'd have cut the throat of the survivors. But we stumbled on a technical point. Tunnels need a hole here and there to provide air for combustion and one of those holes had a few grains of gunpowder inside. We lit the cord, the fire reached that hole and the powder inside threw up a flash. We didn't yet know much about tunnels and, seeing this little flash, took it for the real thing, which it wasn't. The cord had another hundred yards to go.

The point is, we thought the flash was the real thing and my drunken corporal pulled out his sword and started yelling attack, hit them, kill them, and so forth.

The Turks weren't dumb.

They dispersed in all directions and, in our confusion, we chased them in a totally disorganized fashion.

The result was that what we planned for the Turks almost happened to us. When the explosion came it was *us* who were almost on top of the square. Thank the Lord that the tunnel blew up when we were still some distance away and only stones and rocks were tossed sky-high. Nobody got hurt, either Turk or Greek.

But the Turks were furious. They began to chase us and, as we ran, they shot at us with rifles and cannons and we thought the heavens were raining lead all over Athens. Some of us got wounded, one got killed and the rest ran even faster. Things were desperate. We were chased to the bottom of the Acropolis and the enemy was ready to follow us inside the castle. Just then the Lord gave me an idea.

I grabbed a torch, climbed on a rock and shouted *All right, men! We got them where we want them! Fire the big tunnel!*

The Turks heard me, saw the raised torch and performed an about-face. The Greeks did the same and a second chase began, but in the opposite direction.

We accompanied the Turks right back to where they started and, in the process, chopped off plenty of heads and captured rifles, swords and other booty. Needless to say, there had been no tunnel, big or small.

The Turks learned their lesson. They neither made any more jokes nor did they come too close. It was enough for ten Greeks to come out and the Turks ran. One of my men, Hatzimeletis by name, always brought back one or two Turkish heads every time he stepped outside the castle. One day we learned that the Turks were digging a big tunnel under the castle itself and, since we had to know its precise location, we promised him 10,000 grossia if he agreed to be suspended from a rope outside the Acropolis walls. He did agree and we hung him up and lowered him down and he pointed out the tunnel's location. The Turkish army used him as a target while he was hanging out there but they missed and he did save the castle. We punched that tunnel so full of holes it was like a sieve.[10]

On the day we attacked the mined square that didn't explode correctly, an officer of Gouras was with us, Yiannis Balomenos, a scoundrel among scoundrels. He had been leeching off Gouras for years and Gouras loved him dearly for it. Now, in the thick of battle and while the rest of us were exchanging blows with the Turks, he took his men and ran away to Salamis where he continued the war, though in greater comfort, seeing that he struggled with the local prostitutes.

Poor Gouras discovered the desertion and came to visit us when the battle was over. We hadn't been on speaking terms on account of his rat friends who destroyed the priceless fighter he had once been but it was the old Gouras who came visiting and my heart bled for him.

"Brother," I said, "from now on we'll be as close as we used to be. As you know, I'm fighting day and night and, for as long as we're in Athens, I'll be your brother. But when the siege is over I'll ask you no longer to consider me a friend."

10

Instead of 10,000 grossia we gave him 10 paradhes. Years later, I presented him to Viaros and Agustinos, the honorable brothers of our Governor Capodistrias. "There is no money in the treasury!" they said. And I believed them. The Treasury was full only for stool-pigeons.

"We've been brothers for so many years," he said. "Now we're relatives too. (He had been best man at my wedding). Why don't you want my friendship?"

"Because when we first came here I told you not to chase after money. I warned you that you'd not only forfeit your honor, you'd also put the city in danger. I told you that you're not an ordinary man and that, as such, you'd do more than ordinary harm. What I said made zero difference. You plundered Athens, became rich, and your bosom friends wanted to abandon the castle on the first day of the siege. We fight the Turks and Balomenos deserts. Still, it was Balomenos and his ilk who made you the enemy of the Athenians. All your friends are flea-bitten, cowardly dogs. How can your riches give you pleasure when your friends are a pack of hyenas? Why didn't you use some of that money to pay salaries to your troops so that your life would be protected, your honor secure and your country saved? All you've got is people who want to abandon the castle! Rascals are at work on you, and don't think I don't know it. They tell you I'll murder you because you killed Odysseas. To which I reply that you shouldn't have done what you did to Odysseas, your benefactor. But what's done, is done. Remember when I told you way back when that they wanted us to murder one another? You listened then and didn't kill Odysseas. You killed him later but I still say what's done is done. There's time to recognize your friends and your scoundrels. A man isn't rich because he's got money. He becomes rich by behaving properly."

When I was through, his eyes were full of tears. His conscience was torturing him for what he did to Odysseas. "If I come out alive," he said, "I'll never go near those bastards. As for the money, I'll write my will and it'll all go to schools. Furthermore, I'll leave a share to my all true friends. Like you, for instance."

"Brother," I replied, "live, enjoy your riches, and do good for the country. Wash off the stigma because your friends are pained to see you so. For myself, I want nothing. If you're willing to listen, fine and good. We'll be friends and brothers once more. If you don't want to listen, fine and good again. Both of us will mind our own business. As for your present friends, all I'll say is that I don't want to touch them with a pole. I'm well aware of the manner in which they've served you and our country."

"I know all this," he said. "And I also know how well they've got me wrapped up. But this isn't the time to take care of them. That'll come later."

We embraced, swore to be closer than ever before and, with goodwill restored, he returned to his family. A few hours later I paid them a visit and saw how happy his wife was that we'd become friends again. I invited them to come down to my post for dinner that evening. Food was cooked and Gouras with his wife and relatives came down. While I was helping set the table, Gouras got cornered by some of his relatives who said they'd leave the castle, just like Balomenos. Gouras didn't answer a word. He left them, came to the room I was in and I thought he had swallowed poison.

"Everybody wants to leave the castle," he said.

This may have been news to him but not to me. "Don't pay attention," I said. "Tell them to give us eight days to ask the Government for reinforcements. Meanwhile, we'll be drilling tunnels under the Theater and the castle gates. It'll be hard work and we'll need everybody. In eight days we'll get the Government's reply. Either they send us reinforcements or they don't. Either way, your friends shall be free to go. As for us, if we receive reinforcements, we won't use the tunnels. Nevertheless, with or without reinforcements, we'll be too few and, eventually, we'll have to retreat to the Theater. We'll defend it for as long as we can and when enough Turks are inside we'll blow them up and retreat some more. We can keep retreating all the way to the Parthenon, fighting and blowing up every inch we abandon. When the Turks are inside the Parthenon and we're left with nowhere to go we'll fire the big tunnel and blow everything up, the Turks, ourselves, the Acropolis, everything."

Gouras thought about this.

"Frankly, brother Gouras," I said, "that's the right way to die. Suppose the Government doesn't send reinforcements. Suppose nobody wants to volunteer. What do we do then? Do we surrender after fighting for a mere month and a half? Where shall we hide our shame? And, now that I think about it, where will *you* hide? You were the one who assured our European and Greek friends that you could hold this castle for two or three years."

Gouras liked my plan. We spoke to his relatives, wrote to the Government and agreed on shifts to dig the tunnels. We waited for the moon to set so that the messenger who'd take the letters to Nafplion could start out under the cover of darkness. Meanwhile, the food was getting cold. What started out as a feast had

been turned into a war council and Gouras sat through it, barely speaking or listening. He was depressed by his ungrateful friends who turned yellow when Greece and their commander were in danger. The rascals hadn't lacked courage throughout the years when they stripped Athens bare. Now they concluded it doesn't pay to die.

Seeing Gouras' grief, I spoke to some Athenian friends who were my guests that evening. These men, the very people Gouras had robbed, walked up to him.

"Don't worry about those who want to leave," said the Athenians. "We aren't leaving. We captured the castle from the Turks and, for as long as we're alive, they won't set foot in it."

Gouras stared at them wide-eyed and continued to stare as we ate.

Then we sang and danced and Gouras and Papakostas asked me to sing because, they said, it was a long time since we sang together. I had a good voice and sang about the sun, the moon, the evening star, and a battlefield covered with Greeks lying dead, covered with wounds.

Poor Gouras sighed. "Brother Makriyiannis," he said, "I've never heard you sing so sadly. Let the Lord take this as a song and not as prophesy."

"It's just a song," I replied. "I picked it out just like I could have picked any other."

Five minutes later, the Turks began shooting.

We broke up the festivities, I gathered my men, we ran to our post and fought for some time. Then I went around the other posts to see how things were going. They were going pretty well and I went to my tent to get the letters for the Government. The moon had set and the messenger was ready.

Suddenly, someone burst in. "Hurry!" he said. "Gouras is dead. He was at his post shooting at the Turks and he got a bullet between the eyes. He fell without saying a word."

I went over and we carried Gouras to his shelter. His wife dressed him in fresh clothes and we buried him.

We then assembled the troops and I made a speech to those ungrateful soldiers. I said it was their fault Gouras died. They abandoned their positions and

he fought practically by himself. “Every minute of the day,” I said, “you tried to make him surrender the castle so that you could save your hides.”

The garrison appointed a committee to command the castle until the Government sent reinforcements. The committee consisted of Gouras’ wife, of Papakostas, of Katsikoyiannis and myself. We wrote one more letter to the Government saying that Gouras got killed, gave it to the messenger along with the ones we had written earlier, and he slipped out. Gouras died on October 1, 1826, outside the main gate of the Acropolis. The siege went on.

An Athenian living in the occupied city risked his life to sneak into the castle and tell us that the Turks planned to launch a major offensive against the Theater and the arcade on its right. We had tunneled the entire area and were ready for them but there was one last tunnel that had to be finished. Specifically, what still had to be done was to put the explosives inside and build a wall to make the tunnel airtight on our side. Hearing about the impending attack, we pressured Lagoumitzis to put the powder in and build the wall.

“Since the tunnel is right under the Turks,” he said to me, “they’ll hear me and get me. But if you’re willing to stand guard at the entrance of the tunnel I’ll go in and do it.”

“Get in there and do your job,” I replied. “I’ll stand guard and they’ll have to kill me before they kill you.”

He went in, I stood outside, and was a poor guard. We’d been working around the clock building up fortifications and digging ditches, I hadn’t slept for a number of nights, and fell asleep standing up, with my back against the inside wall of our bastion. The Turks heard noise under their feet, sounded the alarm and attacked us.

Our bastion was 20 yards in front of the Theater.
The tunnel entrance was between the Theater and the bastion.
Lagoumitzis was underground, 20 yards in front of where I stood.

The Turks jumped inside our bastion which was divided in two by an archway with a big door. I stepped back from where I dozed off and got pinned against the wall next to the arch. The Turks shot at me and, without aiming, I shot back at them. A bullet hit me in the neck and, reeling, I tried to go past the archway, through the door, into the inner bastion. But I couldn't keep my balance and fell down.

Our men who were inside came out and tried to push the Turks back. The space was narrow, the Turks pressed them hard, our men began to retreat, and walked all over me. It was the agony of hell and, seeing my blood flow, my friends thought I was dead. Just a few Greeks remained in the outer bastion and they too retreated inch by inch. More Turks jumped down from the outer wall and it wouldn't be long before they entered the inner bastion. It was obvious what would happen next and, considering myself dead anyway, I managed to get up on my knees first and then all the way up.

Pulling out my sword, I stood in front of the archway, facing about ten Turks and waving my sword at them as menacingly as I could. With my free hand, I pulled shut the door which my retreating troops had left open and, together with the few Greeks who hadn't fled, we began fighting again.

It was a dismal fight. Neither Turks nor we could shoot rifles in that narrow space so we used pistols, knives and swords. Whereupon I caught another bullet which grazed the top of my head. By then I was bathed in blood and my men sought to drag me inside.

"Brothers," I said, "inside or outside, what difference does it make? We're lost if we don't rescue Lagoumitzis who's still underground. And what goes for us goes for the castle too. Stay here and hang on."

My brave friends fought like lions. In a while, ten more men came out to help and we continued to fight. I distributed ammunition and a few more men joined us. Little by little we managed to clear the outer bastion from all enemy troops.

Outside, the enemy received reinforcements, attacked the arcade to the right of the Theater, captured it and turned on our bastion with new vigor.

They killed six of my men and gave me a third wound, an ugly one this time. The bullet hit the back of my head, got stuck in the bone, and I collapsed. My men pulled me in and their rough handling restored me to my senses. I begged them to let me die right there because I didn't want to see the Turks capture my post while I was still alive.

Hearing me talk like that, my men got mad. They dropped me, fell upon the Turks and forced them out of our bastion and into the arcade. It was only then, after twelve full hours underground, that Lagoumitzis could come out of the tunnel. He hurried to my tent and, seeing my condition, offered to stay in my place while I was carried up to the Acropolis where the doctor was. I told him to go up himself because my death made little difference whereas his would make a lot. Meanwhile, our people up in the Acropolis were trying to figure out a way to get the Turks out of the arcade and decided to toss down piles of dirty rags set on fire. The smoke began to suffocate the Turks, the Greeks loaded their rifles, and waited. When it got dark, the Turks stumbled out and our men shot at them. Quite a few of the enemy got killed that way.

Throughout the siege there hadn't been another battle like this one. We suffered many casualties and plenty of lead flew in both directions. The battle began at dawn, ended at night, and when it was over I was carried up to the Acropolis.

The doctor wouldn't touch me.

I was badly off and had lost so much blood he was afraid I'd die in his hands. All my friends had to sign a document testifying to my horrible condition and only then did he agree to operate on me. I almost died from the pain in my head and back. Incidentally, something must have broken inside me when all those people walked on me and, to this day, blood comes out of my ass from time to time. The battle took place on October 6, 1826, six days after Gouras got killed.

The Government responded to the pleas of the garrison by sending reinforcements under Mamouris and Kriezotis.

Mamouris, ex-chief of police under Odysseas, straightened out his wooden pistols and stated his terms the moment he entered the castle. He said he wanted

to be named Commander of the Acropolis but what he really wanted was to have the city at his mercy if the siege was raised.

I organized meetings with all the officers who didn't agree and we discovered there were 20 of us for each one of Mamouris' sympathizers. Whereupon we made a rule that each officer would be represented by one of his men at each bastion. For good measure, the guard detail for the main entrance and the storehouses was manned exclusively by our troops. In the bastions, the proportion would be 20:4, which looked like a comfortable margin. We put all these details down in writing and I invited Mamouris and his officers, as well as my own friends, to come and eat in my room because my wounds kept me in bed.

When dinner was over I presented Mamouris with the 20:4 proposition and, for some reason, he and his friends didn't like it. We said we were risking our lives and this was the way we intended to go about defending them. Furthermore, I said, for as long as the siege continues, the castle shall be governed by a committee. When the siege is over the Government could appoint Mamouris or anyone else it likes to be commander.

"Mamouris must be made commander right now!" said his friends. We replied we were sorry but there could be no discussion on that point. Take the Committee and we stay. Don't take the Committee and we leave and Mamouris can be commander. We also made it clear they were free to go. As for us, we'd stay and keep on fighting.

Much quarreling followed but we finally had our way.

The Turks weren't interested in our internal politics.

They focused on tunnels and drilled one under the main gate and into the castle itself. We got wind of them and punched it full of holes. Their master-tunneler must have been an idiot. He didn't know how to build a protective wall on their side and, after putting close to 6,000 pounds of gunpowder in there, he built a flimsy little wall to protect his fellow-Turks. They set fire and the Acropolis shook but all the damage was done on the other side. Their little wall and our many holes forced the gases to go towards them and, whereas nobody on our side was hurt, quite a few Turks got killed.

The siege went on and news from the outside was dismal. After Mamouris and his troops came in the Turks tightened up the ring around the castle, dug more ditches, and poured troops inside them. From conversations with those Turks we learned that Greece had ceased to exist as a state. Imbrahim and Kioutahi had wiped out every pocket of resistance and Athens was the only one left.

Inside the castle conditions were getting from bad to worse. We were running out of ammunition and, except for barley, there was no food left. No medicines and no bandages either. Most of the wounded died. Gangrene set in and worms and lice fought battles of their own on the bodies of our casualties. Wounded men couldn't defeat dirt, lice, pain and hunger, so they died. All I could do was hand out food and drink to those who were hurting the most.

That was when we decided to send an officer outside. He'd describe the misery of the castle to the Government and, if the Turks were telling the truth and there was no Government left, he'd make his report to the foreign admirals whose fleets patrolled the sea. The Castle Committee discussed this for days and nobody wanted to go. Then they came to my room and asked me to volunteer.

"Haven't you got eyes?" I said. "My wounds are bleeding and I scream from pain all night long. My back is half broken. How can I ride out of here?"

They were ashamed because they could see I was in no shape for adventures. Nevertheless, they came back a few days later and asked me again.

I felt sorry for them and decided to have a go at it. I asked for five horsemen and cover when we'd attempt to go through the enemy lines. They promised both and granted me full powers to represent them before the Government and the foreign admirals. If there was still a Government it was expected to send supplies to the castle. I myself was supposed to put together an expeditionary force and land in Faliron within 15 days. This was to divert some of the Turkish pressure that had become unendurable over the last week or so. They stuck the necessary documents in my pocket and gave me five horsemen. We said our prayers and, opening a gate, dashed out.

The Turks shot at us.

We were to be kept covered by troops from the castle until we were past the enemy lines but no troops showed up.

We crossed ourselves, whipped our horses and charged ahead.

The Turkish cavalry chased us and we hid in an olive grove. The chase was fast, I was still sick, and fell off my horse. My men caught the horse, picked me up and tied me to the saddle.

I almost lost consciousness when I fell. The wounds on my head opened and the others had to lead my horse because I couldn't see.

We tried to go past Dhafni but the area was full of Turks. We turned north and, through the ravines, reached Elefsis.

There we found out that the Turks had lied. There was still a Greek Government and its seat was on the island of Aegina.

From Elefsis, my five companions and I sailed to Aegina.

THE PIREAS CAMPAIGN

Imbrahim returned from Cairo to the Peloponnesus in November 1826 with orders from his father to lie low for a while. Mehmet Ali wanted firm assurances that, as a reward for helping extinguish the Greek Revolution, the Peloponnesus would be ceded to Egypt. Now that Messolonghi had been taken and his armies were all over Roumeli, the Sultan was not prepared to grant gifts of such magnitude and, as a result, Imbrahim went into a state of hibernation.

What pleased the Sultan was that his armies in Roumeli were doing well without fighting any serious battles. Kioutahi Pasha capitalized on the records for cruelty and viciousness set by the Greek leadership. Throughout the summer and fall of 1826 he toured Roumeli broadcasting goodwill and pointing out that the Sultan was not a crook and that he himself was not a brigand. The Greek peasantry conceded that neither assertion was off the mark and Roumeli may have voluntarily gone back to the Turks in just a few more months. The advantages of this novel strategy weren't lost on Imbrahim and he too became a benevolent human being. His emissaries sweet-talked the Peloponnesian peasants and many areas made obeisance.

Only two Greek leaders reacted to this catastrophic turn of events.

The first was Kolokotronis. Suddenly, he forgot about factionalism and scheming and started running after the emissaries of Imbrahim. By pleading, cajoling and threatening, he persuaded the peasants to change their minds and repudiate the obeisance documents they had just signed. Thus, without actually fighting, he kept the Peloponnesus out of the Egyptian grasp.

The second man was Karaiskakis. This enigmatic figure — by his own admission "a devil and an angel both" — undertook to save Roumeli all by himself. From the Peloponnesus, where he had been prominent during the civil wars, he

went north the moment he heard about the Turkish successes. How did this consumptive warrior find the means to organize a rag-tag but extremely murderous army? And how did he conclude that his famished irregulars could actually encircle Kioutahi? Doesn't matter how. He did it. Aiming to cut off Kioutahi from his supply bases, he launched an offensive from the Corinthian Gulf to Atalanti. In a series of brilliant maneuvers, he lured a powerful enemy force in Arahova on November 26, 1826 and when the battle was over he erected a grizzly trophy: a pyramid of 1,500 Turkish heads.

Such was the situation when Makriyiannis appeared before the Government to make his plea for assistance. The Egyptians were locked in a public relations war with Kolokotronis. Karaiskakis was trying to isolate Kioutahi. The Acropolis garrison needed reinforcements and supplies.

And the Greek Government was broke.

THE PIREAS CAMPAIGN

I reported to the Government, giving them a full account of the situation in Athens. They saw my head swollen up from three open wounds and sent doctors to look after me. Prime Minister Zaimis visited me in the room where the doctors put me and came straight to the point.

"There isn't a penny in the Treasury," he said, "and I'm glad it's you who came out of the castle because we can talk honestly about what can be done. Let's forget the past, the civil wars, the factionalism and the endless bickering."

"I too am happy," I said, "to hear an important man like yourself speak frankly. We've all suffered because we didn't trust one another but that's over now. Give me the order and I'm ready to die for Greece. One of the reasons I came out of the castle is that I wanted to see what the leadership of this country is planning to do."

The rest of the Cabinet joined us. After a long discussion they decided to send someone to Methana, to Colonel Fabvier, to ask him to come out and help in the war instead of watching his men getting killed by mosquitoes. One of the Ministers had an idea. "What a pity, General Makriyiannis," he said, "that you're so sick. If you were to go, Fabvier wouldn't hesitate to jump to the aid of Athens." I replied I didn't care if I died on the way and that if they thought I could accomplish something, I was ready to go.

Fabvier and his officers welcomed me in Methana, reacted enthusiastically to what I told them, and then Fabvier and I went to Aegina to explore with the Government how to relieve the Athens garrison. Discussions were conducted in secrecy because we were afraid to be betrayed by someone who had been oppressed by his fellow-Greeks, just like those peasants Kioutahi discovered with rocks on their backs. Fabvier returned to Methana and made arrangements for his

unit to carry ammunition for the besieged. I stayed in Aegina to supervise the preparation of medicines and bandages. On his way to Athens, Fabvier stopped off in Aegina to see me and I gave him the medical supplies I'd gotten ready. I also gave him two guides — Yiannis Koundouriotis and Yiannis Dhistomitis — who had been in the castle with me and were experts at slipping through the Turkish lines. In the past they'd carried letters to and fro between the Acropolis and the Government and would now guide Fabvier into the castle.

All of them — Fabvier, his troops, their supplies and the two guides — arrived in Athens and, with every soldier carrying a sack of gunpowder on his back, they penetrated into enemy territory. It was no promenade but they were brave men and reached the Acropolis. That took care of the supplies and reinforcements the garrison had asked me to secure. What remained was the landing in Faliron so that Turkish pressure on the castle be reduced.

When we learned in Aegina that Fabvier had entered the Acropolis, I spoke to the Government about the Faliron diversion. The Government approved the plan and appointed me commander of a landing force consisting of all Athenians and Roumeliots capable of carrying arms. The objective was to capture Pireas and hold it. The only hitch was that the Government continued to be broke and couldn't finance the expedition.

We were puzzling that one over when my friend Gropius, the Austrian Consul, came to see me. "Do you seriously propose to attack the Sultan's generalissimo without a penny in your pocket?" he said. "The Government doesn't have a cent and you need money to put an army together. The only thing you'll accomplish is get yourself killed."

I couldn't disagree because most of what he said had already occurred to me.

"Listen to me!" he went on. "There's an Englishman by the name of Gordon here in Aegina and he's got loads of money. Are you willing to turn your command over to him? If you agree to make him head of the expedition he'll pay for everything."

"*You* listen to *me*!" I said. "Go and tell this Englishman, whatever his name is, that if he puts up the money I'll not only turn my command over to him, I'll follow him around, kissing his footprints. He can have it in writing if he likes."

Gropius told Gordon about my reaction, the three of us met and Gordon was happy to see I meant what I said. "The problem is," he said, "I've had a few arguments with Prime Minister Zaimis and he'd never agree to my leading this expedition."

"This," I said, "I'll take care of personally."

I visited Zaimis, explained the situation and he answered like a true patriot. "If there's a man who can finance this expedition, and if the same man had killed my own son, I'd forgive him. Tell Gordon I agree wholeheartedly and that our quarrels are forgotten."

Zaimis, Gordon and I met and the two of them became friends again. We calculated the sums needed, it was officially settled that Gordon would be in command, preparations were resumed, and Gordon spent 80,000 grossia. This was subsequently paid back to him by the Government. The rank of commander was the interest he collected.

Our forces would be marshaled in Megara. Gordon sailed there and I sent him all the men I could muster. My recruiting efforts were interrupted twice because the Government sent me to Corinth where the locals were fighting a small civil war.

Two Peloponnesian noblemen of the same family — Yiannis Notaras and Panayiotis Notaras — had hired Roumeliot troops and were busily ravaging the land that gave them birth. But they were neat about it. One Notaras ravaged half the land, the other Notaras the other half and the reason for their quarrel was that they were both after the same woman. A pretty sight! Greece crawling with Turks, the castle of Athens about to be captured, and two Greek noblemen fighting over a woman who, at the end, married someone else. Forgive me, brother readers, for getting hot and bothered but you'd have felt the same if you lived through those

perilous days. Over and over I spoke to the two cousins, as well as to Andreas Londos, a renowned admirer of boys, who helped both sides at the same time.

Twice I made the trip to Corinth but they refused to listen and I got fed up. "The hell with all of you!" I said. "I've had enough! I'll write to the Acropolis garrison about your indecent behavior and I'll write to Karaiskakis who's wasting time building pyramids with Turkish heads. I'll tell them to drop whatever they're doing and come here, to you. We'll all come here and build pyramids with *your* heads!"

I was on my way back to the Government when Londos caught up with me and said he persuaded Yiannis Notaras to come to Athens. In my turn, I sent a message to Panayiotis Notaras and they decided to stop fighting among themselves and join us at Megara.

The Government was pleased with these developments and old Zaimis was particularly pleased. He'd been trying for the longest time to separate the two cousins and they kept sending him to hell. Now, encouraged by my diplomatic success, he asked me to deal with another problem. He did this although, looking at me, one was sure I'd drop dead any minute. Getting out of the Acropolis and falling off that horse opened my wounds and I walked around with a swollen head. Exposed to the snows and cold of Methana and Corinth, my wounds produced repulsive things: bits of broken bone, strips of skin, floods of brownish blood. Each time the bandages were changed my fever shot up. I shivered like a leaf and wondered whether I was alive or dead. So much for the physical condition of the diplomat, now the problem bothering Zaimis.

Metaxas, Kolokotronis, Ipsilandis and some others had formed something which, strictly speaking, may not have been a faction but was certainly an association for the pursuit of specific objectives.

The association got hold of a Greek patriot recently arrived from France. An honest man and brave soldier from the island of Kephallonia, he had served in the French army with the rank of colonel. His name was Bourbahis and, upon hearing that his country was fighting for her liberty, he resigned his commission and came

to Greece knowing nothing about factions, civil wars, robberies, extortions and blackmail. What's more, he wasn't interested in these things because his only concern was the freedom of his country. When he got here, he looked up people he knew from the days before he went to France. He wanted to find out how he could help in the war and it was his misfortune to be a relative of Metaxas.

Metaxas and the association latched onto poor Bourbahis and he, acting upon the advice of his friends, spent all the money he brought from France to put together a military unit. The problem bothering Zaimis was precisely this unit.

The association advised Bourbahis to do his recruiting in Nafplion and he recruited 1,000 graduates of coffee-shops and billiard-parlors. Every single one of them was a rotten cur, scum of the scum, the very bottom of the barrel. However, their commander had been persuaded by the association that he had secured the services of the most virtuous and fiercest warriors in Greece. When the unit was, in a manner of speaking, ready, the association advised its commander to join Karaiskakis in Roumeli. Poor, innocent Bourbahis, itching to do battle against the Turks, bought all the necessary provisions and made ready to go. The plot was truly diabolical.

Karaiskakis had been fighting the Turks with a unit composed of naked, barefooted and hungry men. The camp of those starving heroes would now be invaded by these Nafplion rats who, up to that point, had waged war against the Nafplion prostitutes. The troops of Karaiskakis would have recognized every single one of Bourbahis' men and when they'd recover from their amazement that they were being reinforced by *these* dogs, they'd be dealt a second blow. They'd see that the newcomers had plenty of food and provisions, and were getting paid regularly. The troops of Karaiskakis would have looked at themselves and would have realized they were fools to have fought as they did while Nafplion pimps lived like ambassadors. Anyone who had spent the previous two or three years in Greece could have guessed that the troops of Karaiskakis would either kill the troops of Bourbahis, or pack up and go home. Poor Bourbahis had no grasp of such subtleties. Metaxas, Kolokotronis and their association knew how matters would develop and were delighted. Furthermore, they were consistent. They

wanted Greece to extend from the Isthmus to the south and were obliged to scheme against Karaiskakis who fought to liberate Roumeli. Roumeli is north of the Isthmus.

So, the Bourbahis unit did present a problem. At the request of Zaimis, I went to Loutraki where they had just disembarked on their way to Karaiskakis and explained the situation to their commander. The good patriot saw the point, changed his plans, went to Megara and joined the force we were putting together for Pireas. With Bourbahis taken care of, I assembled all the Athenians and Roumeliots who were in Salamis, Aegina and Poros as well as any islanders willing to volunteer. When that was done I went to Megara myself. We were ready to attack Pireas.

Our plan was straightforward.

About 3,000 men commanded by Vassios, Panayiotis Notaras and Bourbahis would go to Hassia, a village to the north of Athens. They'd dig themselves in and attract some of the enemy. About 1,800 men commanded by Yiannis Notaras and myself would land in Pireas around midnight.

That was it. We said goodby and good luck and started out.

Gordon appointed me to lead his unit which was to land in the Faliron area. We dropped anchor outside Passalimani and I took two boatloads of troops ashore. Passalimani was held by the Turks and we had a good fight. In the course of that initial encounter, some of my men got wounded but we were soon reinforced by two more boatloads and continued the battle. The Turks fought bravely but we broke their lines and chased them all the way to the monastery of Agios Spiridonas.

We then returned to the spot where we landed and provided cover for our men who continued to disembark. During that first night we also brought ashore 15 cannons, prepared the bastions to put them on, and dug our foxholes. In the morning everything was in order and nobody on our side could believe we accomplished so many things in just one night. The Turks did believe it and didn't like it.

The unit that was supposed to land in Pireas accomplished its objective but the unit that was to capture Hassia did not.

They thought it would be better to stay in Kamatero, a village about an hour's distance to the north of Athens. The mistake must be credited to Vassios who knew the territory and shouldn't have picked that weak position. They had barely arrived when the Turks demolished them. Close to 350 Greeks were killed and the rest ran away like rabbits. Bourbahis was among the casualties. Kioutahi decapitated the corpses, took the heads to Athens and showed them to the Acropolis garrison.

"Make obeisance," he advised them. "Save your necks and spare those fools who landed in Pireas. It'll be their turn next."

"Go down to Pireas," the garrison replied. "We promise to surrender the moment you take care of our friends there. They've got no castle and it should be easy for you to deal with them."

Seeing how stubborn these people were, Kioutahi left some troops to keep an eye on the Acropolis and led the rest of his army against us. The monastery of Agios Spiridonas was held by the enemy and so were many other fortified positions all over the Pireas peninsula. Kioutahi came down, entered the monastery and gave his men one night to prepare themselves. At dawn we counted forty-five Turkish banners moving in our direction.

They began the attack by giving us a stiff dose of their artillery. While their cannons bombarded us, their troops fell into formation. We ducked the cannon-balls, observed the enemy and shivered in advance. I'm sure that if you cut every Greek throat you wouldn't have collected more than a cupful of blood. That's how white we looked. A little later, when we learned what happened to the Hassia column, we looked even whiter.

The Turkish banners advanced.

Gordon, Heidek and some other foreigners in our camp decided that the Turks were too many, got in a boat and rowed to Gordon's ship so fast you thought

their boat had wings. Not that all Greeks were prototypes of bravery. Approximately 500 of them ran away when they heard about the Hassia catastrophe.

I'm not blaming anybody. The position we held was weak, the Turks had us completely surrounded with infantry, cavalry and artillery and, to make things worse, there were no ships for us to escape in. The only ship that stayed behind was Gordon's. The rest left as soon as the troops disembarked. Gordon was fond of me and asked me to join him. He wanted to save me by offering this means of escape and I wasn't surprised by the offer.

It took me some time but I finally understood that foreigners have ships in their heart. They dream of ships when they sleep and want to fight from ships exclusively. The enemy is on land and our foreign commanders fight with plans, with words, with hot air, all from a ship. I don't usually criticize my superiors but the truth must be told. Commander Gordon saw danger and took his friends aboard. He wanted to save himself for the future which might make him a commander again. He did want to save Greece, but not today. Fine and good! But up to the point of asking me to join him!

"Come out yourself," I replied, "and take part in this battle. You shouldn't miss it because the Lord Himself will command us today. I pray that He takes pity on us but, regardless of what He decides to do, I'm going to fight. How can I run escape and watch my friends get slaughtered?"

"What can you do against so many Turks?" he persisted.

"I can do my best and pray."

He shook his head and went to his ship.

I selected 100 of my men and armed them with finely-honed swords and scimitars. All around I could see despair setting in and, to combat this mood, I made a round distributing drinks. When everybody was taken care of, I took my 100 and we made still another round, singing as melodically as we could.

Among the troops that landed in Pireas was a fellow by the name of Sotiropoulos, a brave and extremely intelligent man. During the siege of

Messolonghi he developed the extraordinary system by which the Greeks caused the Turkish bastions to collapse one after the other. It was Sotiropoulos and Lagoumitzis the tunnel-maker who kept Messolonghi out of Turkish hands for so long. Also, it was Sotiropoulos who fought the battle of Klissova[11] and, all the time when my men and I were making our morale-boosting rounds, I couldn't help thinking about him.

Since I was resolved either to get myself killed or to beat the Turks I thought it wouldn't be fair if someone else shared the credit whereas it should belong to me and to the Athenians. I was their commander and since, in a way, this would be my day, I had to help them crown their arms with glory. The Athenians had been wronged by every other commander and, especially, by Gouras and Odysseas. Therefore, in order to secure honor for myself and my men, I had to send Sotiropoulos someplace where he couldn't shine so easily.

He had gathered 100 men of his own and we agreed that all 200 of us would act as reserves. "But look," I said to him. "The area you'll be covering is very extended. Why don't you take your men and start making the round of the bastions as I've done? You'll do wonders for the morale of people in foxholes over there." Intelligent though he was, he fell for it. He took off, leaving me all the room I needed either to die in or to earn some glory for my name.

The battle began. The Turks, blinded by the grace of our Lord, made a head-on attack against our central positions which were the strongest, the easiest

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11

Tzavelas' friends have spread the story that Tzavelas won that battle single-handed. The truth is that he hid in a little chapel and, throughout the battle, wept like a scared kid. He was the kind of officer who commanded 100 men and submitted fake accounts to the Government to collect salaries for 1,000. That was how he filled a bag with the English pounds our European friends had sent to help our cause. The pounds helped Tzavellas' cause all right. However, when Messolonghi fell, the enemy was pleased to find the money neatly stashed away in Tzavellas' bag. Today he's making infernal noises asking for 1,000,000 grossia which, according to his fake accounts, the Government owes him.

to defend and the most effectively protected by our artillery. I said a few words to my men, gave them one more drink, patted them on the back and, rushing upon the advancing Turks, we gave them a good beating. Fifteen of my men got killed, quite a few others were wounded but the Turkish banners stopped moving forward and I was given time to carry our casualties back to our foxholes.

The Turks regrouped and attacked again. This time we were rougher. We chased them all the way to the Athens-Pireas road and, once again, retreated to out foxholes. Commander Gordon had been watching from his ship and now, rowing like a maniac, came ashore with a barrel of European wine for my men who promptly drank this fine alcohol. I ordered our artillery to load up with buckshot and to stand by because the battle was not over.

Sure enough, the Turks attacked again. They had received reinforcements commanded by a newly-arrived Pasha and burned to make this third attack the last. "When we rush at the enemy this time," I told my troops, "make sure you keep an eye on me. When I run back, *everybody* runs back! Our artillery will shoot at point-blank range and we don't want to be chopped down by our own cannons."

The Turks came very close to our foxholes. I wanted them to come even closer before jumping them but couldn't hold back the immortal Greeks. My men were no longer men. They were proud lions. We fell upon the enemy for the third time and truly took them apart. Their newly-arrived Pasha was wounded and, shortly afterwards, he died. It was so pleasurable to be out there that we ran back just barely in time. Our artillery went to work on the surviving Turks and they were piled up three deep. Scared to death, their comrades dragged the survivors back to their camp and, from there, to Athens.

That day took care of Turkish bravery. Commander Gordon wrote a report and sent it to the newspapers in Aegina. *This battle,* he wrote, *was the battle of Makriyiannis. Makriyiannis commanded and Makriyiannis won.* Gordon may have been in love with ships but was an honest man. In this respect, he was an exception.

Yiannis Notaras, who was also in Pireas, had powerful connections in the Government. Both the Prime Minister and the President of the Parliament were uncles of his. These two gentlemen got hold of Gordon's report and edited it. They did put stories in the papers about me but they were old stories, descriptions of my participation in battles of the past. They made sure that not a word about my part in the battle of Pireas was printed. Thus, by implication, it came out that their nephew was the fellow who won the battle.

I saw the newspaper and, to say the least, was puzzled. I asked the publisher for an explanation and he wrote back describing how the real story got killed. Gordon saw what happened to his report and, being an honest man, was furious about it. He picked a fight with Notaras and then went to Aegina and picked a fight with the Government too. I had cooled down by then and advised him to forget about it. I told him it wouldn't do for the Greeks to start quarreling all over again and that I resigned myself to the behavior of my well-connected friends.

After this battle the Greeks wouldn't believe that the enemy amounted to anything. We fought and beat them every single day. You might say we ended up adopting a condescending attitude towards them. Little by little we advanced as far north as the hill of Filopapos and captured the Bostania, a former orchard turned into a swamp. Kioutahi felt this was too much and, assembling his entire army, attacked us.

The battle lasted from dawn until evening and our men in Bostania were severely pressed. We sent reinforcements under Sotiropoulos and Heliotis but, even so, it looked like the enemy would surround and pick them off one by one. When we saw what the Turkish intentions were, we all joined the battle, kept a corridor open and, during the night, everybody was evacuated and the enemy accomplished nothing. Or, rather, they did accomplish something. About 1,200 Turks got killed as they tried to surround the swamp and we gathered a large number of Turkish heads, flags and weapons. The trophies were brought down to our Faliron camp and our European friends marveled at the evidence of the catastrophe which befell the enemy.

Dismayed by these successive defeats, the Turks turned to the castle and tightened up the siege so much that we could no longer communicate with those inside. The last news we got from them was just before the battle of Bostania and the man who brought the letters also carried a mail pigeon. After the battle we loaded up this bird with messages and let it loose. The Turks shot it outside the Acropolis and read our messages.

We found this out from a renegade Greek who subsequently came to our camp to propose something or other. Before sending him back to the Turks he told us about the Pasha and the 1,800 Turks who got killed in the battle of Pireas and about the 1,200 Turks who got killed in the battle of Bostania. I forget what the Turks had told him to propose but I do remember how pleased we were to hear what he wasn't supposed to tell us.

We sent a report to the Government and to Karaiskakis describing the Turkish plight in the Athens area. Karaiskakis responded by taking 2,000 men and capturing Keratsini. This was nice. The area was infested with Turkish cannons we desperately wanted to silence. Then Karaiskakis came to Faliron and we drew up a plan.

The first objective was to surround the Turks with bastions and fortified positions. These would not only serve in wiping out the ones who were bombarding us but, also, to stop the others, in the monastery of Agios Spiridonas, from getting supplied. Notaras was to construct one bastion, Vassios a second and I a third. My men and I prepared our bastion in a single night. It was devilish work because the soil was marshy but we had it all finished by dawn. And not only that. We also manage to install five cannons inside it. Vassios, however, was not able to finish his and the road to Agios Spiridonas remained open. We had to preserve what we had accomplished and my unit stuck it out in our marsh. One night it rained so hard that, until the following morning, we stayed submerged in water up to our waists. I hadn't completely recovered from my wounds and almost perished.

Insufficient as our offensive preparations might have been, Kioutahi worried about them. All of a sudden, a deluge of cannon-balls fell upon the camp of

Karaiskakis and the Turks launched a full-scale infantry and cavalry attack. The fearless Greeks allowed them to approach, counter-attacked, and chased them back to their original positions. The Turks attacked a second time and, once again, were savagely thrown back. At that moment they received reinforcements from Athens and began to group for a third attack. About 580 of us from the Faliron camp, commanded by Sotiropoulos, Heliotis and myself, fell upon the still regrouping enemy from behind. The Turks were startled and, before they had time to collect their wits, they were attacked from two more sides by Karaiskakis' infantry and Heliotis' cavalry. More than 800 Turks got killed in the subsequent carnage, the rest ran back to their foxholes and it finally sunk into their heads that we weren't playing games.

Such was the magnitude of this new dishonor that, the very next day, Kioutahi felt obliged to wash some of it off and descended upon us with his entire army. He split his forces in two, attacking Karaiskakis on the one hand and the rest of us on the other. The Turks fought valiantly and so did we. However, when the Acropolis garrison saw there were no Turks left to keep them inside the castle, they too rushed out and, all at once, the enemy was getting hit from three directions. I swear I didn't think those Turks would be with us much longer. Still, there were so many of them that quite a few escaped. From then on the war degenerated into some sort of exhibition. When we had European visitors in Pireas we'd go out and kill a few Turks to show our guests how easy it was.

You may well ask how come we didn't chase Kioutahi's army out of Attica. And how come the Acropolis continued to be under siege? The answer is that the offensive had to be postponed because out politicians were holding a National Assembly. We were getting ourselves killed in Pireas but the politicians had important business to transact.

Time and again they tried to get me mixed up in their damned Assembly, they wanted me to be the delegate for the besieged Acropolis garrison and I kept telling them the same thing: *I haven't been charged to represent anybody. I've been charged to fight the enemy as best as I and my men can. We're doing this so that the Acropolis garrison will be inspired to get themselves killed up there, just as we're*

getting ourselves killed down here. When all of us are dead, you can hold another Assembly and really save Greece. I didn't expect them to be stunned by this rhetoric, and they were not. They just went about their business.

Their business boiled down to the appointment of two Englishmen to command the Greek army and navy.

Lord Cochrane was made Commander-in-Chief of the Navy and Sir Richard Church was made Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Both were innovative strategists. Admiral Cochrane intended to sail his ships on mountains, and General Church planned to chase the Turkish infantry with his cruiser. These tactics were unfamiliar to our own Admiral Miaoulis who terrorized the Turkish Navy with his measly little caiques. And they were unfamiliar to Karaiskakis who destroyed one Turkish army after another even though all he commanded was a crowd of naked and starving irregulars. The two Greeks didn't know about European tactics that allow ships to sail on mountain ranges and infantry to fight from sailboats. However, Miaoulis and Karaiskakis did know Mavrokordatos who appointed Skourtis the Sailor to be Commander-in-Chief of Land Forces. And they certainly knew Metaxas, Kolokotronis and their association who favored the importation of foreign experts. Most of all, they knew how far the association would go to prevent Karaiskakis from getting the supreme command himself. But when did knowledge serve in anything? Cochrane became an Admiral and Church a Generalissimo.

The new appointments were announced in Pireas in typical style. Our illustrious political leaders sent an order to Karaiskakis telling him that, from then on, he was under the command of Church. Perfect timing! The war was at a critical point. Karaiskakis had persuaded his men to come to Athens where they could receive a few more wounds after the ones they received in Arahova, Nafpaktos and Distomo. Karaiskakis was now expected to congratulate our political leaders for their sagacity. But why did none of our political leaders fear that, if he had felt like it, Karaiskakis could have squeezed them like lemons? In fact, he didn't squeeze anybody but was deeply offended and, in my opinion, that was why he sought his own death.

He called me over to his Keratsini camp and showed me the letter he had just received. He was bitter about it and, recognizing he had every right to feel that way, I tried to console him. "Let them appoint anybody they please," I said. "It's you that the troops recognize as their leader in this campaign."

"Don't sweet-talk me! Let's pack up and get out of here. They want us to get knocked off."

With tears in my eyes, I begged him not to leave.

"No! Let's go! The both of us! Right now!"

"I cannot lie to you. You may go but I can't. I'm the commander of the Athenians and shall do my duty or die trying. This isn't the time for leaving or for new civil wars. The Turks are everywhere. We'll be traitors if we abandon Athens or if we start a civil war. And we'll be dishonored if we leave and the Acropolis is taken because we weren't here to help. I'm staying because I've got to fight for this city."

The only thing I accomplished was to earn Karaiskakis' displeasure. There was no time for him to organize factions and political parties of his own but he did seek out the anti-Government elements in the expeditionary force and did go to work.

To begin with, he arranged for his daughter to be married into the Notaras family. Then he cultivated Londos, the Lover of Boys. When alliances had been cemented, the new friends ganged up on anybody who didn't agree that a new faction was what we really needed and I was among the first they ganged up against.

Karaiskakis relieved me of the Faliron command, put Notaras in my place, and Notaras told his men to rob the Athenians who served under me. Food, wine and other supplies belonging to these people disappeared in a flash. While this was going on, most of my men and I were in our marshy bastion, under the enemy's nose. We were wading in water trying to figure out how we could get rid of the near-by Turks when we learned that the new relatives of Karaiskakis robbed our friends and were spoiling for a full-scale battle to be fought among ourselves, with the Turks watching.

I sent one of my men to Karaiskakis and informed him about the accomplishments of his relatives. *This time,* my message went on, *things have gone too far! Isn't it enough that we're getting killed so that Karaiskakis will be famous? Must all Roumeliots become slaves of the noble Peloponnesian relatives of Karaiskakis for Karaiskakis to be satisfied? I had enough! Karaiskakis should send troops to take over the bastions we've been defending. Many of our men have been killed and I myself groan day and night on account of my wounds. This very evening I'm taking my troops and pulling out. Karaiskakis should relieve me before dusk because if we go and the Turks move into our positions it'll be his fault.* Karaiskakis read the message and, accompanied by all his officers, hastened to my bastion.

"Look at what your slaves and the slaves of your relatives are going through," I said to him. "We're swimming like ducks in this hole and you express your appreciation by letting your cronies rob us. I'm glad to see you've come to relieve us because we're getting out of here."

As I expected, he and his staff began the exhortations. Stay on, don't abandon this post, and so forth. I knew the expeditionary force and was sure it contained no madmen willing to replace us in that water-hole in the middle of winter. Finally, we agreed to stay if my troops were reimbursed for what had been stolen from them. A full account was drawn up and Karaiskakis returned to his camp. But Notaras continued to make trouble. We were fighting a war so I swallowed my anger and pretended that his behavior didn't bother me. However, he outdid himself and I decided to teach him a lesson. I gathered all his officers and explained to them the significance of the recent marriage alliance.

"All of you are Roumeliot officers," I began. "Notaras is a Peloponnesian and Peloponnesians have been using the Roumeliots for the longest damn time. Now I ask you: what do you expect for yourselves now that a famous Roumeliot like Karaiskakis has become a relative of those rats?"

They hadn't thought about this and didn't know what to expect.

"I'll tell you what to expect! Nothing! Not even your salaries! When you were with Notaras in Corinth, fighting his battle against the other Notaras, the

Government sent me to bring you here. At the time, the Government regarded you as bandits and outlaws and wouldn't pay you because you were with Notaras. Today you're soldiers of Greece but you still won't get paid because Notaras has no intention to pay you."

Ugly sounds indeed! They left me, found Notaras and demanded their salaries. Notaras refused to give them a penny. They became so angry that he got scared and locked himself up in his hut but they surrounded the hut and bombarded him with stones. He was in a tough spot and yelled for his relative Karaiskakis. This was a bad idea because when Karaiskakis came to the rescue the officers threw stones at him too. Things were really jumping when Cochrane, the new Commander-in-Chief, showed up and he, too, received his share of rocks. Seeing no other alternative, Karaiskakis appealed to me. *Save Notaras from the rocks,* he said, *and send him to me in Keratsini.* That same night, I smuggled Notaras out of his hut and sent him to Keratsini. Seeing the light, Karaiskakis restored me to my command. Furthermore, he sent me reinforcements and supplies and, from then on, we all resumed our duties in the proper patriotic manner. Now that Karaiskakis stopped giving himself airs we became friends again.

The time for the all-out attack on Athens was getting close.

Our Pireas and Keratsini camps were swollen with reinforcements from Kranidi, Idhra, Souli, the Peloponnesus, Crete, almost all the islands and from every village in Attiki. All told, our army numbered close to 11,000 men. Before marching against Athens we had to eliminate the Turkish strongholds from the monastery of Agios Spiridonas and to the north. Miaoulis and the Greek fleet came to Faliro and bombarded all enemy positions that could be hit from the sea. The monastery was one of those and Miaoulis razed it to the ground even though the Turks inside fought back like lions.

Unfortunately, the enemy strongholds facing my own position were immune to cannon fire. They were protected by thick walls, they were not facing the sea, and had an excellent view of anything coming close. These advantages were precisely what attracted some of the fearless Idhraii, Kranidiots and Roumeliots who had just

arrived and rushed in to attack. The Turks pinned them down and I was ashamed to sit by and simply watch the incomparable valor of my brothers.

"Let's join our comrades," I said to 30 of my men, "and tell them they look ridiculous crawling on their bellies when Karaiskakis has captured all the enemy strongholds on the Athens-Pireas road. We'll describe the booty captured and then we'll pull our knives out and jump forward." The men thought this was a wonderful idea and began to move in the direction of our pinned-down comrades.

"Just a second!" I said. It's one thing to raise the morale of the troops and quite another to get a bullet between the eyes. "Let's jump forward *exactly one pace*! We mustn't forget how deeply dug in these Turks are!"

Once this was understood, we joined our friends and raised their blood pressure with fairy tales about booty and the like. We had just finished talking and were about to pull out our swords — because, really, who was insane enough to do more? — when an Idhraios runs ahead and plants a flag on top of a Turkish bastion. He was immediately followed by every Greek in the area and before we knew it we'd captured 13 enemy strongholds. We chased the Turks as far back as their artillery positions, my Athenian troops captured some more strongholds along the way, and there was a lot of slaughter. Karaiskakis and the others from the Keratsini camp had no idea about any of this. We chopped off a few Turkish heads, crossed the swamp and gave him the news. He embraced me, gave some money to the boys carrying the heads and, getting off his horse, made me ride on it in front of everybody. It was the highest honor he could bestow.

My men and I were ordered to dig trenches and surround the monastery of Agios Spiridonas which continued to have a few Turks inside. We prepared a big ditch from which we could shoot at the monastery and, at the same time, prevent the enemy from receiving reinforcements. The battle was resumed and, once again, it was more like an exhibition on our part. The new Commanders-in-Chief of the Army and Navy came out of their ships to watch. Someone attempted to show them the Turkish heads we had already shown to Karaiskakis but our commanders were too delicate for such brutalities and never looked at them. As I said, the battle

around the monastery was no longer a real battle and the Turks wanted to surrender. Agreement was reached and we gave them our word of honor that they wouldn't be harmed. Karaiskakis wanted me to escort the surrendered Turks as far as their artillery positions but I declined because I sensed the angry mood of our men. Karaiskakis sent Vassios in my place and the disgrace I expected took place just outside the monastery walls. A Greek reached out to steal something from a Turk, the Turk shot him dead, and the outcome was that out of the 350 surrendered Turks only 10 made it to their cannons.

That same evening we agreed to complete our preparations for the march against Athens by digging trenches to protect our flanks. A few Turkish strongholds remained between Faliron and Athens and any one of them could do us serious harm once we were on our way. The trenches were prepared according to plan and we surrounded the enemy artillery. When the Turks woke up the following morning we were so close to them they couldn't believe their eyes. Desperately, they tried to push us back but we wouldn't budge. Neutralizing those cannons was too important for us to give up so easily.

When no other preparations remained to be done, senior officers attended a meeting in Karaiskakis' tent and decided to launch a two-pronged attack.

The first column of about 2,000 troops would move towards Tris Pirgi to attract attention. The second column, commanded by Karaiskakis, would attack Athens itself with 5,000 troops. Of the remaining 4,000, half would be used as a mobile reserve of four units with 500 men each. The other half would man our bastions on the beach so that if anything went wrong we'd have our backs covered.

Karaiskakis was sick throughout the meeting. He suffered from tuberculosis and it had recently begun to bother him too much. When the meeting was over he asked me to communicate the attack plans to the two Commanders-in-Chief. Admiral Cochrane was also supposed to give me picks and shovels for the men who would hit Tris Pirgi.

I found Cochrane and Church, showed them plans and asked them to get some ships to transport our men from Pireas to Tris Pirgi. I then collected the picks and shovels and distributed them among my officers. We were just about finished when we heard shots. We ran in their direction and saw some drunken Greeks attacking a Turkish stronghold. Such was the fighting mood of the troops that this incident was enough for the entire army to rush to the scene. With the major attack scheduled for the following morning, the last thing we needed was to start fighting seriously over nothing. Every officer tried to calm down his men and we had almost succeeded when a large enemy detachment appeared out of nowhere and fighting flared up again. Just then, I saw Karaiskakis standing next to me.

"What are you doing here?" I said. "Go back to your tent! We've got a battle coming up tomorrow and you're not in the pink of health?"

"All right," he said. "Stay here and get this business settled. I'll go back."

Five minutes later they told me that Karaiskakis got hit. I ran to his tent and looked at his wound, a hole in the lower part of his belly. He was hurting but, for a while, chose to tell us jokes. He saw what was coming and, putting an abrupt end to the funny stories which were bringing tears to our eyes, he said *I'm done for. Make sure you love one another, and don't forget Greece.* They carried him on board a ship and he died that night. He was buried in Salamis.

A renegade Turk who had been in our camp ran away to Kioutahi and told him all about the death of Karaiskakis and our attack plans. We didn't know we'd been betrayed but should have expected it. The death of Karaiskakis forced us to postpone the attack but the plan remained the same.

I told Cochrane and Church to change it because the delay would allow Kioutahi to find out about it. The two commanders disagreed. I sent Mavrokordatos and he tried to make them change their mind. They replied that the attack would take place two days later, according to the original plan.

Kioutahi had already learned the plan by heart but we didn't know that. He sent messengers to the Turkish garrisons all over Attiki and gathered 2,000 cavalry. We didn't know that either. We got on the ships and started out for Tris Pirgi. The

landing was scheduled for dawn. I sent one of the captains to tell Cochrane we should land before dusk to use the night for fox-hole digging. Cochrane disagreed.

Just as the sun rose, Vassios, Kalergis and I landed on the beach of Tris Pirgi. Other unit commanders were still on the ships when the three of us started digging ditches. We were apprehensive about the whole operation, didn't want to take unnecessary chances, continued to dig, and kept measuring the distance separating us from the sea. If things turned nasty we expected to fall back and be covered by our ships, but we were being optimistic.

Cochrane deserves all the credit for what happened that day.

Tzavelas, Peraivos and some other Greek officers did agree with him that the attack should be carried out as originally planned but, even so, the credit belongs to Cochrane because he had the final say. I should also mention that all those believers in stale plans shipped us to Tris Pirgi while they sat back in Pireas and watched us through their binoculars. They kept 9,000 troops in Pireas and although they had agreed to send us cavalry they didn't send a single horseman. Cochrane's personal contribution was a promise to pay a fantastic sum to the first man who'd enter the Acropolis. Visions of cash helped transform our attack into a 100-meter race.

So there we were. Nine thousand troops and the High Command stayed in Pireas. Two thousand troops landed in Tris Pirgi. Out of those two thousand, the only units to prepare for the attack were those of Vassios, Kalergis and my own. The rest stayed on board and fortified themselves with alcoholic beverages. When they were sufficiently fortified, they landed. However, instead of staying close to the positions we prepared, they rushed on towards Athens, and disaster piled on disaster.

Observing the bold advance of the well-lubricated landing parties, our own men — who had been digging away — threw down their shovels. They, too, rushed ahead because they too were dreaming about Cochrane's fantastic award. Confusion set in and we couldn't communicate with the charging fellows. Visualizing

what lay ahead, I sent a message to Cochrane asking him to come out and use his authority on the troops. They had to come back and regroup! No reaction. The two commanders preferred to watch the battle from their ships.

The troops continued to advance haphazardly, blindly, with no real purpose — except, perhaps, Cochrane's award. I ran after them and, in haste, prepared something that could be called a bastion. Notaras made a second one nearby and we saw that a unit of the regular army was close to us. I turned around, ran to the shore and carted ammunition and other supplies to the two bastions. Just then, the Turks showed up. They had infantry and cavalry and started out by attacking a unit from Souli, some distance away from us. We sent them reinforcements but it was of no use. They had time to shoot their rifles once before they were cleaned out.

Seeing that it would be our turn next, we loaded our rifles with the heaviest shot available and made ready to continue fighting until we too were dead. Our bastions were as well made as could be expected and we stood by the door, waiting. An officer from another unit who happened to be in our bastion picked that moment to stumble and fall on me and the knife I was holding almost entered my stomach. Furious, I turned towards him and, forgetting all about the Turks, prepared to carve him up for being so clumsy. *Control yourself!* he said. *Geniuses like you are responsible for the deaths we'll see today. Look at the sea!* I looked in the direction he was pointing at and, sure enough, all eleven Greek bastions between the shore and ourselves had been abandoned before the Turks even began to attack. Only three bastions remained -- those of Notaras, Vassios and my own — and then the Turks fell upon all three at once and the only thing I recall is an infernal din punctuated by sword-clanging. I also recall that the Turks demolished us. We were kicked out of our bastions and, thanks to my long legs and my refusal to panic, which was the reason for most of our casualties, I retreated towards the sea.

The Greeks did their duty but the Turks won the battle. About 800 of our men — picked soldiers one and all — perished during the retreat, and the enemy followed us every inch of the way. When we reached the shore, we found Kostas Botsaris and those others who abandoned their positions. They were wading in the water, up to their necks, trying to leave nothing visible except their noses. Ahead

of us, this dismal spectacle. Behind us, the Turks. We used our knives to dig holes in the sandy beach and fought until the evening.

We embarked late at night. Out of my 150 men only 34 remained. Out of 250 regular troops fewer than 60 were alive. These were grievous facts and I doubled my efforts to get everybody onboard. Perhaps I should have paid more attention to my own safety. While I was trying to put some order to the embarkation, a group of especially eager soldiers knocked me down and, from the ladder I was standing on, I was pitched headlong into the sea. By the time they fished me out I was half-drowned and they carried me to the Commander-in-Chief's ship.

The disaster cost Greece many brave men. Drakos, Veikos, Doussias, Giorgos Tzavellas, Notaras, Tzelepis and many others. Poor Kalergis was captured alive and the Turks tortured the hell out of him before his family ransomed him off. Most of the Cretan volunteers died and so did brave Kourmoulis. Our country owes eternal gratitude to these men and, by the same token, she's in the permanent debt of our Commanders-in-Chief who sent all these soldiers to their grave for no reason.

We were still onboard the following morning when we learned that Kitsos Tzavelas, who stayed behind in Pireas with 9,000 men, got thoroughly beaten by a few Turks. The enemy captured all our artillery and re-occupied the monastery we had taken at such high cost. I don't mean to say that Tzavelas alone was responsible for this new disgrace. The credit should be split among himself, Nikitas, Hatzimihalis, Yennaios Kolokotronis, the Sissinis and all those other officers who were supposed to defend that area. They did such a fine job defending it that the Turks threw them out of all advanced positions, captured the monastery, and forced them to squeeze themselves in Kastella. Things were different when Karaiskakis was alive! But he was dead now and Greek rifles refused to fire and Greek swords lost their edge.

Our ship approached Kastella and we realized that the Pireas force was doomed to die of thirst. So, once again, desperation was in order. We disembarked as fast as we could and although we were half-dead from exhaustion, joined our Pireas friends in an all-out offensive that recaptured the monastery. Now, at least,

men and horses could have a drink of water. But here's what I wish someone would explain to me: *how could 9,000 Greeks manage to get beaten and dispersed by 500 Turks?* How did they manage to lose every bastion and every cannon? And how did they manage to be left without water? Damn Cochrane whose idea it was that we should join those dispersed heroes in that last offensive! We should have stayed on our ships, letting them die of thirst! We should have applauded when the Turks cleaned them out!

Now that the water situation was taken care of, Commander-in-Chief Church was persuaded to come out of his ship and call an officers' meeting. The command of the Pireas area would be turned over to me and I was given 3,000 troops. The rest of the army, under the personal command of Church, would capture and hold all the roads through which the Turks received supplies and reinforcements from their bases outside Attiki.

Fine, except for one thing. The bit about *under the personal command of Church* didn't please Yennaios Kolokotronis, Tzavellas and their friends. Consequently, they spread dissension among the troops[12] and when the dissension reached the right level Kolokotronis and Tzavellas told Church they wanted to go back to Corinth and pressed him to provide the necessary ships.

We had another meeting and I made it clear I wasn't leaving. I said that if I did and the Acropolis garrison heard about it I'd be considered a traitor and they'd surrender. Withdrawal was put to the vote and I was outvoted. To sooth my feelings, Church gave me a document attesting that I hadn't wanted to go and that I fought the motion to the best of my ability. Nobody saw anything wrong with the implications of this piece of paper. They were in such a hurry to disband the camp that thinking was a luxury they couldn't afford.

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Not that they didn't have valid reasons. There was no bread in Pireas and for days we lived on cabbage. It's true that the bread rations had been translated into cash by the supply officers but Kolokotronis and Tzavellas saw no point in bringing that up. For one thing, the supply officers were under their own direct command.

Ships came and we fixed the embarkation details. Serious planning was called for because it'd be a pity to be attacked when half of us would be rowing. Furthermore, we had to carry our cannons away so as to keep them out of Turkish hands. Every unit was given the responsibility to transport one big gun. I had my men carry all our big guns as well as every smaller one we could find, no matter to whom it belonged. The rest of the army had to carry three big guns but they decided not to bother and left them as a farewell present to the Turks. Tzavellas, Botsaris and other such Generals were among the first to board the ships. This left Nikitas, Yennaios and myself to supervise troop embarkation and we had a rough time. Whenever a boat came ashore about a thousand men piled inside it and, sure enough, it sank. Dawn came and there were still troops on the beach. There's a small island just outside Kastella and we put everyone who had been left behind on that island. By early morning everybody had been lifted off the beach and only then did the Turks realize what had happened.

Such was the miserable end of the Pireas campaign.

The expeditionary force was broken up. My unit landed in Salamis and we sat around biting our fingernails. Tzavelas, Peraivos and company went to Corinth, entered the castle and appointed themselves official robbers of the surrounding territory. Yennaios and company did the same in the Argos-Karitaina area. The unfortunate locals thought fondly of the Turks who, in comparison, had treated them with love and compassion.

* * * * *

After we abandoned Pireas, the Acropolis garrison gave up hope and came to terms with Kioutahi.

He promised to let them come out with all their arms and valuables and, being a man of honor, kept his promise. The garrison came to Salamis and I paid with my own money those of my men who had been inside the castle all this time. They were 120 when we went into the castle but only 43 came out. The money I could give them was, in their opinion, far too little and they eventually confessed they

wanted me to find some ships so that we could become pirates. *That's where the money is!* they said. *Think of the fantastic extent Tzavellas and Kolokotronis are cleaning up in Corinth and Karitaina!* To gain time, I promised to find us ships. I went to Aegina and saw Commander-in-Chief Church. He threw a big feast and told everybody about the Pireas and Faliron battles and how much I had exerted myself on behalf of the Acropolis garrison. Then, in front of all his guests, he tied a gold sash around my waist and presented me with a document of thanks.

A few days later, the refugee Athenians appointed me to head a delegation that would visit the Government to settle the salaries of those who fought on the Acropolis and who, together with the rest of the garrison, had been allowed by Kioutahi to leave. Now they were starving. Our delegation would go to Nafplion, which had again become the capital, to ask the Government to give these men some money.

We reached Nafplion and discovered that the Government couldn't bother with such puny details because it was busy fighting a new civil war. To be precise, this was something even better. It was a *Government* war! Half the Government was fighting the other half.

They threw everything they had in the struggle — bombs, shells, heavy artillery, *everything!* Under the circumstances, who was mad enough to pay attention to requests for aid to some starving soldiers? Not knowing what to do, I went into a coffee-shop and sat in a corner all by myself. Some well-dressed officers of the Government (although I couldn't tell which *side* of the Government) were enjoying a five-hour billiard game and, upon seeing me, were sufficiently disturbed to stop.

"You lousy traitor!" they shouted at me. "Why didn't the Turks skin you alive? How could you surrender a fully-supplied castle like the Acropolis of Athens?"

"Brothers," I replied, "you're making a mistake! I'm not one of those traitors! I've been out of the castle for months and, all this time, I was fighting in Pireas."

"Waiter!" said the billiard officers. "Give General Makriyiannis a large drink. He isn't one of *those* traitors! "

I drank, they resumed their game and I slipped out before getting my head bashed in by those vagabonds.

Since my brother Greeks were back at their favorite game of fratricide, I sent everybody to hell and returned to Aegina. From there, I wrote to my troops in Salamis describing the political situation and admitting I didn't want to become a pirate. Instead, I advised them to be patient because I had just learned that Count Capodistria had been elected Governor of Greece. Surely, as soon as he arrives, he will reward every honest man for his contribution to our holy cause.

From Aegina I went to Thermia and from there to Tinos. My family was there and I stayed with them for a while because I was sick and needed rest. One day I was visited by Colonel Heidek who was a Bavarian officer and an old friend. "Listen!" he said. "I'll give you ammunition and supplies for 2,000 men. We'll talk to Admiral Cochrane and he'll give you ships. Then you'll land in Attiki so that at least part of it will be under Greek occupation." I told him I had to talk to the Athenians about this.

We boarded a ship together and went to Poros. From there I went to Aegina by myself. I found the Athenian refugees and told them about Heidek's proposal. They replied they were eager and ready for anything. I returned to Poros and met with Heidek and Cochrane. The former said that the supplies were at my disposal. The latter said that the ships were ready to be placed under my command. The only thing Cochrane wanted was my personal assurance that I wouldn't use the ships for piracy. It wasn't hard to promise him that and he said the ships would be ready to sail in a few days' time.

I began to assemble the troops.

CAPODISTRIA

BACKGROUND

The previous section of the Memoirs ends with a proposed landing in Attiki sometime in late summer of 1827. The next begins with the arrival of Governor Capodistria in January 1828. Makriyiannis doesn't say much about what happened in between and some fairly long explanations are in order.

Let's begin with metaphysics and remind ourselves that politics and religious animosity always go together. Keeping this in mind, let's recall that in the early 1800s Europe contained five imperial powers — the Ottoman Empire, Russia, France, Austria and England — and wildly different theological tastes. The Ottomans were Moslems and distrusted all Christians. Russia was Orthodox and distrusted all Moslems, all Catholics and all Protestants. France was Catholic but distrusted the Jesuits and despised the Protestants. Austria was Catholic but loved the Jesuits and tolerated Protestants. England was Protestant and loved nobody.

In the mid-1500s, under Suleyman the so-called Magnificent, the Ottomans had been poised to conquer all of Europe. Under his incompetent successors the Ottoman Empire decayed precipitously partly because of harem intrigues and mostly because of the centrifugal forces that rip apart all imperial systems. Since the Ottoman threat was removed, and since somebody had to be the one and only superpower, Europe girded its loins and, for about two centuries, fought a series of nasty wars.

By the early 1800s some eight million human beings had been killed but the one and only superpower had not emerged. Making a virtue out of necessity, someone invented peaceful coexistence, which sounded good, and someone else said that the European continent had enough of war, which sounded even better. Everyone was lying, of course, and the charade was crowned by the Congress of Vienna which transformed the geopolitical status quo into an article of faith. What one has, one keeps. Furthermore, all of us will help all of us to keep what all of us already possess.

The insurance company thus constituted was christened "Holy Alliance" and committed itself to the proposition that whoever makes trouble anywhere on the European Continent will be squashed forthwith. This made sense. All four Christian powers contained many ethnic groups that were not enchanted by their bosses and, consequently, Prince Metternich of Austria — the archbishop of the Holy Alliance — saved his most emphatic promises of fire and brimstone for "popular uprisings".

Loudly asserting that peaceful coexistence was here to stay, English, French and Russian delegates left Vienna and took home numerous treaties plus a new dance, the waltz. The Continent was just getting the hang of the waltz when the Greek Revolution broke out in 1821 and the Holy Alliance was stumped.

Is this a "popular uprising" or not?

The governments of England, France, Austria and Russia remained stumped for half a dozen years because even politicians could see that the problem was not Greece. The problem was Turkey.

The fall of Constantinoupolis in 1453 had been tremendously traumatic for western Europe. Not because anyone gave a damn about a city inhabited by schismatic Greeks. Because if the Turks could take the capital of a Christian empire that had lasted one thousand years then, surely, Vienna, Rome, Paris and London could be next. Under the circumstances, the heavier the flattery the better and, right away, Europe began to address the Sultan as "Grand Seigneur" and his government as "Sublime Porte". European leaders always grovel when they're afraid and now talked themselves into believing that Ottoman prowess was stupendous, Ottoman treasures countless, Ottoman territories unending, and the Ottoman Empire unvanquishable.

So, what do the Greeks think they're doing down there?

The 1821 Greek Revolution is a unique phenomenon. No other nation enslaved for four hundred years has ever attempted to revolt. And not only that. Revolt against the Empire whose mere name made western Europe vibrate with terror. And not only that. Revolt at a time when the Holy Alliance had sworn to crack down on all forms of popular uprisings.

Fortunately for the Greeks, the Holy Alliance was run by managers, which is to say creatures with zero awareness of what the market wants. Like all managers, the ones running the Holy Alliance were pleased to think they were in control. In fact, Europe had come under the spell of romantics who saw only what they wanted to see. The children of ethereal Hellas are fighting for the rebirth of their country! Leonidas and Alexander live again! Divine Greece is resurrected! The Gods are back! *All over Europe, romantics raised money for the Greeks, rushed forth to take part in the fighting, and generated pressure on their governments to help a race of heroes struggling for freedom.*

The managers were on a different wavelength. They watched the Greeks blow up one Ottoman fleet after another and thus concluded that, perhaps, the Ottomans were not as powerful as one had been led to believe. The balance of power in southeastern Europe no longer holds. The Greeks are poor domestically but their compatriots abroad possess colossal fortunes which could be thrown into the war effort. An inflow of serious cash could lead to a Greek victory, especially since Ottoman maritime power has been emasculated. The Greeks may therefore win their war by themselves but this will take time. Assuming, on the other hand, that a European Power actively aids them, the Ottoman Empire is finished within a year. In that case, how shall the territories of the Ottoman Empire be partitioned among the members of the Holy Alliance?

Thus stood the "Greek Problem" and a businesslike approach was out of the question. Each Power looked out for itself exclusively. Not a chance they would ever agree on how to split the Ottoman territories. Five years went by and they still could not decide how to move. First, because modification of the Ottoman status quo would lead to modifications in the balance of power among Austria, Russia, France and England. Second, because when constituent parts of one Empire start going their own way they set a bad example for constituent parts of other Empires. Third, because this looks like an explosive situation. No matter how careful one might be, conflict will break out somewhere and we'll be back in full-scale war.

Austria was in no mood for armed conflict of any sort, for any reason, under any circumstances. The Habsburgs didn't get where they were by armed conflict but by carefully arranged marriages. Since the Greek Revolution would give ideas to the Hungarians, Prince Metternich declared that Austria was against everything the Greek Revolution stood for.

The Russian position was ambivalent. The Czar regarded Metternich as the wisest man on Earth but, at the same time, was a dreamer. To begin with, he dreamt about extending the Russian domain south to the Mediterranean. Also, he dreamt he was what every Czar insisted he was — the only Orthodox Emperor in the world and, as such, the right person to sit on the Byzantine throne in Constantinoupolis.

England didn't mind if the Czar had delusions of grandeur. A Russian descent to the Mediterranean was a different story. The barbarous Muscovites had the nerve to dream of a Russian Empire, they were racing through Siberia towards the Pacific, they were thinking about India, they wanted to come south to the Mediterranean to challenge British control over the East-West trade routes. Since Turkey sat between Russia and the trade routes, England decided that the Ottoman Empire had to be preserved intact for the good of mankind.

The French were less materialistic. The Napoleonic Wars had curbed their exuberance and, for the moment, they had no bones to pick with the Russians and the Austrians. On the other hand, they were happy to maximize any squabble that might provide England with grief. Also, and for whatever this may be worth, the French nation felt that its place was on the side of the Greeks. Still, no Power has ever gone to war because of the feelings of its nationals and France was not about to set precedents.

In sum, all four Powers chose inaction because they were afraid of someone else's reaction. Nevertheless, there is room for mistakes in inaction and the first one was made by the Czar. He had many Greeks in his army and foreign service, and most of them were members of the Filiki Etairia, *the revolutionary society preparing the war against the Turks. They asked him to help but he advised them to make no trouble. The Revolution broke out and the Sultan had the Patriarch of Constantinoupolis hanged and thrown into the Bosporus. Whereupon the Czar committed his second mistake. Instead of using the Patriarch's execution to justify an attack, he sent a note to Constantinoupolis, suggesting that the Ottoman government should hang only those who are truly guilty. Not all Greeks rebelled, said the Czar, and those who hadn't should not be hanged. The Sultan saw how much the Czar prized the status quo and started hanging rebels in record numbers.*

For five years, the European Powers closed their eyes to what was happening in Greece. From time to time, their ambassadors presented the Sultan with diplomatically worded messages to the effect that atrocities are not humane, that negotiation is preferable to war, that loving one's neighbor is a sight pleasing to God. Meanwhile, enterprising European merchants supplied Turkish garrisons besieged by the Greeks. Still, the impression must not be given that Europe was exclusively populated by short-sighted politicians and money-mad merchants. The majority was touched by the heroic aspects of the Greek struggle and, especially after the fall of Messolonghi, popular clamor reached such a pitch that the Holy Alliance was compelled to throw, for public relations purposes, a bone to the Greeks.

The bone in question was the April 9, 1826, Anglo-Russian Note to the Ottoman Empire. This piece of paper, the first formal recognition on the part of Europe that Greece was fighting some kind of war, recommended that Greece be made a self-governing territory under the suzerainty of the Sultan. A copy was given to the Greeks and they agreed to its terms on April 29, 1826 because the war in general, and Imbrahim in particular, had been too much for them. The Sultan didn't respond. He was certain that envy between Russia and England would not let them join forces against him.

Having waited seven months for a reply, Russia and England couldn't lose any more face and, on November 19, 1826, declared that if Turkey did not negotiate an immediate cease-fire, they'd recall their Ambassadors. Not wishing to be left out, France declared that she, too, would recall her Ambassador. The Sultan figured that these were public relations gimmicks and, once again, did not respond. Since the Ambassadors were not recalled, Russia, England and France looked ridiculous.

Seven months after that, on June 27, 1827, shortly after the surrender of the Acropolis garrison, the three Powers signed the Treaty of London. This was a mild document recommending an armistice and proposing the same solution as the Note of April 1826 — Greece to be a self-governing territory under Ottoman suzerainty. Aware that the Sultan might not reply, the three Powers tacked a couple of secret articles onto the Treaty. First, if the Ottomans did not comply within a month, the Powers would recognize Greece by establishing commercial relations with her. Second, if the Ottomans did not agree to an armistice, the Powers would take it upon themselves to prevent the belligerents from continuing the war. How this was

to be done is a mystery because, as the Treaty hastily noted, no units of the Powers would get involved in any military action whatsoever.

The Treaty of London was communicated to the Ottomans on August 4, 1827, and the Sultan refused to accept the document. The Turko-Egyptian campaign was going well and he told the Ambassadors he wouldn't allow foreign interventions into his domestic affairs. This time, he went too far. Europe was agape at the courage and tenacity of the Greeks and could no longer stand back and watch as Imbrahim and Kioutahi wiped out the last pockets of resistance. Sentiments of this nature had provoked the drafting of the Treaty of London in the first place and the latest Turkish affront forced the Ambassadors to have their fleets blockade the Turko-Egyptian forces in the Peloponnesus.

Winter came early in 1827 and blockading was difficult. The English, French and Russian admirals claimed their task would be facilitated if they kept close to the Ottoman fleet that was anchored in the bay of Pilos. When the allied fleet entered the bay in early October 1827, the Admirals sent a boat to invite the Turks to talk things over but the boat was shot at and sunk. The Battle of Navarino began the next instant, lasted half a day and, by the evening of October 7, 1827, the Ottoman fleet was annihilated. When the news reached London, the British Government was distressed. An untoward event! — *the Prime Minister declared in Parliament because, surely, the humiliation suffered by the Sultan would provide the Czar with ideas. To discourage the Czar, Britain invented the principle of "Ottoman territorial integrity" and shivered at the thought that the Russians might roll southwards.*

It was now the Sultan's turn to commit his share of blunders. Instead of comprehending that events had taken a new direction, he bet on Anglo-Russian animosity. Choosing toughness as the best policy, he repeated that no intervention into his domestic affairs would be tolerated and demanded that the Powers pay him an indemnity for the loss of his fleet. This was a bit much and, this time, the Powers recalled their Ambassadors. In response, the Sultan fortified the Straits while loudly informing his subjects (and, incidentally, England), that Russia was the only party responsible for all catastrophes recently visited upon the Ottoman Empire. The Constantinoupolis mob reacted by rushing out and taking apart every Orthodox Christian they came across.

The Sultan hoped to sick England on Russia, and failed. The Czar saw through the ruse and neutralized the British by inviting the other Powers to join him in teaching Turkey a lesson. First of all, the Czar said, Constantinoupolis and Alexandria must be blockaded. Second, the Peloponnesus must be liberated immediately. Third, the Greeks must be given the means to carry the war to Roumeli and further north. Fourth, the Danubian provinces of the Ottoman Empire must be occupied forthwith.

England neither applauded nor opposed what was obviously the beginning of a Russian descent to the Mediterranean. She merely refused to state her future policy. Experience had taught the Russians the significance of such a refusal and they feared that the British might openly ally themselves with the Ottomans. As a counter-measure, the Czar went to work on France and had no difficulty persuading her not to help England if England turned against Russia. That way England found herself isolated when Russia declared war on Turkey in April 1828. France, eager to keep her name in the news, persuaded her allies to let her send an expeditionary force to help pacify the Peloponnesus where the Egyptians, despite Navarino, continued to be active. Although she formally agreed to this, England was anxious to keep France out of the news and persuaded Mehmet Ali to withdraw his troops. The French units landed after the Egyptians had begun to leave and did not earn much glory in their pacification mission. Nevertheless, France was happy to have made the gesture. Meanwhile, the Russo-Turkish war raged on and it looked like the days of the Ottoman Empire were numbered.

The following section of the Memoirs *doesn't deal with diplomatic aspects of the Greek War of Independence. Nevertheless, the preceding explanations are not as useless as they might seem. The arrival of Governor Capodistria marks the emergence of foreign influence upon Greek politics and, to understand the games played in the Greek capital, one must be aware of the larger games played in Paris, St. Petersburg and London. Now, a few words as to how Ioannis Capodistria came to be Governor.*

The National Assembly held at Troizina in May 1827, the third since the beginning of the war, was expected to devise a system of Government that would protect Greece from experiencing again the fratricide of the preceding five years. The system which emerged was a constitutional one, with a clear separation of powers among the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary branches. The Head of

State would be a Governor who would also serve as the Chief Executive Officer with a limited veto on Parliament decisions. The Troizina Constitution flatly stated that "sovereignty lies with the Nation. All power springs from the people and is exercised for the collective benefit."

Following the ratification of the Constitution, the Assembly elected the first Governor of Greece: Count Ioannis Capodistria, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Czar of All the Russias. England was understandably livid. Still, Capodistria was the most prominent Greek alive and, from the Hellenic viewpoint, the choice made sense. The Governor arrived in Greece in early January 1828. Before that, he visited Berlin, London and Paris to persuade the European chanceries that he wouldn't be the tool of Russia and to explore the possibilities for a foreign loan that Greece was in desperate need of. He didn't succeed on either count. In Berlin he was received with indifference, in London with hostility, and in Paris with enthusiasm but with no promises for a loan. The Governor took up his duties after the Battle of Navarino and before the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War; that is to say, at a time when Greece was still at war and when Imbrahim and Kioutahi continued to be present and active in the Peloponnesus and Roumeli respectively.

Immediately upon his arrival, Capodistria decided that the Troizina Constitution was too liberal. He dissolved Parliament and instituted an autocratic system of government which remained in force for the next fifteen years.

CAPODISTRIA

Governor Capodistria arrived in Nafplion early in January 1828. All castles in the Peloponnesus were placed under his personal command, he visited Aegina and, in an impressive ceremony, was invested with the gubernatorial powers after he swore to respect the laws of the country and the Troizina Constitution.

Army reorganization and the political problem were two issues he tackled right away and he tackled the second in an original fashion by telling the deputies to go home. *For the time being,* he said, *we'll do without a Parliament. When things have settled down we'll hold a National Assembly and Parliament will be reconvened.* The deputies had no alternative and went home. The Governor swore himself in for a seven-year term but it soon became obvious he was an absent-minded man. He forgot he swore on the Constitution and began to walk all over it.

The Army was re-organized in 1,120-man units. Ipsilandis was made a Field Marshal while Tzavellas, Hatzipetros, Stratos, Kriezotis, Karatassos, Vassos, Diovouniotis, Tolias, Hatzichristos, Emorfopoulos and a few others were made Generals. After this everyone seemed to think that the Army's task was to sit around. Gardikiotis and his unit went to western Greece and sat around. Ipsilandis and 14,000 men sat around in Megara. It was as if no Turks were left in this world but, in fact, a terrific number of Turks were in Roumeli and *they* were not sitting around. Our troops busied themselves killing flies and the enemy was supposed to watch us. The infuriating thing was that the Turks had problems of their own. For example, both their Athens and Halkis camps had no supplies and we could have kicked them out almost without firing a shot. What we actually did was *pay* them to leave. This is so unbelievable I can't say anything about it.

This new method of warfare was consistent with the Governor's overall attitude. Why did you abolish the Troizina Constitution, people asked him later on. Because the European Powers wanted it, he replied. If he'd been an honest man he'd have told the Europeans: I won't go back to my country in order to ruin what my brothers accomplished with rivers of blood.

Heroic expressions were too much to expect. It was easier to focus on re-organization and efficiency. So, instead of talking back to the Europeans, the Governor dealt with administrative reform. He divided the country into provinces, appointed me Commander of the Government Forces in the Peloponnesus, and so on and so forth. In some respects, his preoccupation with orderliness did pay off. People were fed up with anarchy and when they saw how meticulous he was they thought he was God in disguise. He himself subscribed fully to this view and, in the beginning of his administration, took his divine role seriously. For about two years he handled our domestic affairs masterfully and even succeeded in training Greece to appreciate frugality. He was a remarkably frugal person. One chicken provided him with dinner for four days.

Once upon a time, there was a King who died childless. His subjects went looking for a virtuous man and a Bishop seemed like the ideal candidate. He was honest, simple and good. An old fishing-net was his tablecloth. When he was about to eat bread, his deacon spread the net out and the honest Bishop placed his crust on it and ate in this unassuming and humble way. Look at the saintly Bishop, said the people, he definitely is the kind of man we need for a King. They visited him, begged him to be their King and, brushing his objections aside, placed him on the throne. That evening, the deacon showed up with the fishing-net. The King looked at him, stared at the net and exploded. You idiot! he shouted, throwing a chair at the deacon. We starved to death all these years to catch one specific fish. Now that we caught it, you show up with the net we used in the old days? Bring me the best food and drink and may the Lord spare us from seeing that damned net again.

As I was saying, Capodistria taught Greece to appreciate frugality. But when Greece was caught in the net, he put an end to the training sessions. Meanwhile, the wolves who had been devouring the sheep before the Governor's arrival did not perish during the lean years of virtue. Indeed, both the Governor and his virtuous brothers, Viaros and Agustinos, did their best to increase the size of the pack. They appointed wolves to be stool-pigeons and paid them richly because, for the good of the country, the Governor and his brothers had to know everything that was said and done inside every Greek home.

Illustrious Governor! The Greeks whom you came to govern were thirsty for virtue and patriotism. They counted upon you to save them from all kinds of evil. They expected you to be a second Washington, a man who saved his country.

America blesses Washington's memory and will continue to do so as long as she exists. He deserves praise because he worked hard for American freedom. You, however, the Hellene, the illumined nobleman, the friend of the great men of Europe, what have you done to demonstrate your virtue? I mean, besides writing to Kolokotronis, Metaxas and their association in the Troizina Assembly asking them to elect you Governor? Which they did, and here you are.

Why didn't you raise your voice when Europe said that Greece is too barbarous to have a Constitution? Why didn't you say to the good Europeans *The Constitution of my country was drawn up with blood and tears. I can't destroy it.* If you had said this even the Sultan would have gotten the message. Are you sure that our fellow-Christians wouldn't? Suppose they wouldn't though. In that case, you shouldn't have agreed to be Governor. You should have come here as a private citizen and Greece would have hailed you as her savior because your prestige would be immense and your integrity established. That's how you could have saved Greece from the wolves. But you have not only fattened the ones we had, you imported foreign jackals on the side. We had plenty of strange animals in this zoo but not many stool-pigeons. Today, most Greeks have become stool-pigeons and were encouraged to do so by Your Excellency and your brothers. You motivated them by offering them powerful positions, fat salaries, honors, medals and decorations. They'd have been fools not to become stool-pigeons. In a sense, one must have been a fool to have fought in the war at all. *Go and beg!* is your advice to poor, honest veterans.

Brother readers, my conscience is light and untroubled. I often spoke to the Governor about these things and never failed to make him angry. When he appointed me to command the Government Forces he said he wanted justice and I told him to have me executed if the slightest accusation was ever raised against me. It didn't take him long to become great friends with Kolokotronis. The go-between was Metaxas and when the alliance was cemented things became tough for everybody who wasn't a Peloponnesian. Peloponnesians were the chosen folk, woe to Roumeliots, and Agustinos and Viaros were made responsible for all military matters.

A veteran's widow came to Argos asking for help. Her husband was an honest and brave soldier who left his family destitute. I presented her to Agustinos who, like his brother, was a bosom friend of Kolokotronis, the Most Valiant General.

I described to these two gentlemen the plight of the widow and, when I was through, Agustinos fell in a trance, pretending to think. Finally, he granted me the product of his deliberation. "All of you Roumeliots," he said, forgetting the poor widow, "ought to be skinned alive."

Knowing the man, I wasn't shocked. But neither could I contain myself. "Now that you put it so laconically," I said, "I admit you're right. When you first came to Greece, you were a private citizen. Now I see you wearing a general's uniform and I hear your ten horses neighing outside. So, I guess the Roumeliots do deserve skinning. On the other hand, we've already skinned ourselves by bringing you and your likes here."

Kolokotronis picked the moment to intervene. "Don't be so hard," he said. "We all fought in the war and today you're a high-ranking officer drawing a salary whereas I'm unemployed and receive nothing."

He had it coming and I gave it to him. "Are you complaining? Shall I pity you and your friends who have stolen so much that you're now richer than any Turkish Pasha in the good old days? Shall I feel like a prince because I receive a salary of 25 grossia a month? But what do I do with those 25 grossia? I spend them right here in the Peloponnesus! I have to eat some bread every now and then."

Kolokotronis didn't reply and, perhaps, I should have stopped. I would if I could. "Roumeli was bled white for the freedom of Greece," I continued. "Greece is free today but people like you aren't satisfied that the Roumeliots are your slaves. We're useless as slaves and that's why skinning us is a good idea. But you can't have your way in this. You can't skin us! We've already been skinned! As for you, Illustrious Agustinos, call me a Turk if you see my face again!"

That was the last time I saw him. He asked friends of mine to tell me I should visit him but I never bothered.

Little by little, our Governor began to share his thoughts with individuals whose virtue was comparable to his own. An ideal person for the Governor to confide in was Papapolitis, a great admirer of the Ottomans before the war and a close friend of the Illustrious Mavrokordatos since. "Roumeli cannot possibly be freed," the Governor said to Papapolitis, "and, besides, who needs Roumeli anyway? Those Roumeliots who are still alive are welcome in the Peloponnesus. So, why don't you bring the people from the Lidhoriki area down here too?"

Papapolitis was from Lidhoriki and promised to do his best. Other gentlemen from other parts of Roumeli promised likewise. The proposed arrangement suited the Governor just fine. Greece would extend from the Isthmus of Corinth and to the south. This enormous realm would be ruled by our Governor as prince, by Kolokotronis as generalissimo, and their friends as guardians of truth and justice. The rest of us would be given an ancient designation, helots. The concept was brilliant. Of course, its materialization dictated that we had to see our houses burned, our friends killed, and ourselves wounded, imprisoned and tortured. Considering the proposed system of government however, our sacrifices were puny indeed.

As long as the Governor behaved patriotically, honest people stood by him and the country was properly administered. But this didn't last long. Jackals surrounded him and dissension flared up. Interestingly, these were the very jackals the Governor had told me to watch. I thought he warned me because he was worried about Greece. In fact, he was worried they wouldn't follow his leadership. When he saw there was no such danger he became hand in glove with them.

"Governor," I said to him one day, "the following rats are doing the following nasty things. I'm telling you because you told me to watch them."

"What are you talking about? These are the worthiest men in Greece! I don't want to hear accusations against them!"

"I'm not accusing them. I'm simply listing the activities they're engaged in. You yourself told me to watch them. Now that you say they're solid the discussion is finished."

"Let's have dinner and I'll explain the whole thing to you."

We had dinner and he thought he did a lot of explaining. "Moreover," he concluded, "I've personally spoken to these men and they're on the right track. Be friends with them and never mind anything else except your duties."

"Fine," I said.

Things were indeed fine as long as Capodistria was concerned with the affairs of Greece. They stopped being fine when he took up factionalism. He then started digging two graves, one for our country and one for himself. Nothing remains hidden for long, pious ambitions especially, and even the newspapers began to attack him for his love of rascals and his persecution of honest men. People stopped thinking he was God and went so far as to call him a hypocrite to

his face. In a word, everybody became resigned to the fact that Greece will never have an honest government.

Ipsilandis was one of those who saw through Capodistria and refused to join the Governor's faction. "He who is not proselytized will be hunted down", Capodistria declared and no sooner said than done. It made no difference that Ipsilandis was the country's one and only Field Marshal. The Governor made his brother Agustinos a Field Marshal too and ordered him to start the machinations. The objective was simple. Ipsilandis had to be stripped of all support so that he'd be isolated and neutralized. The means were equally simple. Promote every fool in the units commanded by Ipsilandis and thus turn the fools into pawns. Remove all pawns from the Ipsilandis units, have them form new units of their own, and place the new units under Agustinos' command. There were two categories of soldiers. Those who were fools and those who were poor. With the former you used the carrot of promotion. With the latter you used the carrot of cash. When one instrument of persuasion didn't work, the other did. Nevertheless, the campaign against Ipsilandis failed. Not because the machinations were poorly executed. It failed because of the Turks.

It wouldn't have been difficult to strip Ipsilandis of his troops. But, just then, the Turks made their presence felt in Roumeli. Faithful to his principles, the Governor refused to listen to Roumeliot pleas for help and was dead against sending any troops outside the Peloponnesus. The Turks increased the pressure and Roumeliot appeals became more frequent. Actually, it was the Governor's Roumeliot friends, Papapolitis and other experts on migration, who stressed the need for some kind of action. "Patra and all the castles in that area are being reinforced," they said to him. "You really must do something about this."

I've said it before but it stands repeating.

Patra had not been taken from the Turks. Reinforcing the Patra garrison meant that the enemy was preparing an attack on the Peloponnesus. The Governor's reaction was to send Tzavellas with 1,000 men to Lidhoriki, in Roumeli. These men were Roumeliots. In fact, most of them were from the Lidhoriki area and didn't like what the Turks did to their birthplace. They discussed the matter among themselves and told Tzavelas that, whether he liked it or not, they intended to attack the enemy. Tzavellas never liked to attack anything but found himself a minority of

one. Furthermore, he was afraid the men would shave his ears off if he resisted. So they attacked and the Lidhoriki area was cleared.

Encouraged by their success, the troops, aided by the local population, attacked the enemy at Gravara and there too the Turks were cleaned out. Hearing about it, Ipsilandis, the good and brave patriot, dispatched to Tzavellas one of the units that were still under his command. This was the beginning of the end for the Roumeli Turks. The Greeks began a series of offensives starting from Karpenissi. At the same time, Ipsilandis marched out of Corinth with all his remaining units. These armies annihilated the enemy and freed eastern Greece.

Another person sincerely hated by Capodistria was General Church.

This didn't prevent Church and his men from fighting bravely all over western Greece. They cut off the Makrinoros passes, the Turkish high command couldn't send supplies to the south and all the Turkish armies in Vonitsa, Karavassaras, Messolonghi and other strongholds were forced to surrender. The only exception was the castle of Nafpaktos.

Capodistria figured this would be a sure bet for his brother to become a hero and sent the newly-created Field Marshal to wipe out the Nafpaktos Turks. The enemy refused to cooperate. The Field Marshal was accompanied by all sorts of recently promoted warriors but this made little difference to the Turks. The Governor persisted. He sent ships to blockade the castle from the sea. Our squadron was joined by a Russian man-of-war and the entire flotilla dropped anchor and waited for the Turks to surrender. The Turks were stubborn enough to refuse.

When people realized that Capodistria governed pretty much as he pleased they began to agitate for a National Assembly. Responding to the voice of the nation, the Governor supplied his lieutenants with cash and let them loose. They had to make sure that the various provinces would appoint Capodistria himself as the leader of their delegations to the Assembly. When he felt that the groundwork was complete, he made a personal appearance tour. He took Kolokotronis, Nikitas and myself and we traveled all over the Peloponnesus.

I'm speaking from first-hand experience when I say that his lieutenants had done a first-rate job and that we witnessed marvelous spectacles on that trip.

Villagers would walk for hours to feast their eyes upon the Governor and strew his way with flowers. The simple folk hadn't yet caught up with him and he paid them back with wonderful sentences. With just a few words this man could turn a beggar into a millionaire. No matter what you asked him for, he always came up with the right words. He generated so much satisfaction that most of the provinces made him leader of their delegations to the National Assembly.

When we reached Patra, all the Arta refugees who had settled there sought me out and asked me to be their delegate. I would have none of it. The word got to Capodistria who urged me to accept. I told him I wasn't good at fooling the people and that I'd be a failure as a delegate. He didn't catch my meaning, insisted some more and I let the conversation die out without agreeing.

The Arta people weren't giving up though. When the tour was over and we returned to Argos, I found a document from them naming me their delegate and, this time, I accepted. The Governor was very pleased. He invited me to his office, congratulated me and gave me 500 grossia for my expenses while the Assembly would be in session. I took the money because I was destitute.

The Assembly met in the ancient theater outside Argos. The Governor did a splendid job fixing it up, putting everything in order, and appointing Nikitas Commander of the Assembly Guard. Many delegates would have preferred this position to be filled by me but I told them that Nikitas was my brother and that, so far as I was concerned, the position was well filled. They persisted and almost started a civil war. I did my best to calm them down.

The Assembly was called to order but it wasn't really an Assembly. It was a farce. Assorted individuals who were delegates because Capodistria, in his capacity of leader of delegations, had appointed them as such, perched themselves on the tiers of the old theater and listened to the Governor talk. Since many delegates continued to ignore the real Capodistria, it was not surprising that the Assembly behaved exactly as it was supposed to. At the time, the big forces in Greece were the will of the Governor and the will of the Governor's sycophants.

One day, one of his stooges made a speech. His name was Mavros. He was a delegate from the islands, had just come back from Europe where he had been studying, and wore glasses. "We owe deep gratitude to the Army and Navy,"

he began. "They sacrificed themselves for Greece and we really appreciate it. In recognition of these services, the country has allowed the armed forces to send delegates to National Assemblies such as the present one. That's how it was in all past occasions. Only, from now on, it must cease." He continued harping on this for a few more minutes and then, turning to the Chairman, told him to see to it that things were arranged just like he proposed.

It didn't take a genius to see through this sudden concern about military delegates. Many of them didn't approve of the way Capodistria was running things and such people had to go. Plenty of officer-delegates sat and listened to this drivel but nobody stood up to say something. So I decided to say something myself.

"Mr. Chairman," I said, "I lack the necessary education to make speeches but the injustice I perceive encourages me to say a few words. Mr. Mavros is right in praising the Army and Navy. Our troops fought heroically on land and sea and Greece rewarded them by allowing them to send delegates to National Assemblies. Now Mr. Mavros proposes that this right be revoked and I can see how he arrived at his proposal. All the time we were fighting, Mr. Mavros was in Europe. He left Greece with two eyes and returned with four. He not only acquired an education in Europe, he acquired an extra pair of eyes made of glass. With his four eyes, Mr. Mavros saw that the European Powers have armies and navies and that these armies and navies do not have delegates. But Mr. Mavros failed to ask himself why. I'll tell him why. It's because foreign armed forces receive salaries and supplies from their governments. They're nothing but employees of their respective countries. In Greece, things are different. Greek soldiers have put up their lives, their rifles, their bread, their ships, their fortunes. They've turned everything over to Greece and, by so doing, liberated their country. Greek troops receive nothing from nobody and that's why they need delegates who will make sure that the interests of the troops are looked after. Greek troops were not employees of their country. They were her liberators. When justice has been done to all those who sacrificed everything then we, too, shall have regular armies like the Europeans. And since these armies will consist of employees, they shall need no delegates. This will happen in the future. It cannot happen now."

Mavros and his friends spoke to oppose me but everyone else opposed them and the proposal was killed. The Governor saw he wasted 500 grossia,

became furious and refused to see me. I persisted and, at the end, he granted me an audience.

"Governor," I said, "you've no idea about the insane proposal Mavros put up before the Assembly a couple of days ago. Can you explain to me where he got the idea that military deputies ought to be expelled?"

He looked at me and I could tell he thought I was mad.

"Well!" I continued. "Everybody in the theater was ready to jump up and kill Mavros first and Your Excellency afterwards. For some reason, they seemed to think it was your idea. Seeing their mood, I made what I thought was an appropriate speech, hinting at the end that I was carrying out Your Excellency's personal instructions. So, please make sure you keep me covered. To anybody who brings up this affair, you must say that you made me say what I said."

Capodistria was no fool. He immediately acknowledged that I had spoken according to his instructions.

"And another thing," I went on. "There's talk going around that the Assembly intends to create a Greek nobility, complete with titles and so forth. The people were ready to crucify you, me and everyone else until I assured them that Your Excellency will never allow any such foolishness to reach the floor."

The Governor expressed his satisfaction with my vigilance and, in private, ordered his stooges to stop the nonsense. They obeyed but were sorry that their plan to become masters of everything didn't meet with the success it deserved.

Minor setbacks notwithstanding, the Governor continued with parliamentary operations. Delegates whom he didn't own outright he purchased with cash. Then he instructed the newly-purchased lackeys to form a Senate and the lackey Parliament, together with the lackey Senate, governed us in the name of Justice.

But people began to wake up. Their deep slumber over, they saw the difference between Governor Capodistria and the Almighty God. They also began to view from a more accurate perspective the professed patriotism of our Governor and his friends. The patriotism in question was bound with the interests of Russia. According to the Governor's logic, those who worked for Russia were really working for Greece and those who didn't work for Russia were evil. Right away, the Governor's entourage was filled with fine Greek patriots working for Russia.

It seems that finding a truly great man is like finding a jewel of inestimable value. Great men save and deliver entire nations and, in this sense, I'm afraid Capodistria was not a great man. He didn't want the Greeks to regard him as their savior and second God. He only wanted to be the tool of a great Power. He wanted to burn incense to it and be useful. He wanted to pour one cupful of soft water into the sea hoping that, after this gesture, he could drink all five oceans. Such hopes impress me not. What I see is one measly little cup and a vast expanse of sea. What reconciliation can there be between these two?

Meanwhile, Ipsilandis was campaigning against the Turks in the Thiva area. Both sides fought bravely, and so did the Turkish reinforcements, 6,000 troops. At the end, the enemy was worn out and attempted to return to Lamia. The Greeks hurried ahead, fortified the passes and held the Turks back. The battle raged for days and, finally, a cease-fire was negotiated. The Turks were allowed to pass after agreeing to leave hostages behind. The fact that the covenant was respected does honor to our country and our country is indebted to Ipsilandis. So much for military developments.

Political developments were something else again. Capodistria could promise all kinds of things to all kinds of people, provided that these people staged his kind of a National Assembly. So far as he was concerned, the Assembly turned out perfectly. The hitch was that his promises did not. And not only that. Broken promises were followed by various dirty tricks that the Governor's men pulled all over the place.

The anti-Capodistria party, such as it was, advertised these facts loudly. Little by little, the administration acquired a black eye and Capodistria began to lose sleep over it. One day, he called me over to Nafplion and told me to make a tour of the provinces. "Go and find out how the State machinery is operating," he said. "And while you're at it, try to discover how the people feel in general."

The first place I visited was Tripolis. I saw the local governor and the town council and asked them to make a report. They did so and stated, in writing, that things were just fine. This was strange. I continued my tour and kept asking for reports. The strangeness persisted because every report stated that things were fine. It didn't take me long to see the light and I stopped putting stock in written

reports with signatures. Nevertheless, I continued to collect these papers. On the side, I collected oral complaints and made careful notes.

It didn't surprise me that most of the complaints had to do with Viaros, Agustinos and their respective stooges. I still remember some especially bitter complaints I heard in Mega Spilaio, a village between Patra and Gastouni. There's a famous monastery nearby and the villagers complained that the monks robbed them of everything they possessed. Since you suffer so much here, why don't you go and settle someplace else, I asked. My host in that village was the local priest and the answer came from his wife.

"When the Turks came back during the war," she said, "our village tried to hide in the swamp. The Turks fished us out one by one. Our bodies were covered with leeches swollen with our blood. Our children floated in the muddy water like drowned frogs. I looked like an enormous wound from all those leeches but this didn't stop the Turks. Thirty-eight of them raped me in succession. I had fainted but I was still being raped. And so was every other woman in the village." She stopped and drew a breath. "Why did I go through all that?" she said. "The leeches, the drowned children, the rape? I went through them for the sake of this country of ours. I thought that what was going on was a war for freedom and I struggled to stay alive. Now they tell me we're free and you tell me to leave my village and I try to understand what kind of freedom it is that we're talking about." She wept and I tried to console her. But, after what she told me, I couldn't make much sense. So I wept too.

My tour ended and I reported to the Governor. He got upset when he saw the complaints about his brothers and their friends and expressed doubts about the accuracy of my observations. I repeated that the provinces were in terrible shape and asked him to send someone else to make a similar tour. He followed my suggestion and sent a secretary of Nikitas. "Absolutely every single citizen," reported the secretary when he returned from his mission, "is perfectly satisfied with everything. Makriyiannis told you a bunch of lies."

Many foreign tourists visited the Peloponnesus at that time. They were interested in battlefields and other historic sites and traveled around a lot. Their love for travel presented wonderful opportunities for Greek foreign policy. As visualized by our Governor and his satellites, Greece should consist solely of the

Peloponnesus. Foreign powers should therefore be convinced that Greeks are wild beasts and totally undeserving of any freedom at all. If the Greeks are beasts, the Peloponnesus is more than enough for them.

Briefed by Capodistria along these lines, Kolokotronis and company did their best to show the world that the Greeks are indeed beasts. Kolokotronis told his men to play the bandits and to strip naked any foreign tourists they ran into. Since I was the Commander of Government Forces, I couldn't allow the honor of my country to be soiled. Consequently, to every tourist I could find, I supplied guards. In the eyes of our Governor and his brothers, this was capital treason. *How dare you provide Greek soldiers as guards to foreigners?* they asked me. I said I did it to protect the good name of Greece. They pretended not to understand, we had a serious argument, I submitted my resignation, and when it was not accepted I felt free to continue doing my duty the way I thought best.

Gordon the Englishman and some other foreign tourists visited us and the men of Kolokotronis prepared to rob them in Astros. This I discovered in advance because people loved us and told us things. I wrote to my officer in Astros telling him that the bandits were in such and such a place and that I wanted them dead or alive. My officer was under the immediate orders of the local prefect. He showed my letter to this gentleman and the prefect, who was a loyal member of the Kolokotronis gang, told him not to attack the bandits *but to warn them*. My officer did so. He found the bandits in their hideaway, woke them up, because they were stone drunk, and told them to leave. They took his advice and went to Kolokotronis in Nafplion.

Seeing neither prisoners nor corpses coming my way, I ordered my Astros officer to report to me at once. He came to Argos and I asked him how come he didn't execute my orders. He said the prefect told him not to. "I'm under his command," he said, "and I couldn't disobey him". In this he was right. He also said that the prefect told him to warn the bandits. I told him to put all this in writing and he did.

Armed with this paper, I went to Capodistria. "Your prefects," I said, "are protectors of bandits. As for the bandits themselves, and their leaders, they're right here in your capital and I'll arrest every single one of them. Furthermore, I'm fed up with your administration and I resign as of right now."

"Wait!" he said. "You can't resign! I appreciate your services far too much!" And so on and so forth. The truth was that he couldn't afford to have me resign at that moment. Too many questions would be asked.

A few days later, I received a document saying that Viaros was replaced by Rodios in the Ministry of War. Rodios too was a member of the gang but that's neither here nor there. The document ended with a statement to the effect that Nikitas was appointed Commander of the Government Forces and that Makriyiannis is recalled to Nafplion.

I went there and the Governor told me he intended to appoint me Commander of the Forces in the Aegean Islands. It so happened that these forces consisted of veteran island troops and only a rat would agree to take their jobs away from them. Besides, if such a rat could be found, the replacement procedure would probably result in a new civil war because the island troops would feel slighted. I made a formal report to Capodistria declining this new honor. I'm ill, I said, and, besides, the pay is too low. He was paying 300 grossia to me and 1,000 to Nikitas for the same rank and the same job. I'll give you as much as I give to Nikitas, he countered. No, thank you, I said. My health doesn't permit me to accept.

One detail had to be taken care of before turning my command over to Nikitas. Accounting. I wanted an official document attesting that I had as many men under me as I had been receiving salaries for. I didn't want anyone to say later on that I commanded 10 men and received salaries for 1,000. Capodistria didn't want to have the number of my men looked into. I persisted so much and so loudly that he finally gave in. My books were inspected, my men counted, and I received the document I was after.

ASSASSINATION OF CAPODISTRIA

BACKGROUND

Makriyiannis served as Commander of the Peloponnesus Forces from late 1827 until December 1830. At the beginning of this period Greece was an Ottoman province in revolt and at the end, thanks to Russia, she was an independent country.

The 1828 Russo-Turkish War obliged the Ottomans to transfer many of their forces to the Russian front. The Greeks caught their breath, went on the offensive and by September 12, 1829 — when the last battle of the Revolution was fought in Petra — all of Roumeli south of Lamia had been liberated. Only the Acropolis of Athens remained occupied by a small Turkish garrison but that, too, was evacuated shortly afterwards. In western Greece, General Church liberated all of Aitolo-akarnania, which is to say everything south of Arta.

Meanwhile, the Russians were advancing south. Their Asian army invaded Turkey from Armenia. In September 1829 their European Army captured Adrianoupolis. Constantinoupolis seemed to be next in line and the prospect of a happy Russian ending was unbearable for France, to say nothing about England and Austria. For obvious reasons, the Sultan wanted an immediate armistice and the non-belligerent members of the Holy Alliance were of such great help to him that an armistice was signed in Adrianoupolis on September 14, 1829.

Up to that point, Greece had been willing to be a self-governing territory under the suzerainty of the Sultan but her recent victories, plus the expectation of Russian backing, prompted her to demand full independence. To nobody's surprise, England declared that any other arrangement was unthinkable. Common sense! In the first place, Greece should not become a Russian satellite and, in the second place, British occupation of the Ionian Islands had to be safeguarded. Therefore, in exchange for supporting Greek independence, Britain insisted that Aitolo-akarnania be not included within the borders of the new State. The Ionian Islands were too close and proximity would make the natives restless.

The next couple of years provided ample opportunities for the different Powers to express themselves while staying in character. Russia did nothing except admire herself. Ottoman diplomacy tried to regain at the conference table what was lost in the battlefield. England did its best to ensure that Russia continued to do nothing. France was torn between satisfaction from having provided England with grief and concern that Russia might become too strong. Austria sat on the fence. The Greeks fought among themselves.

Sum total: an ideal setting for machinations on a grand scale.

On February 3, 1830, a protocol drawn up in London specified that Greece — minus Aitolo-akarnania — would be an independent country under the "protection" of England, France and Russia, with Leopold Sax-Coburg as its King. Having initially accepted the job, Leopold changed his mind because Capodistria convinced him that without Aitolo-akarnania Greece was not economically viable. Did Capodistria say this because it was true or because he wanted to remain Governor for as long as possible? No matter. With Leopold out of the picture the Powers had to look for someone else and, in the meantime, Capodistria could go on running the country.

To his dismay, Capodistria realized that running the country was not an easy job. Accustomed to the theocratic administration of Holy Russia, he was annoyed that his brother Greeks challenged his authority. A genuinely sincere and materialistically selfless man, he began to suspect that insincerity and greed are basic characteristics of the Greek soul. Pretty soon, his two brothers and a handful of cronies were the only people he trusted. Opposition grew and, within two years after the Governor's arrival, it included every big name of the Revolutionary period. These men felt, rightly or wrongly, that their struggles and sacrifices entitled them to more attention than Capodistria was willing to bestow upon them and that they had to do something about it. In July 1831, dissatisfaction exploded in armed revolt and legendary war heroes on the rebel side made prisoners out of legendary war heroes on the Governor's side. The revolt was extinguished with the help of a Russian flotilla but, on October 9, 1831, Capodistria was assassinated.

ASSASSINATION OF CAPODISTRIA

For 26 months I served as Commander of the Peloponnesus Forces and I beseech every honest reader to investigate. Let the world call me a rat and a thief if the slightest sign of graft or the faintest suspicion of robbery and injustice can be detected throughout the time when my men and I kept the peace. Also, since the investigation would be done by honest men, let them count the murders, robberies and extortions which swept the country after we were relieved.

The Governor promoted me to the rank of full General and made me a senior member of the Military Court but I wasn't good at my new job because I refused to sit in judgment of anybody. Not taking my new duties seriously was the last thing the Governor worried about because he had finally gotten himself in real trouble.

Thoroughly convinced that all his decisions were inspired by God Himself, he adopted a policy that was pure dynamite. He harassed, insulted and persecuted the House of Mavromihalis and went about it so successfully that, soon enough, the former Lords of Mani didn't have bread to eat. This wouldn't have mattered if the country was content with the way he governed. Since the country was far from content the Mavromihalis affair became the last straw. Sparta, the Peloponnesus and Roumeli rose up and loaded their rifles. The people demanded a National Assembly to draw up laws and the revolt spread to the Poros Naval Base. Capodistria reacted swiftly because Poros was too important to play games with. He sent troops and asked the help of a Russian squadron that was cruising in the area.

The British loved this mess because they had begun to worry that little Greece might become a real maritime power. When England worries about things like that she always finds paragons of virtue like Mr. Mavrokordatos, who belonged to the anti-Capodistria party. Seeing that the revolt would fail, Mr. Mavrokordatos encouraged old Admiral Miaoulis to burn the Greek fleet. This was done and England stopped worrying. Poros was destroyed, many people got killed, but the revolt was extinguished.

In the meantime, Petrobeys Mavromihalis fled Nafplion but didn't get far because they arrested him on his way south. They also arrested two of his brothers and his son Bezandes. All of them were thrown in a dungeon deep inside the castle of Nafplion. As I said, Mavromihalis was only the spark and his being in a dungeon wasn't important. It was the people as a whole who were against Capodistria, not just the persecuted family of Mavromihalis. In other words, the revolt flared up again. Needless to say, Kolokotronis, Metaxas, their association, and the fine brothers of our Governor threw oil on the fire. Eventually, Capodistria did realize where his friends and relatives were dragging him to but could no longer disengage. Still, he did make one attempt.

A man by the name of Kontakis was close to the Governor. Strangely enough, he was an honest man and told Capodistria about the significance of the Mavromihalis affair. He recommended that Mavromihalis be taken out of jail, and Capodistria agreed. He not only agreed, he even suggested that Kontakis should arrange a meeting so that the Governor and Mavromihalis could be friends once more.

This didn't jibe with the Kolokotronis way of doing things. Factions don't thrive when people are willing to be friends once more and Kolokotronis put his foot down. "Go ahead and be friends with Mavromihalis," he said. "Then you can write me off." The Governor was an egg between two converging boulders. He tried to make Kolokotronis relent but Kolokotronis would have none of it. "Choose!" he said. Reluctantly, the Governor chose and the Mavromihalis stayed in jail.

I have this story from Kontakis himself. And I have its confirmation from my own eyes. Round about then I paid a visit to the Governor and he was a sorry spectacle. "Governor," I said to him, "I did warn you that we'd reach this state of affairs. You sent me to tour the provinces, I told you about the widespread dissatisfaction and you refused to believe me. I'll say again what I often told you in the past. I respect three things, my faith, my country and yourself. You're the head of my country and you can save Greece just as you can destroy her. Even now it's not too late. Govern prudently and make friends with the important people." Somebody came in the room and I left. But I distinctly remember how sad he looked. He had reason to be sad with all those cannibals around him.

Kontakis was someone else who saw how miserable the Governor was. Realizing how fast the revolt was spreading, he asked for permission to make another try for reconciliation. Capodistria agreed and Kontakis assembled the whole pack — Kolokotronis, Metaxas, Tzavellas, Viaros, Agustinos, Spiliadis and so forth. Patiently, he explained how things stood and the dangers Greece was running. He said he had contacted the rebel troops and they wanted reconciliation. "How about it?" he said. "Shouldn't we take Mavromihalis out of prison as a gesture of goodwill?"

Everybody agreed except Metaxas who went to work on Kolokotronis and made him change his mind. Between the two of them they changed everyone else's mind and the Mavromihalis stayed in jail.

The revolt assumed alarming proportions in south Peloponnesus and the unfortunate Governor went down there to talk the people into laying their arms down. Meanwhile, back in the capital, his friends thought of a marvelous way to get rid of those who weren't one hundred percent with them. They'd exile everyone whose presence didn't please them. They were methodical about it and drew up a list with the names of all Nafplion residents whom they felt like exiling.

At the time I was living in Argos and discovered that a similar list had been drawn up for people living in that city too. Far be it from me to boast but my own name figured prominently and I wasn't prepared to take this sitting down. I armed a few friends and waited for further developments. The Nafplion List-Making Society paid a visit to its Argos chapter and was informed about my preparations. They made heroic noises, I responded with heroic noises of my own and the result was that I didn't let them exile anybody. This grieved them enormously and they sent a report to Capodistria, *Makriyiannis is organizing a major revolution* and words to that effect. The Governor rushed back to the capital and I went to visit him.

"What's all this I hear?" he said. "What are you up to this time?"

"You've got the parties confused. It's not me who is up to something. It's your friends who want to exile from the Peloponnesus everyone not born here. That, by the way, includes me."

"If the local people don't want you to stay in their land, I don't see how you can insist that you do."

"Governor, I don't understand this "local people" talk. We aren't Chinese, even though we weren't born in the Peloponnesus. Let me also remind you that when Imbrahim landed, most of the "local people" ran off to the islands or into some deep caves. It was us foreigners who came to defend the Peloponnesus. Now the "local people" want to kick us out but they'd better think twice about it. This is no longer the Peloponnesus pure and simple. It's Greece! Nobody exiles us from any part of Greece. The wounds we received in the war give us the right to claim we're more than dirty baggage."

"My God! You people fight among yourselves and then demand a Constitution. Don't you realize that as long as you keep on fighting I'll be governing you?"

"Do as you please. But I'm sorry to say that if your friends try to exile any of my friends blood will flow and let God punish the guilty. Speaking for myself, the kind of freedom we enjoy in independent Hellas makes me sick." And I left him without saying another word.

Brother readers, I swear I continued to feel warmly towards him even after this encounter. Also, aware that civil bickering had caused us enough trouble, I sat back and waited. That was not the attitude of Kolokotronis and his association. He never forgave or forgot and continued to persecute me through the Governor and the Governor's brothers. This too I bore with patience. Apparently, my patience annoyed them and they dispatched a Captain with some troops to Argos with orders to arrest me and, in case I resisted, to kill me. My friends in Nafplion warned me and, secretly, I left Argos for Nafplion. I hid for a few days and, on a Sunday morning, went to wait outside the Governor's house.

"What do you want?" he said when he saw me at his door.

"The Governor of my country."

"Don't bother me! I haven't got the time."

I replied that neither had I. Right at that moment, his friends were turning the city upside-down looking for me.

"Go away! I'm busy!"

I had to tell him I wouldn't move an inch but he shook his head and walked inside. Grasping the opportunity, his resident henchmen tried to rough me up but I didn't let them and there was a loud commotion. The Governor heard us and sent

word that I was to be ushered into the presence. "All right," he said. "What do you want?"

"I want to tell you a few things about myself and I want you to listen. I've spent my entire fortune and I've lost my farms and houses. The Turks were going to hang 26 people and I was the only one who managed to escape. They tortured me for 75 days trying to get the secrets of the *Filiki Etairia* out of me. I survived by the skin of my teeth but take a look and you'll see the five wounds I received fighting for my country. Wounds or no wounds, I kept fighting to the end and I fought with the weapons you see me carrying today. I've been carrying them since I was fifteen and the Lord has not yet disgraced them. Now you, the Governor of my country, want to do just that. So I'll help you." I placed my sword and pistols on his desk. "Here!" I said. "You can do what you please with them."

I was counting that he was no moral midget and his reaction proved me right. He approached the desk, picked up the weapons and stuck them back inside my belt. This was pleasant but I wasn't satisfied. "I don't want them back," I said, "unless you swear that you'll never again try to disgrace me." He swore, I secured my weapons and took off. That was the end of his friends' attempts to exile people.

Even though he was no moral midget, he was still Capodistria and this was sufficient cause for trouble. Just a few days after our meeting, his friends made noises about a secret society they said they had discovered. They had discovered nothing but needed an excuse after one of them got the brilliant idea that every important Greek should swear personal allegiance to the Governor.

Capodistria was much in favor of things like that and issued a proclamation that *a secret society called "Iraklis" had just been discovered and everybody should swear he had nothing to do with this society and that, on the contrary, is a loyal person.* Typically enough, everybody swore. Just as typically, I refused.

Let the anathema of Greece fall upon my head if I'd ever heard of such a society but I still refused. Instead, I drew up my own oath of loyalty and swore on that. Capodistria heard about my unorthodox behavior and cut my salary off. My family went hungry and I was forced to complain to the foreign ambassadors. Capodistria heard about that too, invited me to his office, and personally handed me my salary while examining me like a cat examining a mouse. I didn't give a damn

about that. What I did mind was being expected to swear loyalty every time some fool felt like ordering me to.

About that time, Capodistria recruited special expertise for the attainment of his objectives. The expertise in question was supplied by a special kind of man, Thanassis Vayias, one of the most lovable persons to come out of the court of that monster, Ali Pasha of Ioannina.

When Ali was exterminated by his friends, the Ottomans carried off Thanassis Vayias to Constantinoupolis and the remarkable thing about him was that he ate human flesh just like human beings eat bread. His talents had been appreciated by that renowned aesthete, his master Ali Pasha, who put Vayias in charge of the construction of the Ioannina castle. Vayias did his best to finish the castle as quickly and as efficiently as possible and motivated his laborers by throwing a few of them in the asbestos pit. The precise number of men he canonized hasn't been determined but Vayias was sure that even better incentives could be found. He experimented with punching holes through people's ears and with crucifixions but the results were not satisfactory and he had to go back to the asbestos pit.

In every other respect, Vayias possessed an unimpeachable character. For example, he fasted every Wednesday and Friday. The Church specifies that this is the correct behavior for all good Christians and, being a good Christian, Vayias was strict in his fasting habits. In other words, he would have been a perfect human being if only he were not a cannibal.

After spending some years in Constantinoupolis with the Turks, he returned to Greece, his beloved country. A man of action as well as of holiness, he arrived in Nafplion and met our Governor who was pleased to make the acquaintance of this experienced motivator.

"Tell me," said Capodistria, " how did that great man, I'm referring to Ali Pasha, of course — how did he manage to govern in his well-known, masterful way? What was the method he used to create such a marvelous little State all by himself?"

Vayias replied modestly because he felt that some of the admiration was due to himself. "It wasn't hard," he said. "Ali Pasha killed off every man of significance. He then created his own men of significance and put them in charge of things."

Capodistria always appreciated a good idea. "Just suppose," he said. "Suppose I give you some determined men. Could you do something like that here and now? We're speaking hypothetically."

Vayias was incapable of speaking hypothetically. " I certainly could!" he said.

Determined men were found and placed at the disposal of Vayías.

Unfortunately for these delicately-wrought plans, many of us knew Vayias and took formidable steps. Capodistria saw the steps, got scared, and forgot his hypothetical talk. Not being a moral midget he didn't forget Vayias.

On the contrary! He appointed him overseer of some glass-house built for the study of tomatoes, potatoes, or some other vegetable and paid him a monthly salary of 600 grossia, a sum that five war heroes put together didn't receive as pension. On the side, Vayias received specific instructions. He was told to stay in that glass-house and look at potatoes for a while. When things settled down the plan would be re-activated and all the prominent people in Greece would be dealt with like those Athenians were dealt with by Kioutahi Pasha when he murdered them at Bitolia. Once that was accomplished, our Governor and his friends could create a bigger, better and more beautiful Hellas.

Once upon a time was a gorgeous valley. It contained fine things for man to enjoy and plenty of grazing space for animals. But the valley was dominated by a horrible monster. Men could enjoy nothing and animals were afraid to graze. An evil man found a horse and described the good features of the valley. "Let me ride you," said the man to the horse, "and with your speed and my weapons we'll make short work of the monster." The horse believed the honeyed words and, thinking of grass that would soon be free, let the man ride on its back. The man secured the saddle, fixed the reins, picked up his weapons and killed the monster. "Bravo!" said the horse. "Now you can enjoy yourself in peace. Before you do that however, please take the saddle off my back so I can do a bit of grazing myself." The man laughed. "You must be out of your mind," he said. "The saddle stays where it is."

This fable reminds me of our Governor's virtues. As long as the monster had the run of the country, the Greeks fought, sacrificed their wealth, got themselves tortured or killed until, at last, Greece was free. It was to a free country that we invited Capodistria. We wanted him to govern us so that Greece would be accepted within the family of civilized nations. We wanted him to resurrect Greece and deliver us from ourselves so that we could live like decent human beings and bless his name forever. Instead, what did Capodistria do? He imported disciples of tyrants hoping they'd teach him how to be a tyrant himself. Capodistria admired *Ali Pasha*!

But there was a difference between the two. Ali did murder important people and did replace them with his stooges. However, he did it in a territory whose every inch he conquered with his sword. Capodistria never conquered anything. He was invited not to be a tyrant but the governor of a nation that sacrificed everything for freedom and yearned for order, virtue and justice. These ambitions of the uncultivated Greeks made no sense to our Governor. He didn't want to be head of a nation. He preferred to be head of a gang.

Personally, I thought the only solution was a National Assembly. Meanwhile, the situation was getting ugly and I was afraid someone would plant a bullet between the Governor's eyes. God knows he had given plenty of reasons. He insulted, persecuted, degraded or exiled at least one member of every important family. Still, I didn't think this was a good time for assassinations and did what I could to set the scene for a National Assembly. I spoke with my good friend Mitros Deligiorgis and we corresponded with other friends in every part of the country. To be on the safe side, we figured it would be prudent to hold the Assembly in Nafplion, provided we controlled the castle. Its commander wanted 2,000 thallers to deliver it to us. After taking care of all other preparatory aspects, we tried to raise this sum and I contacted Admiral Miaoulis. He agreed to go to Idhra and see what he could do. The great Houses of Idhra, the Koundouriotis, the Zaimis and so forth had been in favor of the Assembly and Miaoulis spoke with them.

Being Greeks, they had already changed their minds. "Tell Makriyiannis," they said to Miaoulis, "that the Assembly idea is out. We'll bring Capodistria back to his senses another way." I believed them and sent word to my friends that, for the time being, there would be no Assembly. Then I asked Miaoulis what this other way might be. "They'll try reconciliation," Miaoulis replied. "That's always best," I said. "Perhaps the country will be saved after all."

The civil war which followed was one of the last.

But it was very bloody. Also, it was indecisive. Some time afterwards, Capodistria talked himself into freeing the brother and the son of Mavromihalis. The point is, he didn't tell them to get out of Nafplion but allowed them to stay on in the capital where they were immediately besieged by their creditors. They paid what little they could but soon discovered they couldn't afford bread and became desperate.

I knew their situation because I had loaned 300 grossia to my old friend Bezandes, the gallant soldier of Pilos, when he was still in jail. Now that he came out, I did what I could for him but it wasn't much because I was poor myself. Still, I suspect that hunger played only a small part in what followed. The injured pride of these two men who had fought selflessly for our country didn't allow them to tolerate any longer the ridicule and insults that Capodistria and his cronies heaped upon them. So they decided to kill the Governor and, by so doing, sign their own death sentences.

They advertized their proposed insanity in advance. They told Capodistria himself. They told his brothers. They told Minister Rodios. Nobody paid them any attention and they shot the Governor dead on a Sunday morning as he was walking to church. Kostandis Mavromihalis was killed on the spot. My friend Bezandes sought refuge in the French Consulate but the Consul turned him over to the Greek authorities which set up a court and, after a speedy trial, executed him.

AGUSTINOS AND THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS

AGUSTINOS AND THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS

The Governor's assassination did not generate any immediate disturbances. His friends had him embalmed, organized an impressive funeral, and placed his corpse in the church of Agios Giorgis. Important people commit important mistakes and, in a sense, the Governor was assassinated by his own ineptitude. In another sense, it was Greece that footed the bill because, apparently, she has many sins to atone for .

Until the score is settled honest soldiers, widows and children of dead warriors, all those who made sacrifices for the common cause -- in short, practically everybody — must continue to suffer. If the Governor's mistakes cost him his life they cost Greece a return to the Kolokotronis, Metaxas, Mavrokordatos and Londos version of justice, and it kills me to think that, if Miaoulis had raised the 2,000 thallers, none of this would have happened. The Governor wouldn't have died, the civil war wouldn't have been fought, the National Assembly wouldn't have been postponed. But Miaoulis was assured that "another way" would be found. Well, it was one hell of another way.

The Provisional Government that took over was headed by Agustinos Capodistria, Kolokotronis and Koletis. All three professed to be keen for a National Assembly but it'd have to be of a special kind. Agustinos wanted to be elected Governor and sent emissaries to promise anything to anybody willing to support him. Kolokotronis didn't object to these campaign practices and the two of them went to work on Koletis. I don't know what they offered but they got him on their side.

The Assembly took place in Argos. Delegates arrived, sessions were conducted but there was little agreement on anything because everyone stayed close to his own faction and eyed suspiciously even his comrades. Still, Kolokotronis with his cronies, Metaxas with his, others with others, they all stayed together. Koletis was the only exception. In theory, he was a crony of everybody from Roumeli but wouldn't even talk to those of us who were declared enemies of Agustinos. We wanted a Constitution and since Koletis didn't care for one he kept company with Metaxas.

I had friends everywhere, watched everything, the comings and goings with Metaxas didn't pass unnoticed, so I caught Koletis and gave him a piece of my mind. "How is it," I said to him, "that you don't come to our meetings? You're a delegate of Roumeli and Roumeli wants a Constitution. Kolokotronis sticks with his friends but you don't! Be informed that I'm aware of the games you're playing! I've got people watching you and this time we aren't going to let ourselves get slaughtered. We've learned what's the right way to die and you and your games can go to hell!"

He was upset with me and complained to some Roumeli delegates about my tone. In their turn, the delegates told me that Koletis was a fine fellow. I replied I knew what I was talking about and that anybody attempting to defend Koletis' recent tricks could go to hell too. They were disturbed by this, had another round of talks with Koletis and he changed his mind. He now decided he had always wanted a Constitution.

Realizing that one of his most important supporters deserted him, Agustinos remembered he was Minister of War. With the blessing of Kolokotronis, he ordered a few battalions of the regular army to come to Argos. Nafplion was already held by troops loyal to them and it was on those troops that they placed their hopes. Secretly, they brought cannons and ammunition from Nafplion and hid them in the Argos cavalry barracks under the supervision of cavalry commander Kalergis. Thanks to my various contacts, I discovered what was going on and informed my Constitutionalist friends. They didn't believe a word and were in a fine position to do so. As Roumeliot delegates, they had arrived in Argos with two or three men each and regarded themselves a formidable force.

Seeing no other way, I took matters into my own hands and started out by taking apart Agustinos' personal guard. There were about 1,400 men under his direct orders and I persuaded every last one of them to come over to the Constitutionalist side. The problem was ammunition. We had none at all and I went broke buying a couple of cases. Wake up! I kept saying to Koletis and the others. We've got to have ammunition! Stop worrying, they replied. Instead, I worried some more. Every day I organized meetings and harangued everyone I could corral about the merits of an honest Constitution. I was haranguing some delegates when a friend of Agustinos came to tell me that, in exchange for my support, I could have

2,000 thallers in cash. Naturally, I sent the proposition and Agustinos himself to the devil.

Since cash produced no results, Agustinos ordered some men to hide inside a house past which I'd pass that evening. They punched holes through the walls, inserted their rifles through the holes, and waited. Unfortunately for them, one of the prospective assassins belonged to Agustinos' personal guard and I said what I did to that unit. He warned me about the ambush, I didn't go past the house that evening but went there the following morning, pointed at the holes and publicized the attempt all over Argos. However, I must confess I didn't impress anybody and I must also confess that Agustinos was a remarkable fellow.

When he saw that I ignored his business propositions and frustrated his attempt to assassinate me, he put me out of his mind. He concentrated upon being elected Governor and the hell with Makriyiannis. Actually, what he did was not stupid. He drew up a paper saying that the undersigned delegates agreed to make Agustinos Capodistria Governor of Greece. Then he started collecting signatures outside the Assembly and things developed as follows.

The anti-Agustinos delegates refused to sign. The pro-Agustinos delegates signed. The anti-Agustinos delegates fought among themselves over the best way to expose the Agustinos dirty tactics. The pro-Agustinos delegates didn't fight among themselves because they were too busy praying for a few more signatures. The anti-Agustinos delegates continued to fight. The pro-Agustinos delegates saw that praying didn't work, that they still lacked the required majority, so they created phony delegates and added *their* signatures to the paper. Upon further reflection, they decided that sound as this strategy might be, it'd be further improved if they also got their rifles and cannons ready.

I tried to follow what was going on and, at the same time, collected a few signatures myself. Everybody who was against Agustinos put his name down on my list and, pretty soon, I had well over 1,000 names, not counting Agustinos' personal guard. However, by then, enough phony delegates had been created and their signatures made Agustinos Governor.

He was happy to accept the responsibilities so unexpectedly thrust upon him, appointed Tzavelas Commander-in-Chief of the army, assembled his underlings,

blessed them, and advised them to stay close to him if they wanted wonderful things to happen. "The new Governor," said the new Governor, "will crack down on all insubordinate rascals. Be ready to follow the orders of brave General Tzavelas! Under the command of brave General Tzavelas, of brave Cavalry Commander Kalergis, of brave Field Marshal Kolokotronis, and of the Illustrious Ministers Metaxas and company, we shall lead this country to unheard-of glories." In fact, from what I could tell, the unheard-of glories consisted largely of the Vayias plan to exterminate all dissenters. The days of Ali Pasha would soon be with us again.

Such were the first administrative decisions of the new Governor of Greece, which is to say that dissolute drunkard Agustinos. Within the unheard-of glories framework he promised that anyone who killed a Constitutionalist officer would get the dead man's rank. In a similar spirit, he sent out a few murderers to kill Koletis for having deserted him. We found this out and rescued Koletis at the nick of time.

The new Governor didn't lose sleep over this setback. Confident that his noble aspirations would ultimately materialize, he exhorted his troops to knock us off the face of the earth. That was when he began to make serious mistakes because he had no troops to speak of. It's to my personal credit that every officer of note who, theoretically speaking, belonged to him felt like a brother towards me. I could rattle off names for hours but shall only mention Deligiorgis, Panas, Farmakis, Pinios, Athanassiou, Gourgakis, Bousgos, Triantafillainas, Kalatzis and Dramalis. All of them, and many others, continued to proselytize large numbers of Agustinos' troops without his catching on to what was happening.

The test took place one day when I was talking with Kriezotis at his house. Agustinos issued a sudden order and unleashed what he thought was his cavalry, infantry and artillery upon my house. God willed that there were a few friends in the neighborhood who undertook to defend my walls. At the same time, brave General Tzavelas, the new Commander-in-Chief of the army, attacked the bazaar district where Kriezotis and I were talking. We were exchanging shots when someone told me that my house was under attack. I rushed over and joined the fracas. It wasn't much of a fracas though and pretty soon everyone went home.

The new Governor was furious that his orders hadn't been carried through. He ordered his troops, in the clearest possible terms, to get me at any cost. The troops did nothing of the kind. They shot their rifles in the air and when the new

Governor asked them why they did not knock me off the face of the earth they replied that this was not the way to treat delegates of Greece and their own superior officers. Following which, Agustinos was stupefied to see his men abandoning him and coming over to our side.

But he wasn't finished. He lost the regular army but still had plenty of scoundrels. With their help, he captured half of the city, from the bazaar and as far up as the castle. The other half was held by us. The gallant supporters of the new Governor lost no time in displaying their credentials. They looted every single house on their half of the city and the poor inhabitants fled to us. I swear to God not a hair was stolen within our sector.

With the city divided in half, we fought for a few days and nights. About 360 people got killed and we couldn't overwhelm our opponents because they were constantly receiving reinforcements. Finally, we made a truce and it was agreed that we Constitutionalists could withdraw to Corinth. That was the beginning of the end for the new Governor.

In Corinth we formed a Government of our own. It was headed by Koletis, Koundouriotis and Zaimis but couldn't stay there because the castle was held by a garrison loyal to Agustinos. I was sent to Perahora to find out if the local people would allow us to install our Government in their midst. We were welcomed with open arms, the Government was transferred, and some of our units, commanded by Kriezotis and Vassios, went to Megara where they were received with comparable enthusiasm. The inhabitants of Perahora couldn't have been kinder to us. It was an exceptionally heavy winter and they took us in their houses and fed us and looked after us in every way imaginable. "We prefer to starve," they said, "rather than see you go hungry. You should be strong because you're trying to bring law and order to this country." After we got more organized, the Government seat was moved to Megara, a more central location. The number of our sympathizers grew and, inevitably, there was fighting between our forces and those of Agustinos. The country was laid waste and the finest young men were killed in the process.

Agustinos understood that we weren't joking about the Constitution. Wishing to wipe us out, he ordered his remaining supporters in the Elefsis, Salamis and Metohi areas to join the Corinth garrison in an all out assault. Our side reacted by

sending me to occupy Derveni and intercept them before they could join forces. This was discovered by our opponents and they forgot about the assault.

We, however, didn't know it. For eleven days and nights we stayed dug in the snow, waiting. Two thirds of our troops became seriously ill and I myself almost died. Later, when we returned to Nafplion, the doctors tortured me for close to four months with their instruments and the stuff they made me drink. Although I'm still not sure about what happened, I believe the trouble started with my back which, years before, had been broken during the siege of the Acropolis.

Shortly afterwards, we were visited by some envoys of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers. They told us that Europe recognized Agustinos as Governor and that, if we were smart, we'd recognize him too in one damn quick hurry. If we didn't, we could rest assured that the Great Powers would demolish us. The message was too disgusting for rhetoric, so we used few words in our reply. "Demolish to your heart's content," we said. "We've had enough of the Capodistria family. If you don't like our attitude, you have our permission to attack us. And in the event that you and the new Governor don't attack us at once, *we* shall attack *you.* Please recall that whoever is soaked to the bone doesn't mind a little rain. Now, go away!"

The envoys returned to their superiors and reported. Agustinos, Kolokotronis, Tzavelas and Metaxas were informed of our reply and got angry enough to put together a Military Court which condemned us all to death. Having eased their conscience in that respect, they sent us another envoy, a Bavarian teacher by the name of Thirsch.

"I was sent to tell you to lay your arms down," said Thirsch after he spent a few days with us. "Now that I've come to know you, I'm telling you to do nothing of the kind. Practically everyone on Agustinos' side is a scoundrel and a thief. All the peasants who live in Agustinos' territory have been robbed mercilessly. I've looked over your own territory and saw with my own eyes that everyone is pleased and happy. Peasants cultivate their lands and tend their flocks and nobody bothers them. I shall now go back and report to the Ambassadors what I've seen. Moreover, I shall speak to the peasants and advise them to come over to your side. My counsel to you is that, after a few days, you should start marching towards Nafplion with olive-branches in your hands."

To a considerable extent we did follow his advice. Three days after he was gone, we left Vassios in command of the Megara area and the rest of us started south for Loutraki. Like Thirsch said we should, we carried olive-branches in one hand and, like he didn't say, rifles and swords in the other. Koletis joined us in Loutraki and we were about to go bed when we learned that the Isthmus fortifications had just been occupied by the Agustinos forces. Kalergis commanded the cavalry, Nikitas the infantry, and they fired a few shots to scare us.

It was a sorry business. There we were, consumed by love for liberty, like Leonidas preparing to fight the Persians, and whom were we supposed to fight? Our own brothers! Our flesh and blood, our former comrades in the great war — Nikitas the Turk-eater, Kolokotronis the destroyer of Dramali Pasha, Kalergis the brave warrior of the Pireas Campaign.[13] Sad though it was, it couldn't be helped and we went to sleep.

Early in the morning, about 150 of our troops who had started late from Megara, arrived at the Isthmus and were attacked by more than 5,000 of our opponents. Seeing what was about to happen, we threw away Thirsch's olive-branches, transferred the swords from left to right hand, and joined the battle. Only this wasn't a battle. It was a prisoner-taking operation and most of our opponents were captured. I had about 50 of them surrounding my horse and begging me to stop our troops from robbing them. My heart bled because I knew every one of them by name and I cursed the evil fortune that made brothers fight and rob their brothers. I tried to get the prisoners' clothes back because most of them were stripped naked. Kalergis and Nikitas fled south and reported to Kolokotronis and Tzavelas, the Illustrious Commanders. That done, all of them together fled to Karitaina.

We met no further resistance around the Isthmus. We spent the night in Agios Vassilis and the following day found us in Argos. The people welcomed us with much enthusiasm, singing and dancing. To a large extent this should be

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The recently imported geniuses who, up to that time, had been studying in Europe, do not, of course, count. That scum didn't come back to Greece to fight for liberty. They came fortune hunting and who gives a damn about them.

attributed to the discipline we displayed all the way to Megara and back.[14] The new Governor and his Most Valiant Commanders were kept informed of our advance and almost died from rage. Furthermore, the people of Nafplion pressured Agustinos to resign. He advised them not to be ridiculous but they increased the pressure. Finally, he saw the light and, with a heavy heart, resigned.

The Nafplion people held a meeting and formed a coalition Government consisting of Kolokotronis, Boudouris, Zaimis and Metaxas. Our side objected because Kolokotronis, Zaimis and Boudouris were the most double-faced individuals on earth. No agreement had been reached when we left Argos and proceeded towards Nafplion. In the first suburb, we found Thirsch and the Ambassadors and they asked me to look after Kalergis' house which was used as the State Treasury. I guarded it for 16 days and nothing was missing when I turned it over to the authorities. I wasn't after cash or real estate. I wanted a Constitution, peace, law and order. For such treasonable ambitions, Kalergis and his friends reduced my own house in Argos to rubble. Then, in order to teach me an additional lesson, they sentenced me to death because I wouldn't let Agustinos murder me.

The Ambassadors mediated between the two sides. Some kind of Government had to be formed but nobody agreed with anybody. At the end, the Ambassadors invited us to send Koletis, some other politicians and a few army officers to Nafplion. The idea was to meet with our opponents and arrive at a solution. I was a member of this committee and when we entered the city I was happy to see that the inhabitants cheered us. The recently-deposed Governor was looking down from a window and was fit to burst. We saw the British and French Ambassadors, Dawkins and Rohan, and argued with them for a couple of days over the composition of the new Government. At the end, agreement was reached — Koundouriotis, Koletis, Zaimis, Metaxas, Ipsilandis, Koliopoulos and Botsaris. My friend Grivas and I were sent to Idhra and we brought back to Nafplion old Koundouriotis. Just then, Agustinos decided there wasn't much point in staying in Nafplion any more. He took his brother's corpse and went onboard a Russian ship. He was expecting for his faction to win the final round so that he could return triumphantly.

14

I don't mean to say there were no scoundrels on our side. There most certainly were. But not many. That made all the difference.

Despite the fact that a new Government had been formed and that it enjoyed popular support, Agustinos wasn't being totally foolish. He still had capable scoundrels working for him and they refused to give up. For instance, they imported into Nafplion the best assassins from all over the country. They went about it with great care and thought that nobody was watching the houses of Zaimis, Metaxas and Kolokotronis. In this they were wrong because my friends and I were watching them day and night. Matters were complicated further because the Government hadn't yet replaced either the civil or the military authorities and all the key positions continued to be held by Agustinos appointees. Add to this the imported assassins and you get the picture.

When I amassed sufficient evidence, I asked Koundouriotis to accompany me on a visit. The two of us went to see Zaimis, a member of the Government no less, and I told him he was hiding assassins in his house.

"You're out of your mind!" he replied. "You don't know what you're talking about! Hiding assassins indeed! That would have been your own technique!"

"You hit me where it hurts! It *is* my technique! That's how I've operated all my life! Don't be fooled though. I may be good at making jokes but I'm no good as a sitting duck. Tomorrow morning I'm getting out of Nafplion and let the imbeciles around here go on believing you're not hiding assassins."

"Just a moment!" said Koundouriotis. "Are you sure, but *absolutely* sure, that your accusations against Mr. Zaimis are one hundred percent correct?"

"Go to hell, old Koundouriotis!" I said and walked out.

A routine meeting of the Government was scheduled for the following morning and the assassins occupied the houses surrounding the Government building. They started bringing in weapons and ammunition and discovered they were short of rifles. Kalergis, the ex-Cavalry Commander, took it upon himself to do something about it. He went to the National Arsenal, whose commander was an Agustinos man, and began to send rifles out.

Contrary to what I said to Zaimis, I didn't leave Nafplion. Instead, I spied on everybody and got wind of what was going on. I let a few dozen rifles get out of the arsenal and, just as the men carrying them approached the Government building, I had them arrested. The rifles were concealed under some suspiciously long capes the men were wearing. I went into the Government building and insisted that the Cabinet break up their meeting and come out. They saw what was about to happen

and finally got the message. Orders were issued and all the civil and military authorities were replaced. For the time being, it looked like we had saved our necks.

Koletis was the most prominent politician among the Constitutionalists and his shares went up considerably after this incident. Nonetheless, the administration was so permeated with the cronies of Agustinos there was widespread fear that a similar trick might be pulled again. We therefore asked the French to help us. They had a number of garrisons in the Nafplion area, leftovers from the days when they encouraged Imbrahim to evacuate the Peloponnesus and, thanks to them, Nafplion enjoyed peace and order. This is something the Nafplion area shouldn't forget because the rest of the country went through hell until the arrival of King Otto.

Real trouble began when the news spread that Greece would soon be a Kingdom. Up to that point, and may the Lord punish me if I'm telling lies, the Constitutionalists were a group of naked, hungry men clamoring for law and order, and the nation responded by offering everything it possessed so that these holy ambitions could materialize. For a while, members of the Agustinos faction continued to expect an eventual victory but when they saw that this wasn't in the cards, they forgot the faction, remembered themselves and, suddenly, Greece was flooded with Constitutionalists.

Everybody had always been a Constitutionalist. Crooks and robbers who had supported Agustinos now trumpeted their Constitutionalist feelings and even Tzavelas proclaimed he had been a Constitutionalist from way back. He had *pretended* to be Agustinos' Commander-in-Chief. The question is, why the sudden switch. Two answers. First, nobody wanted to be on the wrong side of the fence when the King got here. Second, if you were a Constitutionalist, villages welcomed you and when a village was done welcoming you, you plundered it.

Seldom before had Greece witnessed plundering of such scope, thoroughness and cruelty. Those of us who didn't subscribe to this type of fund-raising tried to stop it but it was of no use. Plundering became the national way of thinking. My unit and I were in Tripolis at the time and, in that area at least, I managed to preserve peace and order. That is to say, until I fell ill again and had to be carted off to Nafplion because some kind of stone was formed inside my stomach. The doctors said I owed it to those 11 days I spent in the snow outside

Megara but I was past caring about causes. I was in bed, hurting like the devil, when I learned that some hypothetically Constitutionalist troops invaded Perahora, the very first settlement to receive us. The troops rounded up all the inhabitants and tortured them. The preferred form of torture was gouging out of eyes.

After I had somewhat recovered, I returned to my unit in Tripolis. One day, a Government inspector arrived to see whether I was actually commanding as many men as I was reporting every month. It was common practice for unit commanders to increase the number of troops in their monthly reports so that they could pocket the difference between the sum the Government gave them for salaries and what they actually paid out.

Knowing this, and knowing that the inspector knew it, I lined up my men in his presence and said to them: "God damn the soldier who won't tell the truth about when he first joined this unit. Let all hell break loose upon the head of the man who stands in this line for the first time today so that the inspector will count him in." They all swore they had been with me for a long time and the inspector counted them one by one. He then noted the fine example we were setting in a document of thanks, which he gave to me, and in a report he sent to the Government.

Some time later, the Government announced that every soldier would receive a bonus of fifty silver pieces. My unit was to get paid in Sparti and we went there but didn't get even half of what was due to us. My second-in-command and I went to Nafplion to complain and we saw the Illustrious Metaxas who was the Minister responsible for troop salaries. We showed him the document the inspector had given us together with numerous letters of thanks written by citizens in our area of jurisdiction. We said this proved that we maintained law and order instead of looting the people like so many others did. The Illustrious Metaxas sighed. Why don't you face the facts? he said. *The reason you didn't loot is because you're cowards!*

It was this sort of thing that made me sit down and learn the alphabet. These are the people who govern us, brother readers! Consequently, don't be surprised by the gradual destruction of our country.

Koletis was pleased with the way his Government was administering the Peloponnesus. In fact, he was pleased enough to think it was high time Roumeli

began to enjoy the benefits of his being at the helm and sent to Messolonghi a scoundrel by the name of Yagos Soutsos who prepared the ground by organizing a few sorely-needed gangs. When everything was ready, he sent word to Koletis who dispatched Gardikiotis to Messolonghi. Gardikiotis and his blackguards played a trick on the City Council, were let inside the walls, and they robbed and disgraced the citizens to such an extent that Messolonghi thought fondly of the good old days under the Turks. In comparison, the meanest Pasha was a gentle lamb.

Never sparing himself a moment's rest, Koletis sent Grivas to Tripolis and the fellow turned out to be a hurricane. Although I broke up his unit and left him with no more than 350 men and still chased him all over the place, he had the genius not only to escape me but to give the locals a stiff dose of the Messolonghi medicine. He put women in sacks and threw wildcats inside, he murdered people and tortured others. I claim no credit for throwing him out of Tripolis. It was the Peloponnesians themselves who did it.

The gist was that Greece accomplished little by getting rid of Agustinos. The new Government was as full of deceit and falsehood as the old one. A National Assembly had been proclaimed but the Government did its utmost to postpone the opening session and the delegates just sat around. Finally, even they got tired and the Constitutionalist delegates made a deal with the anti-Constitutionalist ones and opened the Assembly by themselves on July 14, 1832.

Ending the Civil War was the first item to be taken care of. Both sides agreed and wrote their followers to stop fighting. The second item was to invite a king to come and take over the country. Both items were enthusiastically accepted by an almost unanimous vote and people went so far as to hope for better days. While congratulating themselves, they took time off to appoint Nikolis Zervas to the command of the 400-man Assembly Guard. This was a capital mistake. Zervas was a loyal follower of Koletis.

Strange as it may sound, most of the delegates were sincerely concerned about justice and order, about how to protect widows and orphans, how to safeguard the power of the King, and how to organize the Parliament that would advise him.

In the opinion of those who, besides being delegates, were also Cabinet Ministers, all this concern for justice and order was misplaced. Their own concern was how to continue being Cabinet Ministers. They searched around, discovered a few more who shared their point of view and, all of them together, began to scheme about how to prolong the Assembly's duration. Thirsch showed up one day, explained to me that he was all for prolongation and that I should feel the same way about it. I sent him to the devil and told him that I no longer wanted his friendship now that I saw what a double-faced rat he was.

Having discovered the prolongation plan, I tried to drum up sufficient opposition to bury it. My efforts were crowned by resounding failure because the affair was impeccably organized. Everybody who was anybody was for prolongation and nobody stopped to think that this could go on forever. Finally, to make the whole thing air-tight, they paid 20,000 silver thallers to the Commander of the Assembly Guard, Zervas, the loyal follower of Koletis. Zervas let the delegates assemble one day and then arrested them en masse. Any delegate wishing to be set free had to swear allegiance to the prolongation faction.

We were on the brink of still another civil war and all sides hurriedly decided to send a Committee, consisting of Miaoulis, Koliopoulos and Botsaris, to bring the King to Greece. The army, which didn't like the composition of this team, appointed a different Committee, consisting of Deliyiannis and myself, and sent us to talk things over with the first Committee. To finish this business as fast as possible, Deliyiannis and I told the others to go and fetch the King without any further delay. The three of them left and the army was furious that we let them go without making trouble. If one listened to the troops, every single citizen of Greece should have sent a delegate to represent him personally.

Another thing to be done before the King's arrival was to approach Kolokotronis and his association. He was in the Kiveri area and we thought that he and his men ought to come down from the mountains. The entire Greek army should be in one place and should be commanded by a Central Military Committee. It wouldn't do to have the King disembark and see the Greek army robbing the Greek people. Botsaris, Valtinos and I went to Kiveri, talked with Kolokotronis, agreed on everything, formed the Central Committee, and distributed the troops among the various villages. The Committee itself was stationed in Argos and

Kolokotronis, together with his principal officers, went there. They had scarcely arrived when Greece almost declared war on France.

Governor Capodistria was still alive when some bandits robbed a few Frenchmen in Messinia. In addition, a French officer was murdered and the French Military Command asked for satisfaction. Just to show it did something, the Greek Government punished the Messinia Military Commander but the real culprits were never bothered. This was interpreted correctly and a great number of fresh robberies took place.

One day, the Argos Military Committee had to send a message to the Government in Nafplion and two of the Kolokotronis officers, Tzokris and Stratos, were picked to deliver it. Tzokris wore the sword of the murdered French officer and the French garrison in Nafplion recognized it. They picked Tzokris up to ask him where he found it. The news of his arrest was flashed in Argos.

Yennaios, Tzavelas and the rest were offended that a member of the Kolokotronis association was arrested. They visited Botsaris, Hatzichristos, Kriezotis and other non-members of the association to express their indignation. When they were through, it made no difference if you were a member of the association or not. What mattered was that a Greek had been slighted by foreigners and those Greeks who hadn't been personally offended talked themselves into believing that they were most grievously offended indeed. They had to make war on all Frenchmen and, specifically, on the French units garrisoned around Nafplion.

The local heroes didn't pause to reflect that the French were a powerful nation, members of the European Alliance, perfectly equipped with cannons, gunpowder and a well-organized army. The very last thing they thought about was that their own troops had no more than ten rounds of ammunition each. Instead, they were furiously preparing themselves when I happened to arrive in Argos on my way back from Corinth. They caught hold of me and made me speeches about the nobility of their cause.

"It seems to me," I said, "that you want to commit suicide. Why don't you send someone to Nafplion to find out why Tzokris was arrested in the first place?"

"What's this nonsense?" said Tzavelas. "There's no need to do anything except smash the French. What's more, you're coming along to do a little smashing yourself."

Their mood scared me. I was all alone and couldn't argue with them. It was clear they wouldn't hesitate to blow my brains out if I continued to oppose them. While I was chewing on these facts, they drew up a document saying that all Greek military authorities agreed to attack the French. They said I had to sign this right away and, having no choice, I declared there was nothing I wanted more. While they were struggling with that confounded piece of paper, I slipped out, found a place to spend the night and examined it carefully because I didn't intend to participate in that folly. If they insisted I would much rather shoot things out with them, which is why I went on examining that room. When I was through, I figured I might as well give another chance to logic and reason. I sent out messages and was soon joined by Kriezotis, Hatzichristos and other officers.

"Brothers," I said to them, "what is this foolishness that has come over you? Are you serious about attacking the French? Do you really believe Greece will have a chance to be a free country after such an exhibition of lunacy? Suppose Kolokotronis and his friends have a private quarrel with the French! Should our entire country pay for it?" This sounded like a good introduction and I turned to the younger officers in the gathering. "Brothers," I said, "let's assume that we, your superiors, have suddenly gone insane. Does this mean that our disease is contagious? Where do *you* propose to live? What will be the name of the country whose officers you'll call yourselves? It won't be "Greece" because that name will be erased from the maps." This made a greater impression than I had expected and I cut the rhetoric short. "Do what you please," I said. "Personally, I don't agree with this attack. If it comes about, I'll be on the French side."

The junior officers jumped on Hatzichristos and Kriezotis and, in no time at all, the word went out that non-members of the association no longer agreed with the attack plans. Kolokotronis wasn't impressed and had his troops begin the march. We did the same but went further. We entered Nafplion and spoke to the French commanders. I explained how matters stood but they already knew what was going on and were getting ready to welcome the attackers. However, their preparations were wasted. By the following morning, Kolokotronis had thought the matter over and didn't attack.

Still, trouble-making was in our blood. A few days later, Kriezotis and Tzokris quarreled with some Frenchmen in Argos. The Greeks were many, the French few, and the Greeks felt free to provoke the French. All told, about 350 people got killed that day. The Government ordered me to take Deligiorgis and Panas and pay a visit to the French commanders. We told them how sorry the Government, the Assembly delegates, and the entire population of Nafplion was for the mad behavior of those fools. After listening to our sincere apologies, the French calmed down. We, however, did not. We brought all those hot-headed idiots to Nafplion where we could beat them over the head if they tried something funny again but the fierce heroes turned into cherubs and never stirred.

Somebody else did though. Subtly encouraged by his politician friends and his own evil spleen, the Illustrious Mr. Zografos, a Minister of the Greek Government, issued a proclamation: *The entire Greek army, from the Generals down to the lowest soldier, consists, without exception, of desperate robbers and dedicated thieves.* This good man was making a distinction between black and white sheep. He and his politician friends were, without exception, white. The soldiers were, without exception, monsters. Mr. Zografos felt that such distinctions could be useful now that the King was coming. The monarch ought to know who was what and Mr. Zografos was anxious to help the King make up his mind.

So far as the politicians were concerned, the sword of Tzokris, the fight with the French in Argos and the Zografos proclamation bore some tasty fruits. Since politicians were now certified white and we were certified black, every scoundrel in Greece became a politician and came to Argos.

Under the protection of the French, our professional politicians armed the town grocers and appointed them to be their guard. Simultaneously, the French Military Command forbade all Greek officers to carry arms. One day I went downtown with a servant behind me carrying the sword I was no longer allowed to wear. We came across a French patrol which asked for my sword. The servant refused to let go of it but I took it and handed it over myself. Then I found Klonaris, a friend of mine who spoke good French, and we went to the patrol headquarters.

I asked Klonaris to translate literally, took a deep breath and began. “I would very much like to know,” I said, “which barbaric nation suffered at Greek hands what Greece suffers from France today. Don’t French soldiers have any respect for the

blood we shed on the ground they're now treading? The French have taken our weapons away and thus transformed Greek soldiers into women. Is this the proper way for a powerful nation to treat a weaker one? The French have seen to it that grocers and bakers serve as guards of our Government. The sword of a grocer affords our Government with ample protection whereas the swords of Botsaris, Fotomaras, Hatzichristos and Kriezotis do not. Consequently, the swords of heroes are confiscated and thrown into dingy storehouses. The Turks didn't succeed in conquering our weapons but, thanks to the French, the Nafplion storehouses did. Well then, we had enough! Today, this very evening in fact, we shall settle the account with the white sheep described by Zografos in his proclamation. Since all of us bandits will die, we invite you Frenchmen to come and help finish us off."

The patrol commander tried to stop me from leaving but I was too fast for him. Klonaris explained what happened with my sword and the Frenchman went to his Ambassador. The Ambassador sent Klonaris to calm me down and, ten minutes later, two French Generals, accompanied by all their officers, came to my house. One of the Generals was carrying my sword and they all said "pardon" to me. But I refused to take it back.

"This sword," I said to them, "can't be compared with the swords of Botsaris, Fotomaras, Hatzichristos and the others. Give back the arms of all Greek officers, allow them to carry them without your patrols asking questions, tell the patrols to present arms when we go past, because we *are* generals ourselves, do all these things and, also, disarm the grocers. Then come back and talk to me about my sword. It's not my personal honor that has been offended. It's the honor of Greece!"

They agreed to everything. They disarmed the grocers and returned all weapons to our officers. I accepted my sword back, offered drinks to the Frenchmen and they invited me to have dinner with them. The more I think about it, the more it seems that the gallant behavior of those particular Frenchmen was an exception to the rule. It really surprises me that France didn't want to walk all over the Greeks. This, so far as I know, is not the way of foreigners.

The Almighty God took pity on Greece and resurrected her from the death of slavery. But the ways of the Lord are not the ways of the foreigners who spared themselves no effort to eat up Greece, destroy her, erase her name forever. Why

should that be so? What has Greece done to the rich, strong, influential men of Europe?

Likourgos, Plato, Socrates, Aristidis, Themistocles, Leonidas, Demosthenes, the forefathers of the Greeks, the forefathers of humanity, struggled to illuminate the world by showing what is the meaning of virtue, patriotism and wisdom. For ages now, these great men, these glories of mankind, have been living in the dark land of the dead, weeping for the misfortunes of their small country. When they let out their last breath, Greece let out her last breath too and her name lost its former splendor. Our forefathers didn't try to amass fortunes which are vain and brittle things. Instead, they tried to bring light to humanity. They tried to clothe man with virtue and rid him of evil behavior and base thoughts. They were content to be teachers of truth.

Today, modern Europeans, the presumed students of our forefathers, choose to pay us, the sons of their teachers, with a strange sort of currency. They teach us how to be evil and dissolute but, at the same time, continue to pay lip-service to the immortal thoughts bequeathed to the world by our ancestors. We shouldn't blame the Europeans. They teach us only what they themselves know best.

We were a handful of descendants of the Ancient Greeks. No guns, no ammunition, sometimes not even food. But we stripped the mask off the face of the Grand Seigneur, the Sultan. It was this mask which, for so many years, had scared the Europeans. The strong, rich, illumined Europeans used to pay taxes to the masked man and called him "Grand Seigneur" because they were too afraid to call him "Sultan".

After the Greeks fought the Sultan and killed hundreds of thousands of his best troops, they had to fight the Christian Europeans too. During the first years of the war, the Greeks fought the Sultan with one hand and the craftiness, deceit and lies of the Europeans with the other. Europeans supplied Turkish castles we were besieging and no one should think we have forgotten. It is, however, possible that the Europeans acted wisely. It's possible they knew how far we'd go if they had not supplied those castles. Perhaps there would have been a real Grand Seigneur, and he'd be Greek. But anyway.

We won the war and our independence. We even won the privilege of having European Ambassadors in our midst. These Ambassadors are of great help in our own efforts to fabricate bigger and better factions. Dawkins wants us to be English. Rohan wants us to be French. Katakazy wants us to be Russians. At this rate, there will soon be no Greeks left. The Europeans have made monkeys out of us all. They call the tunes, we dance, and they have the nerve to tell us we don't deserve the liberty we won despite the European supplies that went into those Turkish castles. We expected different things from Europe. Newly-born infants are not wise. They become wise with careful rearing and instruction. All I'll say is that the type of rearing and instruction we've received leaves much to be desired.

Merciful Lord! Only You will bring Greece back to the light! Your justice and strength will resurrect the old glories because it is Your decision that the name of Greece should shine once more, that the religion of Jesus be revived, that honest men should walk the earth again. As for you, great ancestors — Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristidis, Leonidas — don't pride yourselves for the things you did and for which humanity admires you. You had plenty of help in everything you accomplished! Your soldiers helped you, your politicians helped you, your philosophers showed you the path of virtue. They provided virtue, you provided bravery and patriotism, and that's why you earned undying glory. Just imagine though! Imagine yourselves being helped by Mavrokordatos, Zaimis, Koletis and Metaxas. Imagine being helped by those who want England, Russia, France, or Austria. Imagine a thousand factions and civil wars. Imagine where you'd be with Zografos classifying you into angels and bandits. We had all that help. It's our only excuse but it's a powerful one.

OTTO

BACKGROUND

Capodistria was assassinated in October 1831. The London Protocol of May 7, 1832 signed by England, France and Russia established Greece as an independent Kingdom under the protection of the three Powers. The throne was offered to the 17-year old Prince Otto and accepted on his behalf by his father, King Louis I of Bavaria. The July 21, 1832, Treaty with the Ottoman Empire specified the new Kingdom's frontiers: the Arta-Lamia line to the north and some of the Aegean Islands. Despite British grumbling, Aitolo-akarnania was included within the Greek borders and the Ottoman Empire, which repudiated all claims on that area, was compensated with 40 million piasters. Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia, Thrace, Lesvos, Hios, Samos and Crete remained under Ottoman rule and the Ionian Islands remained under the British.

The chaos and anarchy between the assassination of Capodistria in late 1831 and the arrival of Otto in February 1833 cost more lives and more money than the entire War of Independence. Everyone hoped that evil days were a thing of the past now that the young, handsome King disembarked at Nafplion in the midst of general rejoicing.

But there were wrinkles.

Louis, King of Bavaria, was an aesthete, a romantic, a theoretical philhellene, a sex-maniac and a doting father. At his insistence, the Powers secretly agreed to restrain the Greeks from instituting any type of constitutional regime because, as a doting father, Louis didn't want his son to get embroiled in the sort of problems that led to the assassination of Capodistria. In this connection, it must be stressed that the Greeks were never told that their King was under no obligation to rule them on the basis of any document guaranteeing even the most fundamental individual rights.

Otto was a minor and his father provided him with a five-man Regency Council, and with 5,000 Bavarian troops. Three of the five Regents are not mentioned at all in the Memoirs. *The fourth played a small role and the fifth a very major one. The small role belonged to General Heideck, the Bavarian officer who,*

after the failure of the Pireas campaign, encouraged Makriyiannis to prepare an assault on Attiki. Heideck enjoyed the confidence of King Louis who used him as his man on the ground. Nevertheless, his contribution to Greek affairs remained minimal.

By contrast, there was nothing minimal about the fifth Regent, Count Armansperg. President of the Regency Council, strong-willed, crafty, greedy and ambitious, he had two beautiful daughters one whom would be, according to his calculations, the first Queen of Greece. He quickly dominated his colleagues and, between 1833 and 1837, when Otto came of age, he was the undisputed master of Greece.

During these four years, all power was formally vested in different Bavarians. The Regents did much in the legal and administrative domains but the one thing they did wrong offset everything they did right. While reorganizing the army, they failed to induct some 30,000 veterans, most of whom came from territories occupied by the Ottomans. Deprived of all means of support, these men were reduced to misery. Many fled the country and others became brigands.

The veteran issue was a burning one and refused to go away.

Today, our country which was dead and lost is born again! Every Greek has come alive! Eternal God, let Your holy name be blessed! Our King arrives today!

His ship anchored in Nafplion at the end of January 1832. General Heideck was among the first to come out and, being an old friend, stayed at my house. He told me about the King's many virtues and how the hopes of honest patriots would now be realized. The King disembarked on February 6 and, with a big procession, went to church and then to his palace. He sat on his throne with Armansperg on his right and the other Regents and all the important Greeks on his left. "Hellenes!" said the King. "Despite my youth, I left the warm embrace of my parents and came here to fight by your side. I want nothing but obedience and to see that you love one another. Do these two things and I shall make you happy."

Since nobody seemed prepared to answer him I stepped forward. "The grace of God," I said, "strengthened us and freed us from the Sultan's tyranny. Today we're allowed to feast our eyes upon our King. It's our duty to obey and protect your royal person with our lives. May Your Majesty's justice rescue us from our difficulties. Long live our King and our foreign benefactors!"

After we left the palace, the King and the other Regents asked Heideck my name. He told them and spoke favorably about me. Then he came to my house and gave me a full report. "I've been sent by the King," he concluded, " and he wants to know what personal favor do you want."

Personal favor?

I hadn't expected this from Heideck. When he first came to my house he asked what I was doing with my time and I told him that now that the war was over I was manufacturing children. He wanted to be godfather to my first-born, I agreed, we thus became relatives, and now he's asking what *personal* favor I want.

I replied that I wanted no personal favors, that the war had been fought by many soldiers and that it'd be wonderful if they enjoyed the fruits of their labors.

Fine, fine, he said, but what is the *personal* favor you want?

His delicacy was touching so I told him the personal favor I wanted. "I want you Bavarian advisers not to fight one another," I said. "I want the Regents to be virtuous so that our young King will learn to be virtuous too. And something else. If you plan to reward some soldiers for services above and beyond the call of duty, I'd like to submit a list for your consideration. I'll vouch with my life for every name because, apart their record, these people are honest and capable and can help in your efforts to make a better country out of Greece."

He was pleased to hear this. I drew up the list and sent copies to him and to the other Regents.

The Nafplion people raised money and organized a ball to which we invited the King, the Regents, the foreign Ambassadors and other important foreigners. The Ball Committee asked me to lead one of the Greek national dances and I must have been good at it because people congratulated me.

General Heideck congratulated me too and used the opportunity to whisper in my ear that I'd be the first lieutenant-colonel to be appointed. He invited me to his house the following morning and elaborated.

"To begin with," he said, "not I but the King himself shall be godfather to your first-born. Second, be informed that you enjoy the favor of His Majesty and of the Regency Council, which is why you are the first lieutenant-colonel to be appointed. Ten regiments will be organized and you'll command the first. Your majors will be Kotsikas and Thanassoulias, and your captains Klimakas, Skourteniotis, Birbilis and Trakokomnas."

None of this was as wonderful as it sounded.

Thanassoulias, a captain, was promoted to major. My four captains were previously majors. I was a General and they made me a lieutenant-colonel. Heideck added he'd see to it that I got Karaiskakis' flag and other glorious souvenirs but Karaiskakis had been dead for a long time. The formation of the new regiments interested me more and I wasn't impressed by what I saw.

A fellow by the name of Loulias was made a lieutenant-colonel although he never fired a shot in his life. Velentzas, a tough veteran colonel, was demoted to major and placed under Loulias' orders. Nikas, a relative of Botsaris, became a lieutenant-colonel while Deligiorgis, the veteran commander of the Messolonghi garrison, was made a major, subordinate to Nikas. There were numerous examples

of this sort and I was curious to see how far things would be taken and what kind of justice would reign over Greece. So I played the imbecile.

In fact, I played an imbecile who was completely loyal to the new order and, being an imbecile, asked Heideck all kinds of questions.

"What will you do with the other ex-heroes?" I asked him one day.

"We'll give them a bone to chew on until both they and their teeth rot away."

Wonderful! I said to myself. Bavarians are just like the Greeks! They too have justice by the bushel.

"Listen," I said to him, "For the sake of my country, I don't mind if you make me a private. But the appointments you've been rattling off smell injustice from a mile away. They can't be the Regency's choices. Someone else suggested them and there's going to be trouble."

My friend Heideck was offended.

"You Greeks will do precisely as you're told," he said. "And please keep your opinions to yourself. Don't forget that Bavaria has 30,000 bayonets which we can bring down here awfully fast."

"If that's the way you look at things, God help us! There isn't going to be just trouble! There's going to be hell! Did anything I said have any connection to bayonets? I advise you as a friend to make us love rather than fear the King and the Regents. You can hit a coward a thousand times and everything will be fine as long as he doesn't do anything about it. But if he hits you back just once, that's it! He'll never be afraid of you again. This country wasn't liberated with fairy tales but with blood. Now that Greece is an independent kingdom, the impression mustn't be given that the time has come for flatterers to be rewarded and warriors to be wronged. I love my country as I love no other thing. If I'm blind and my country prospers, she'll look after me. If my country is a mess, I'd still be blind even if there was nothing wrong with my eyes."

"What are you driving at? Don't you love the King?"

"I don't know how to lie. If the country is destroyed, the King won't have me as a subject and I won't have him for a King. We need justice from Bavaria, not bayonets."

Heideck's interpreter, a Greek from Serbia, came to visit me next day. He bowed deeply, bowed once more and then tried to kiss my foot. He was the interpreter of a regent and I had, in the meantime, stood up from my chair.

"What's with the bowing and scraping?" I said. "And why pull my leg by calling me "master", "lord" and the rest?"

"I'm not joking," he said. "I'm trying to show you respect. You know how many people see Heideck and since he doesn't speak Greek I'm always present. Well then, the things I've heard persuaded me that this country is inhabited by wild beasts. Nobody cares about Greece. Filling their pockets and heaping calumnies upon one another is their sole concern. I tried to kiss your foot for what you said yesterday but I've got news for you. Greece will never make any progress, there are too many bastards around and, after what I've seen and heard, I'm getting out of here. Now, if you don't mind, please come with me because Heideck sent me to invite you to his house."

On the way there I begged him to hang on and use his influence on the Bavarians for the good of the country.[15]

Heideck was waiting for us.

"Upon your country and King," he said, "give me your honest opinion about the names on this list. We want to know what you think is fair so that the ranking of each veteran will not provoke complaints. I transmitted your comments to the Regency Council and they all praised your patriotism."

I replied that God should punish me if I told them anything untruthful, they read from the list and I made my comments. When we were through I told him I had a few extra words to say and he urged me to go ahead.

"First of all," I began, "I don't want any rank at all. I fought for my country and after many dangers and wounds I was made a General. I threw away that rank and entered the regular army as a private. You know about this from Fabvier."

"I know it."

"Now that the King is here I want to do the same thing."

"The King doesn't want officers to become privates. Lieutenant-colonel is the highest rank any Greek will be given."

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15 He lasted three or four months. After that, he couldn't take it any more and left.

"You've charged me upon my country and King to tell you the truth and I'll continue to do so. The ranks you're talking about are slaps on the face of Greek warriors. The country now ruled by the King was enslaved by the Turk for generations. It was turned into a wilderness, a swamp, a place of thorns. Warriors fought for this wilderness with their bread, their rifle and their bullets. The soil was irrigated with their blood and their Christian bodies filled the slave-markets of the East. Those who got killed left widows and orphans behind. Those who had property became beggars. If Greece is free today, it's on account of these people. You're acquainted with the other variety of Greeks whose aim is to make money and, in pursuit of that aim, stage civil wars and organize factions. Some of them act like Englishmen, some like Russians, some like Frenchmen. It's a long-ingrained habit with us, it can't be easily forgotten but if you want it to be forgotten, you must be fair, honest and unimpressed by oratory. The Regency Council is in the process of creating an officer corps. My suggestion is that you distribute ranks according to what each one of us has done and according to the quantity of blood we've shed. If a qualified veteran is also a proven thief I've got this to suggest. The Regency Council should set up a Committee which shall order every Greek region to hold a local meeting. This meeting will appoint honest citizens to determine the following about veterans under review: who fought, who was killed, who was taken prisoner, what is the family of each, who was more concerned with making money than with fighting, who was the Military Commander of each region, and what sums did he receive from the Government to pay his troops with. A representative from each local meeting should come to the capital with his list of names. The Regency Council would then organize all representatives into a National Committee with a respectable individual as President. The National Committee should review the record of each veteran and determine who fought for Greece, who fought for his pocket, and who is now asking for rewards he doesn't deserve. That's how justice can be done to everyone who fought as a soldier, a sailor, or a politician. The Regency Council should reward private soldiers with some land and a little money. Give a few acres to each one of them because we've got plenty and nobody cultivates them. And give them anywhere from 500 to 1,000 grossia to get them started. The amount may be increased proportionately up to the rank of General which, incidentally, is the rank Capodistria himself instituted after Greece became free. We now come to veterans who are, also, such thieves of national property that from beggars they became noblemen. The Government should take back everything that was stolen and that's all there is to it! If a crook fought in the war, give him the rank, the land and the money he deserves as a warrior but take back

everything he stole. Let me also remind you that we've got chieftains asking to be paid for what they call "past services". Forget these claims and concentrate upon rewarding ordinary soldiers, widows and orphans. Now, I expect you'd still want to have an army after all this. It shouldn't be hard. Tell the veterans they've been paid in full for their sacrifices and efforts. Anybody who wants to join the regular army will be a paid servant of the country from now on. Explain to him his duties and specify his pay. Tell him that if he works honestly he'll be promoted and that if he doesn't the law will punish him. Such are my suggestions. In my opinion, that's the way to put some order in this mess and some money in the Treasury. It's about time we got rid of the "sums due for past services" that every little chieftain is clamoring for. I myself have receipts for thousands of grossia due to me. They represent money I paid out of my own pocket for troop salaries. Tomorrow morning I'll write a report and make a gift to Greece of all this money. Just to set an example."

Heideck listened carefully. "Your suggestions and sense of patriotism are excellent," he said when I finished.

"They'll be excellent if you implement them. Otherwise, they're hot air."

"I won't say another word. I'm off to speak to the other Regents about this."

He went off, found the others and they were pleased. They asked me to write down my ideas and send them to the Council. I did it and, at the same time, wrote out a second report and sent it to the Regency Council together with the one they asked for.

Excellencies, I wrote in this second report. *During the war, the Governments of my country sent me to a number of campaigns. Here are the Government orders, here are the documents of thanks given to me by the local authorities, here are the detailed reports of what my men and I did in each place, and here are the names of people I had under my command* (I appended all these papers to my report). *You are now in a position to appreciate the contributions and sacrifices made by the men I commanded and who fought in the scorching heat of summer and in the blistering cold of winter. Most of them have been killed but they left*

widows and orphans behind. Read the documents I attach and let the survivors see some justice. Sincerely yours, Makriyiannis.[16]

I sent a copy of this report to Miaoulis, the King's aide-de-camp, and he was pleased. The Regency Council was equally pleased and praised my "patriotism" and said I was "absolutely loyal to my country and King". Moreover, they called me "an unblemished porcelain vase" because citizens from all parts of the country appeared daily before the King and the Regents and aimed terrific accusations against most of the other chieftains. The Merciful Lord spared me and all the men in my command. No complaints were ever lodged against us.

One day, I was presented to the King. He expressed satisfaction with my behavior and report and thanked me for the fine statues.

"Your Majesty," I said, "is the father of every citizen in this country. As such, you must reward those who fought in her hour of peril and that's why I wrote the report. As for the statues, I personally think they're powerful things and I hope Your Majesty will use their power for the benefit of your subjects. I also hope that Your Majesty will not mind if I say that all Greeks did their duty during the old, difficult days. If, at the same time, we made mistakes and fought among ourselves that should be a thing of the past. Now that Your Majesty is here, we shall work loyally and selflessly. Let Your Majesty's favor cover all those who fought as soldiers, priests, sailors or politicians Your grace should see to it that justice is done to these people because they're responsible for our country's being a Kingdom today. But, above all, don't listen to scoundrels. It's on their account that Greece went through untold dangers."

16

At that time, I possessed two perfect ancient statues of a woman and a young king. They were completely undamaged and you could see the very veins on their bodies. They were found when Poros was destroyed during the civil war against Capodistria. The soldiers who found them wanted to sell them to some foreigners for 1,000 thallers. I was passing by and saw what was about to happen. "Even if they offer you 10,000 thallers you shouldn't let these statues get out of the country," I told the soldiers. "These are the things we've been fighting for." I gave the soldiers 350 thallers of my own and promised to persuade Capodistria to give them some more. For years I kept the statues hidden and now I sent them to the King together with a copy of my report.

His Majesty replied that the Regency Council was as pleased as he was with what I said. He ordered me to go and see the Council and, on my way out, the Chamberlain gave me a present from His Majesty, a jeweled pin. Shortly afterwards, the King stood as godfather to my first-born and named him Otto. The Regency Council received me and its President, Armansperg, invited me often to his house for dinner.

In the course of an official meeting, the Regents informed me that they discussed among themselves what I had told Heideck and that they had studied my report. Their conclusion was that my suggestions were to the interest of Greece and that they should be implemented. They charged Heideck to discuss the details with me and, indeed, Heideck and I had a number of conversations about it.

These comings and goings attracted the attention of Mavrokordatos, Koletis, Metaxas, Zaimis, Londos, Botsaris and other protectors of the Greek soldier. The reader need not strain his imagination to visualize how fast they went to work and ruined everything. First, they deleted an intermediate rank between major and captain. This lowered a number of officers by one grade and was good for dissension. Then they really applied themselves and inducted into the regular army a mass of people who had no right to be in. This was good for a revolution.

There was a large number of hungry and destitute veterans in the Argos area. The politicians appointed some corrupt supply officers and the veterans didn't get bread to eat. Then the politicians separated the men from their commanders. Commanders were assigned to different villages and the men were subtly encouraged to march against the King and the Bavarians to prove once and for all that the military were indeed wild beasts. That's what politicians had been saying for years — *the army consists of bandits.* Naturally, nobody mentioned that behind every robbery conducted by a chieftain there was always some politician receiving his cut.

When I became aware of these machinations and saw what a black eye the army was about to receive and when, furthermore, I saw coffee-house veterans being promoted over the heads of honest soldiers, I tried to describe the dangers to Heideck.

"The people responsible for this latest racket," I said, "have their reputation to recommend them. Every politician is now backed by a foreign power. The veterans hoped that the King's arrival would mark the end of their suffering but what they see instead is that Mavrokordatos has his way because he's supported by the British Ambassador. They also see Koletis having his way and Metaxas having his because they too are backed by other Ambassadors. You, General Heideck, are acquainted with the type of Governments these gentlemen provided Greece with. You've spent enough time here to realize what's going on. So, allow me to say that the hopes of the army rest entirely upon your justice. Help these poor people because Greece owes her existence to them."

"We haven't come here just to command the army," Heideck replied. "We've got a lot of other things to worry about and, in any case, we've reached our final decisions as to what is to be done with the veterans. Three Committees will be appointed, one for the Peloponnesus, one for western Roumeli and one for eastern Roumeli. You'll be President of the eastern Roumeli one. The task of these Committees is to form the new army units. Meanwhile, the Regency Council will establish the Grading Committees you suggested and veterans will be properly rewarded. Until all committees finish their job, the army, such as it is, will stay in one place. The three regional Committees will be left in peace to examine in detail the record of each and every veteran who wishes to enlist in the regular army. That way, we shall help quite a few of them even before the Grading Committees take care of everyone else."

Our politicians were not pleased to hear about these plans. They sent their mouthpieces to the veterans and incited them to march against the Regents. They even thought of a slogan. *We're hungry!* -- that's what the veterans were supposed to shout as they marched.

Heideck came to see me. "Did we or did we not agree about what is to be done with the veterans?" he asked. "How come they're now marching sword in hand to ask the King for their "rights"? Tell them to go home at once. If they don't they can consider themselves dead as of right now!"

I ran towards the advancing veterans, spoke to them and they stopped marching. They stayed away from Nafplion and a few days went by in comparative calm.

But the politicians weren't happy. Once more they played games with the supplies and the veterans went hungry again. The mouthpieces delivered a tremendous amount of glib talk and the veterans fell for it. There was no superior officer to restrain them and the march towards Nafplion was resumed. The regular army and the Bavarian battalions were waiting for them outside the city. Cannons ready to fire, cavalry ready to charge, infantry ready to attack. The veterans were dispersed. The Government forces continued to chase them until many of them went over the border and into Turkey.

That was when veterans of the War of Independence appointed a Turk by the name of Tail Bouzi to lead them. They thought that going to Turkey was the only way to fill their bellies. They wept as they left their homeland and kept saying they didn't go to Turkey to make obeisance but to get something to eat. Everybody who had any feelings wept but scoundrels laughed and rejoiced. Not only had they managed to send all those soldiers to look for bread among the Turks, they had also proven the truth of the Zografos proclamation. Hadn't Zografos said that the army was a collection of thieves?

The Regency Council and my friend Heideck asked me to go and see them. They were angry about these developments and ordered me to take my Committee and go to eastern Roumeli. Those who agreed to enlist in the regular army would receive 12 grossia a month and their food. That was all! If a soldier had a family, they were welcome to live on hot air. Plenty of Bavarian justice in those orders!

Before leaving for Roumeli, the Regents gave me a ship filled with moldy wheat flour to be distributed among the men we'd recruit. The quality of the flour was comparable to the liberality of the salaries — not even a pig would deign to touch it. We spent some time in eastern Roumeli and the only men we recruited were 20 drunkards to whom I gave 100 pounds of flour. We had scarcely returned to Nafplion when a Frenchman named Feraldi invited me to dinner. The following morning he showed up at my house with a paper saying he should be paid for a ship filled with flour.

"I'll sign for the 100 pounds I used up," I said.

"No! You must sign for the entire load."

"I'll sign for 100 pounds and not for an ounce more!"

From that moment on, all kinds of important people began to run after me, Regents, Ambassadors, even Zografos the angel. They all wanted me to sign for the entire load of flour but I refused to give in. I told the other members of my Committee not to sign either because, in the meantime, I had found out what happened. Feraldi had somehow gotten his hands on the ship and sold the flour in Salamis. Now he wanted to be covered.

Seeing how eager our Regents and our new Government were to assist him in this crude fraud, I realized they were worse than all the previous rotten administrations we had enjoyed up to that time. I felt sorry for Greece because, apparently, the Lord had not yet decided to grant her true freedom and we had rushed into something we weren't quite ready for.

The Regency Council wanted to appoint me Commander of the National Guard but I told them that this top office ought to be shared by different Greeks who could occupy it in rotation.

Offended, the Regents appointed a Frenchman by the name of Graillard instead of me. Then they made me subordinate to him and ordered me to put on European clothing.

I informed them that I refused to receive orders from Graillard and that I wouldn't change my costume. Not wanting to serve under such conditions, I secured permission and, taking my family along, moved to Athens.

EVENTS OF 1833-1835

EVENTS OF 1833-1835

I came here in Athens on May 4, 1833.

Back in Nafplion, our politicians and their foreign sponsors were at each other's throat, each trying to put his own faction on top. Among the Greeks, preferences were neatly defined — one favored the British faction, another the Russian faction, a third the French faction. The Regents labored hard to make a pile as fast as possible. After all, they didn't come to Greece to become saints, so they allied their private factions with the local ones and all the factions together worked away in harmony.

Round about then, our politicians dug up an old idea. They assembled a few chieftains and encouraged them to demand "their rights". The trick had never failed before, it didn't fail this time, and here's another faction for the good of the country.

Aware that I left Nafplion in disgust, the senior organizers sent one of their apostles in Athens to assure me that the moment had come for all fine patriots to rise up against the Bavarians. So far as I could tell the new faction aimed at two things.

Either the politicians would turn into slaves all those who didn't belong to a foreign-backed party or, if they couldn't manage this, they'd be able to point fingers at the military and proclaim that both before and after the King's arrival the army was to blame for everything. Either way it'd be the guillotine for the army leadership.

Our politicians were not content to observe what miserable condition the veterans were in. They were not satisfied that large numbers of soldiers were going to Turkey in search of a crust of bread. It was not enough that those who stayed behind were starving to death. They wanted to help us some more.

One day I received a visit from one of the proselytizers of the jointly-operating Koletis and Mavrokordatos parties.

"Politicians and officers in Nafplion," he said, "have agreed to capture the castle of Palamidi. The National Guard will help us and we've got letters from western Roumeli that the revolt has already flared up. I was sent to find you so that you can organize the veterans in eastern Roumeli and hit the Bavarians yourselves."

"And may I ask," I interrupted him, "why we should hit the Bavarians?"

"For your rights!"

"Who sent you?"

"Koletis and Mavrokordatos."

"Please remind Koletis and Mavrokordatos that they receive a salary of 1,000 drachmas each, which suggests that their own rights are well taken care of. As for us veterans, we receive nothing but don't mind waiting. The Government has appointed a Committee to determine what each veteran has coming to him. Shouldn't we wait and see what this Committee will do? And supposing the Committee wrongs us, we can still submit reports to the King once, twice, three times. We should start thinking about whom to hit only after we've been convinced that justice is positively dead. Tell me something though. I mean about you personally and about people like you. For how much longer do you intend to do the bidding of Koletis, Mavrokordatos and company? Are you expected to keep at it forever, like the army is supposed to devastate the country in perpetuity? Haven't you and your masters realized that civil wars mean destruction, extortion and robberies? Have your masters forgotten the National Assembly when they bought off the Commander of the Guard and he tied up every delegate who refused to vote the way they wanted? Do they realize that their current tactics will turn the Greeks into Englishmen, Frenchmen and Russians? But never mind all this! Tell those who sent you that Makriyiannis is grateful for the help given us by the Great Powers at the critical moments of the war. That's all though! Now that Greece is free I want to work for the country where I was born and to serve the King whom fortune sent to us. The King is still a minor. We haven't seen whether he's good, bad or indifferent. Shouldn't we give him a chance to show us what he's like? So, what's the rush? And what is this anxiety about "our rights", you bastard! Do you expect us to start another civil war just to keep you and your fellow-rats amused?"

I picked up a stick, gave him a beating and threw him out of my house.

Most of the former chieftains were in the Thiva, Livadhia and Atalanti areas. I sent messages telling them about the proselytizer, that they shouldn't let

themselves be taken in, that they should wait for the Committee. Most of them listened but some did not.

The proselytizer found them, they agreed to hit the Bavarians and were promptly betrayed to the Regency Council. They were arrested, thrown in jail and their heads were scheduled to roll. This, as everyone knows, is an operation performed by the guillotine, an invention imported by enlightened Europeans for the benefit and instruction of savage Greeks. In my opinion, England should have cut off the head of Dawkins, her Ambassador, and France and Russia should have cut off the head of their Ambassadors too. The King of Bavaria should have guillotined the Regency Council, following which he should have cut his own head off. His Majesty the King of Bavaria turned out to be the grave-digger of Greece and of our innocent King, his own son.

It was only recently that we found out how strongly King Louis had insisted that Greece should never have a Constitution. All things considered, whatever happens to this country should be attributed to the Bavarian Majesty who lent such an attentive ear to Metternich and his ilk. Years ago, his Majesty was a philhellene. Night and day he worked hard and expended large quantities of royal energy composing poems about Greece and the heroes who fought in Mesolonghi. Then, other considerations took precedence and he forgot all about his son, our country and his own poetry.

Going back to my story, I said that a number of army leaders were thrown in jail. The Regency Council's ambition was to guillotine Kolokotronis, Koliopoulos, Kriezotis, Tzavelas, Grivas, Mamouris, Boukis, Diovouniotis, Apostolaras, Milios and a host of others.

Just after they were arrested, Koletis appointed one of his rat friends, a fellow by the name of Kleomenis, to be the Military Commander of Thiva. On the way to his post, Kleomenis passed through Athens and looked me up.

"See what happens," he gloated, "when the army thinks it knows more than the politicians? Have you counted how many of your friends are in jail?"

"I hope to God they put me in jail too," I replied. "Then we'll see the true extent of your associates' wisdom. You have no idea whom I shall demand to have as my cell-mates and neither the King nor the Regents can stop me from having

them. If they did, they'd demonstrate to the entire world their contempt for law and justice."

"What do you mean? Whom will you have as cell-mates?"

"To begin with, your master, Koletis. Also, his friend Mavrokordatos. Plus a few others like them. Let me find myself inside a cell and they'll be there, beside me, within five minutes. Perhaps you'll be there yourself."

Kleomenis reported this conversation to Koletis and, as if by magic, nobody bothered me anymore.

Psillas was Minister of the Interior and I confess that I myself had done what I could to secure this position for him. When it was decided to move the capital from Nafplion to Athens, Psillas came here to discuss with the local landowners details for the construction of government buildings. I paid him a visit and, afterwards, he came to my house himself.

"Why aren't you getting along with the Government?" he asked me.

"Because I've got a large family and cannot feed it. When others were plundering, I, as you know perfectly well, was fighting and getting wounded and paying the troops out of my own pocket."

"Both I and our country knows all this. Write a report and I shall see what can be done about it."

I wrote the report and gave it to him.

"Makriyiannis," he said, "I really don't understand a thing about these claims you people are making all the time. Why, man, all of you soldiers were bandits! Or is it not true that you, in particular, made common cause with Odysseas and Gouras, and tortured the people in Athens just like Kolokotronis did in the Peloponnesus?"

"Mister Psillas!" I said, controlling myself. "Do you perhaps recall one specific occasion when I made common cause with Odysseas and Gouras? And, by the way, isn't it a fact that you were publishing a newspaper back in those days and that you were burning incense to Kolokotronis when I was chasing his troops because they were doing precisely the things you now accuse me of?"

He chose to change the subject. "No wonder you can't feed your family," he said. "Why didn't you accept the position in the National Guard under Graillard?"

"A fair question! However, let me ask you a question myself. You're Minister of the Interior — why don't you become a stevedore? Is it perhaps that, as a

Minister, it's easier for you to run away to the islands whenever you smell danger? That's what you did on numerous occasions."

This really upset him and, angrily, he started to get up.

"Sit down!" I said, picking up a chair. "Sit down before I make a mess out of the Ministry of the Interior and they have to go looking for a new Minister."

"Now I see! Everything is perfectly clear! It's you that the King has to watch out for! You're the one who makes trouble all the time!"

"Leave the King out of this! He's not a bogeyman who goes around killing his subjects on the strength of your calumnies. The only reason I don't smash your head with this chair is because I've decided to take care of you another way."

I wrote down this conversation and sent the text to the newspapers. The friends of Psillas heard about it and gave him a rough time for having argued with me. They wrote me letters asking me not to let the newspapers print the story but I sent them to hell and had it printed. I also spoke to Armansperg and the other members of the Regency Council. Psillas was fired from the cabinet, demoted and sent to head the civilian administration here in Athens.

This gave him ideas about revenge and, one fine day, the chief of police came to arrest me for *being disrespectful to the King and the Regency Council.* The police authorities were kind enough to procure a flea-bitten horse on which I was to ride to Halkis where my trial would take place.

"I'll go to Halkis," I told the chief policeman, "and I hope I'm not accidentally killed on the way. If I live I'll seek satisfaction from you because, the way I look at things, you're the cause of my disgrace. Ever since I was a child I preserved my good name and you're now throwing dirt on it. When I'm free again, I'll find you no matter where you hide and one of us will die."

Meanwhile, the Athenians learned that I was to be tried on this phony charge and raised hell about it. At the end, the chief policeman had to beg my forgiveness and explain the background of the whole affair. He said Psillas made him do it and that Psillas himself was forced by his masters, Koletis and Mavrokordatos, the undertakers of the Greek army. But, with the help of God, things went as far as this and no further.

Thus it was that, once again, I realized that those who govern us intend to kill us off and that their justice is the blade of the guillotine. Not wishing to leave my family to the mercy of God if something happened to me, I went to work.

I owned a few acres of property next to the Temple of Olympian Zeus. I had bought them many years earlier, when I was in Aegina, and Attica was flooded with the troops of Kioutahi Pasha. Now, I went to my property and, after hiring five or six laborers, we set to work making bricks.

They made a sort of saddle for me, I carried bricks on my back, and that was where and how I spent my days. When I got tired, I took off my saddle and sat down and tears came to my eyes just by looking around and seeing all those places where we fought the Turks and received wounds and got ourselves killed. Now those who had done the watching while we did the fighting wanted to bury us in the very ground where we shed so much blood. Those are the people who bought our blood-soaked fields for a couple of grossia. We're tied to the plow like animals, and we pull it, and it brings up the bones of our relatives. Our masters ride around in carriages while the poor, naked and barefooted soldiers beg in the streets. That was where I built my house and planted vines and trees and worked until night fell, constantly praying that the Lord would preserve us from the scheming vultures.

That's what I was doing when our tireless politicians were inspired to incite a rebellion in the Peloponnesus.

According to the politicians, conditions were ripe for the Peloponnesians to demand their "rights" and people in Mani demanded their "rights" so persistently that the Regency Council sent Bavarian troops against them.

Not a good idea! The troops in question were taken apart. The Maniates captured plenty of Bavarian prisoners and sold them back to the Regency Council for a thaller a head. This affair cost Greece a lot of money. The Maniates were speedily granted their "rights" and the Government had to pay pensions to the families of Bavarian soldiers killed in action.

The Treasury was emptied and our sole hope for financial survival rested on foreign loans. Nevertheless, Koletis got a chance to prove that he continued to be a champion of law and order. He dispatched his henchmen against other groups

of Peloponnesians, whose rebellion he himself had encouraged in the first place, and his henchmen killed and plundered to their black hearts' content. A lot of veterans perished in this senseless fight and those who didn't get themselves killed had a difficult time saving their necks from the guillotine. When everything had been said and done, almost every big name of the Independence War was stuck in jail.

Meanwhile, the long awaited Grading Committee was finally formed and began to hold sessions to determine what each veteran had coming to him. Unfortunately, the Committee was dominated by creatures of Koletis and Mavrokordatos and they recognized the services of their friends who had never served anywhere. Naturally, this generated complaints and the Government had to do something about it. What they did was take the chieftains out of jail, award them the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and give them a medal each. The chieftains were pleased and spent a lot of time strutting around Nafplion showing off their medals. Since none of them possessed any spine, nobody sought satisfaction from those who had kept them imprisoned for such a long time.

* * * * *

The King came to Athens in late August 1834.

He was about to begin a tour of Roumeli and asked me to accompany him. We visited all of eastern Greece and went as far north as Lamia. Everywhere, the people welcomed him warmly. We returned to Athens at the end of September and the other officers who had been on the tour suggested that I invite them to my house for dinner. I asked his Majesty for permission and he not only gave it but said that he himself wanted to come too. I replied that my house was his and that it'd be a great honor if he came because he had never eaten at the house of a private citizen.

The King was pleased with his visit but was the only one to feel that way. Every single rascal in the whole of Greece decided to hate me for the honor shown to me and there was no calumny under the sun they didn't heap upon my head. They shuddered at the thought that the King might take me in his confidence because I could then speak the truth to him. Actually, they had good reason to be afraid because, during the tour, I told him a few things and he listened with obvious attention. Indeed, he went so far as to declare that he was satisfied with the things

I told him. Now that the dinner became known, everyone outdid himself to speak badly of me.

In November 1834, the Government decided to move the capital from Nafplion to Athens and sent Koletis, who was Minister of the Interior, to arrange the details of the transfer. He spent a number of days in Athens and I didn't exactly rush to greet him because I knew he was secretly spreading all kinds of stories about me. When some time had gone by, I paid him a visit.

"After all these weeks that I'm here," he said, "is it only now that you come to see me?"

"I didn't consider it a pressing obligation. I'm here now. If you don't like it, I'll go away and won't come back."

He thought he was good at the oblique approach. "A lot of my friends," he said, "tell me, why is Makriyiannis angry with you? And to all of them I reply that I know nothing about your anger."

"Does every fool with nonsense to peddle deserve attention? What sort of argument can an ex-soldier have with a powerful Minister? Don't think I took my time coming to see you because of something you did to me personally. My reasons are broader. Greece was a dilapidated structure that we demolished and rebuilt so that we could live inside it. We put locks on the door and gave the keys to you. It was your job to make sure that only those who worked to put up the building could now come in. You preferred to open and close the doors depending on what was good for your pocket. The old locks were ruined, you tossed them in jail, and replaced them with European locks and guillotines. You must recall, however, that it was the Lord God who willed that this structure be built. The time will come when you and your friends will need the old locks and there won't be any left and then you'll search for a wall to bang your head against."

"What are all these parables and fairy tales? I think I'd better come to your house and have a serious discussion with you."

"You'd better not! If you do come, you'll go out through the window!"

He continued to pretend he didn't understand what I was talking about and I used simpler language.

"I've had enough of you! I've seen how sincere you are and I say the hell with you! I recognize God, Greece and the King. I shall respect the Regency Council until the King comes of age."

Koletis sent his various friends to reconcile us and I responded that I didn't want friendship from him. If we're enemies, I stay alert. If we're friends, he lulls me to sleep and gobbles me up without my knowing what's happening. Eventually, he gave up on me and turned his attention to other matters.

The first thing he did was appoint his crony Kleomenis Governor of Athens. The second was to order Kleomenis to organize a local chapter of the Koletis party. The third was to take the monasteries apart.

This last initiative was quite something. He reached an agreement with the Bavarians and the result was brisk sales. Sacred implements used in the liturgy were sold in the bazaar and flocks belonging to monasteries were confiscated. The Bavarians grabbed some of the animals, the Koletis party grabbed some others, Kleomenis took the rest and all the thieves brought the animals they stole to Athens. That was a lot of animals and they had to graze and the thieves let them graze on privately-owned fields. Right there we had the makings of a small-scale civil war.

The Athenian landowners appointed me their representative and we had a hard time getting rid of the monastery flocks. I don't know how but we did persuade the thieves to take their booty elsewhere. This didn't help the monasteries which, after losing their flocks, went bankrupt.

Monks who fought by our side during the war now starved to death. During the Revolution, monasteries were our principal strongholds. We used them to stockpile supplies and ammunition partly because they were in remote locations and partly because the Turks respected them and seldom went inside. The monks took part in the fighting and many of them got killed.

Nevertheless, the Bavarians were convinced that our monks were just like their Jesuits and Capuchins. They couldn't imagine that monks could be good and honorable human beings and couldn't believe that monastery properties were the product of monk labor over centuries. Furthermore, it made no difference to them that monks fed and took care of many poor Greeks. These Bavarian views were put into thieving use. Our confounded politicians, our dissolute high-ranking prelates, and Skinas, the Turk-loving Minister of Church Affairs, pooled their ingenuity, made deals with the Bavarians and every monastery was ruined and desecrated.

Moving the capital from Nafplion to Athens didn't suit Koletis who would have preferred to stay in Nafplion. He owned many houses and shops there — under someone else's name, naturally — and was happy with the rents these properties were bringing him. This was the first plus of Nafplion. The second was that the Nafplion area was not large which made it easy to set up a faction down there. Administration presented few problems, riots could be organized inexpensively and one could threaten and blackmail the Government with the help of one's civilian and military cronies. Athens was different. The Attica area was large. Athenians were peace-loving and hard-working people who didn't appreciate bad company. Furthermore, they were hopeless as billiard-players and coffee-house customers.

In view of Athenian backwardness, Koletis instructed his buddy Kleomenis to form a faction with all possible speed. New partners were rapidly found in the persons of Vlahos and Zaharitsas, members in excellent standing of the former Gouras gang which had bled Athens white during the war years. The four of them drew up some contracts and took it upon themselves to supply the city with food. Posing as wholesalers they received 55,000 drachmas from the Minister of the Interior who, as it happened, was Koletis, and undertook to keep the market supplied with bread and meat. Before they got their hands on that money meat sold for 0.60 dr. but the moment the market was cornered, the price shot up to 1 dr. and this for meat that not even a dog would dare sink his teeth into. The same thing happened with bread and other necessities. An uproar followed and people went as far up as the King to complain. The wholesalers crossed their hearts and swore that price increases were due to speculation by unknown Athenians.

After his success as a merchant, Koletis turned to real estate.

There were many large properties in the Pireas area and he saw to it that they were expropriated and distributed among his friends. If an Athenian owned 10 acres, Koletis allowed him to keep a fifth of an acre and gave the rest to his cronies on the grounds that this would help bring settlers to the new capital. It slipped his mind, however, to make a public announcement about the land distribution scheme and to set a deadline for prospective settlers to stake a claim. He simply gave the waterfront property to his friends and everybody else got a piece of mountain.

That wasn't all though. Since the friends of Koletis — which is to say, Kleomenis, Zaharitsas and Vlahos — were performing a service to the nation by

being the first new settlers of Athens, Koletis persuaded the Regency Council to reward them with 180,000 drachmas so that they could build things. And that wasn't all either. He also gave them 108 shops in the prime area of the market and forgot to mention that he made a deal with them and they turned 54 of them over to him.

I found out about these transactions and put everything down in a report. The document was signed by all prominent Athenians and went into much detail about the land distribution and the food wholesaling rackets. We wanted to make it clear that no "unknown Athenian speculators" were at work and that, on the contrary, a well-known gang was back in business.

Koletis heard about the report and sent me a message urging me to suppress it because report-writing was getting to be a *terrible* habit and now was the time to stop. In other words, how about withdrawing my signature and if I didn't, he promised to have me tossed in jail.

I replied that, thanks to his sage counsels, I had changed my mind. I wouldn't send the report. I'd deliver it to the Regency Council in person and he was welcome to do anything he pleased about it.

Two Athenians and myself submitted the document and spoke to the Regents about it. The edifice of secret transactions collapsed and Koletis got nothing out of the deals. It was only his friends who became rich.

Undaunted by this setback, Koletis went to work organizing municipal elections all over Greece. Those of us who were not his admirers sent messages back and forth and, in the entire country, not a single municipal council favoring Koletis got elected. In Athens he supported Vlahos and Zaharitsas and we routed them. Out of 800 votes cast, they received 150 and our side got all the rest. We elected Anargiros Mayor and Kalifronas President of the City Council in which I was made a member.

When the capital was transferred to Athens, a lot of starving veterans came to the city. They saw the house I had built, deduced that someone gave me a fortune, and asked me for loans, five thallers here, ten thallers there and so on. I had to borrow money to help them out but couldn't give them all they were asking for. So, instead of keeping them as friends, I was making enemies out of them.

The same month the capital was transferred, I received for the first time the salary due to my rank, 360 drachmas. As I held the cash in my hand I recalled that not many of us veterans had been given a rank and that those who hadn't weren't getting any money. So, I wondered: why should others starve while a few receive salaries? Was it just a few who fought for this country? if our brothers don't get paid, neither should we.

I wrote a report to the Government and said: *Veterans, widows and orphans are starving, so I ask that you stop paying me a salary. The money should be given to others who need it more than I do. However, since I already owe a lot of money and have a large family to feed, please let me have the reward given to me after the Battle of Mili. It amounts to about 160 drachmas and my family and I can live on that until the Government decides to give all veterans their due.* I submitted the report to the Regency Council and sent copies to the newspapers so that others would be moved to do the same.

Koletis was outraged.

"The fellow who engineered this trick," he said to the Regents, "is obviously planning a revolution and, in my opinion, should be immediately imprisoned."

A crowd of officers descended upon me in a flash. The Commandant of Athens, a couple of Generals and so forth. How come I did something like that, who ordered me to do something like that, who ordered the fellow who ordered me, etcetera.

"I was ordered by my head," I replied. "I entered the Acropolis with 128 men just before Kioutahi Pasha began the siege. Only 40 of them came out alive and they were covered with nasty wounds. I fought in Pireas with 800 men and half of them got killed. If their wives and children are to live in misery, let my family live in misery too."

I sought an audience with the King and spoke to him for over an hour. I told him how we rose up against the Turks and to what extent our politicians helped us. I beseeched him to open his eyes to facts. "My heart bleeds for my unfortunate brothers," I said. "For the peace of your Kingdom, I refused to give bread to my children and tried to give it to poor veterans."

His Majesty commanded me to repeat to the Regents what I said to him. I did so and an order was issued to provide funds for veterans, widows and orphans. The Regents asked me to supervise the distribution of these funds but I suggested that the Bishop of Attica be given the job. And that was how it was done.

The King got up at dawn to attend the meeting of the Regency Council that was to decide about all this. Never before had he gone to that trouble for anything. Moreover, he saved me from the scoundrels who wanted to crucify me because I attempted to do something worthwhile. That's the kind of cannibals we are. Our two national mottos illustrate why we were slaves to the Turks for so many centuries. *Let me be all right and let the others go to hell* is the first one. The second is even better -- *Anyone helping those who suffer can go to hell too.*

ARMANSPERG

The King came of age on May 20, 1835. He was crowned in the cathedral and, afterwards, Ambassadors and other persons of note went to the palace to offer their congratulations. The Government was still determined to put down the army and, since the Athens Commandant was their stooge, he saw to it that whereas everyone else was presented to the King, the army leadership was not. The Commandant and I exchanged a few words about this. "This is the day," I told him, "when all Greeks in general, and the army in particular, have been living to see. We shed rivers of blood and now that God allowed us to see our King crowned you try to insult us." My protests had no effect and after the most insignificant visitors had been presented and we were still left outside I told the other officers we should leave. I was the first to walk out and quite a few followed me. The Palace guard saw us leaving, presented arms and sent word to the Chamberlain who caught up with us just past the gate. He urged us to return, a few officers did, and he asked me to do the same. I assured him I would not and kept going.

That same afternoon all those who didn't go back to the Palace came to my house and suggested we form a committee and visit the Chamberlain.

"I'm sending no committee and I'm making no personal appearances," I said. "I presented myself when I was supposed to. They didn't let see the King and I refuse to go back even if the King himself feels bad about it. I'm not a slave! I used to be a slave to the Turks and that's why I can no longer stand insults."

My friends admired the speech but went to the Palace all the same.

The Chamberlain noticed that I was missing and sent me a dinner invitation for that evening. I accepted and, as we were eating, one of the Palace officials spoke to me about what I did that morning.

"Right inside the house of the King," he said, "you appointed yourself in command and took off with all the officers."

I replied that I appointed myself in command because it suited my fancy to do so and that if someone insults me I leave without caring whether I'm followed or not. The King entered the room just then and the conversation stopped. Later, the

King found out what happened and reprimanded the Minister of War and the Athens Commandant. From that day on, all presentations were conducted properly.

Nevertheless, the Commandant couldn't take the reprimand sitting down. He and some of his friends organized a feast in a village north of Athens and all kinds of officers were invited — Tzavelas, Yennaios, Katzakos, Mamouris, Vassios, Hatzipetros, Milios — about 40 of us all told.

During the feast I became aware that an unusually large number of jokes was aimed at me and guessed that they wanted to get me sufficiently excited to have an excuse to hit me. We were still eating when Hatzipetros, a relative of Koletis, made a crack about me.

"What!" I said. "What did you just say? Get your sword and come over here so that I can explain things to you."

He didn't get up so I picked up a bottle and threw it at his head. We were about to start fighting in earnest when the others realized that the trouble would spread. They got up and separated us.

The Regency Council was dissolved when the King came of age but Armansperg remained as Chancellor.

Meanwhile, the veterans who had been wronged by the first Grading Committee complained to the King and the Government appointed a second committee to correct the mistakes of the first.

This second committee was presided by General Church and its members were Kriezotis, Nikitas, Tzavelas, Emorfopoulos and myself. Just before we began to hold meetings Armansperg got the chief politicians out of the way. Koletis was made Ambassador to France and Metaxas Ambassador to Spain. Mavrokordatos had been sent as Ambassador to Constantinoupolis before the other two left Greece.

It was about then that Armansperg became really ambitious.

First, he married his two daughters to the two sons of Prince Katakouzinos. Then, to show the world how much the Greeks loved him, he wanted the army to present him with a ceremonial sword and the larger Greek cities to make him an honorary citizen.

He knew I had friends all over the country and, thinking I could help him in these pursuits, invited me to a dinner where General Church was also a guest.

Armansperg exerted himself that evening as he described how much he loved me, how I would be given the highest decorations and so on.

The following day, Church broke the news.

It would be nice if I helped Armansperg in the sword and honorary citizenship affairs and, in exchange, the Chancellor would make an important man out of me. To get rid of Church I used a lot of fat words myself, promising to do more than my best.

Gardikiotis commanded one of the regular Army battalions and was posted in western Greece where, from lack of anything better to do, he incited the locals to rebel against the Government. His brother Grivas went one step further and encouraged people to become robbers. Between the two of them, they did a fine job maintaining law and order.

Meanwhile, the Committee under General Church began to grade veterans. It soon became obvious that by promoting worthless individuals we would produce as big a mess as the earlier one. My fellow-Committee members tried to sweeten the pill by offering to make my brother a captain.

Your brother, they said, has been wronged since the days of Capodistria and we've got to do something about it.

"My brother," I replied, "is a lieutenant and should stay a lieutenant. Our duty is to do right by the veterans and give them a crust of bread. Those are our real brothers! If their misery is alleviated they'll be better off, our country will be better off, and our King will be better off."

"Shout as much as you like! We'll promote your brother no matter what you say!"

"Go ahead and promote him! Then I'll resign from this Committee and I'll tell the newspapers why."

This stopped them cold and from then on we proceeded with the help of God and promoted people strictly on merit. When we finished the job, General Church was appointed Inspector-General of the Army and the Government announced that those whom we had graded should now be organized into regiments.

Ten regiments were organized that way and I was put in command of the Athens one. Just about then I fell ill and a lot of people came to visit me, including the officers of my regiment. It was from the latter that I learned about Gardikiotis

and Grivas encouraging people to rebel and to become robbers. One day I received a visit from a friend whose village had been plundered by one of those bands. He said the robbers questioned the villagers to find out when Gardikiotis and Grivas would rise up in arms because all robbers wanted to join their banner.

I thought it was my duty to acquaint the Chancellor with the activities of these two latter-day revolutionaries and since I had to send someone who spoke German, I sent Soutsos. Armansperg, wishing to lull me to sleep, invited me to dinner. I asked the servant who brought the invitation who else was invited and he said Gardikiotis and Grivas. I therefore sent a message to Armansperg saying I was not worthy to have dinner with such illustrious company. In fact, the incident made me so mad at him that I broadcast his plans for the ceremonial sword and the honorary citizenship. The uproar that followed obliged him to give up on both counts.

Soon enough lawlessness and insurrection reached dizzy heights both in western and in eastern Roumeli. The King trusted me and sent Miaoulis to tell me that he intended to make me one of the leaders of a projected expedition against the bandits. I replied that my health didn't allow me to participate in expeditions and that, in any case, my conscience wouldn't let me march against veterans misled by scoundrels.

The expeditionary force was put together and its leaders were Vassios, Mamouris, Tzavelas and, believe it or not, the very people who had encouraged the insurrection in the first place — Gardikiotis and Grivas. The short campaign which followed was an unqualified success because the rebels were speedily routed by those who had encouraged them to rebel.

A bit later General Church was made Commander-in-Chief of the entire expeditionary force and my regiment and I accompanied him to Messolonghi. But, by the time we got there, the rebellion had petered out because the rebels, realizing the deceitfulness of their friends, dispersed. Of those who did take part in the insurrection, the villagers went home, the second-string leaders were tossed in jail, and the professional robbers crossed the frontier and went to Turkey. Grivas sent to the capital a lot of heads belonging to his former followers. Yussuf Arapis, one of Ali Pasha's favorite bogeymen, used to do exactly the same thing.

We were in Agrinion when the news came that the King went to Bavaria to get married. We continued our tour of western Roumeli and every day learned more details about the role of Grivas and Gardikiotis in the recently-suppressed insurrection. Finally, after we made the round of all the provinces, we returned to Athens. We had barely returned when Grivas drew up a list of names.

The list contained every single professional bandit who had ran away to Turkey when the revolt fell flat. Grivas gave the list to Armansperg, who forwarded it to our Committee with an order to promote each and every bandit into an officer. General Church was ready to sign but I objected. "Even if you threaten to cut off both my arms," I said, "I would still refuse to sign a document that makes officers out of certified thieves. These rats burned down our frontier outposts and murdered our garrisons as they made their way to Turkey."

Church and I had a serious argument about this and I invited the rest of the Committee members to my house that evening.

"Brothers," I said, "honest veterans will kill us for this! Shall we keep on starving while bandits are promoted into officers of the Greek Army?"

After some more haranguing on my part, they all swore they wouldn't sign.

This didn't bother Armansperg.

He affixed his own signature, turned the bandits into officers and invited Grivas to come to Athens from western Greece where he was stationed.

Grivas showed up with about 100 bandit officers and Armansperg sent out his friends and sons-in-law to welcome them. The Athenians thought Grivas was invited to Athens so that the Government could hang him but the Chancellor thought otherwise.

He decorated Grivas and Mrs. Armansperg presented him with a fine watch.

From that day on, Athens became a haven for thieves. People were afraid to step outside their houses after dark fearing they'd be found murdered, wounded or unconscious the next morning. Even though he was a personal friend of Grivas, Skoufos the newspaperman wrote a story about this disgrace and Grivas caught him and gave him an ugly beating.

As I said, I had been elected to the Athens City Council. The President, Kalifronas, was a close friend of mine and the two of us thought we ought to

assemble the Council and propose that a local militia be formed to protect the citizens from the outlaws.

The meeting was held, the motion passed and I was appointed Commander of the Militia. I stressed that what we proposed to do had nothing to do with rank, glory and the rest of it. It was a simple matter of personal protection and, speaking for myself, all I wanted was to serve, like every other citizen, when my turn came. The proposal was sent to the Government for approval and Armansperg got upset.

Even though he had repeatedly invited me to dinner I hadn't visited him since we came back from the tour of the western provinces. The breach of etiquette, combined with the militia proposal, inspired him to start persecuting me and, seeing how things were going, I paid him a visit.

"I haven't seen you in a long time," he said. "Are you perhaps ill?"

"No," I replied. "There is nothing wrong with my health. You, however, are a busy man and my presence would be an additional burden."

He realized that this nonsense could be kept up for hours and came to the point. "Sir!" he barked. "What is this militia scheme that the City Council seems to be considering? What possessed you to give them such an idea?"

"I was possessed by my duty as a patriot and as a citizen of Athens. The proposal is signed by fifteen other members of the Council. We're asking for justice. We've shed blood to see justice and aren't seeing any."

This conversation led him to conclude that a secret society had been formed to murder him and all other high-ranking officers. The leader of the society was me and he decided to have me arrested.

"What's this we hear?" my friend Valtinos asked me. "It seems they're really going to arrest you this time."

"For the moment," I replied, " I'm cultivating my garden. The weak are protected by God if they've done nothing wrong."

It was a subtle message but Armansperg interpreted it correctly and sent me word that nobody was going to arrest me. But I had enough of him so I sat down and wrote a letter to the King.

I described how the Roumeli rebellion had been fomented, the pitiful condition of his subjects, how grading of veterans was being conducted, and precisely what his Chancellor was engaged in. I concluded by suggesting it was high time for him to come back and govern his Kingdom and that he should keep my letter. If, upon his return, he discovered I had told him one single lie he wouldn't be a fair King unless he condemned me to death.

Just before sending this letter, I threw a feast in my house and invited all the Bavarians who were loyal to the King and opposed to Armansperg. At my instigation, they too wrote a report describing everything that was not going well. The King received the two reports and, together with his father, studied them closely. Just then, Armansperg's son-in-law arrived in Bavaria. He heard about my report, wrote a letter to his father-in-law, and Armansperg explored different ways to pulverize me.

In the meantime, I had been made President of the Athens City Council and we passed a resolution which said, verbatim — *The way we're being governed, with everyone having his way because "that's the way I please", is not the regime we had in mind when we fought for the liberty of Greece. We fought so that the law would triumph and we want to see that triumph right now.*

Before this resolution was made public, I threw a feast for all the important leaders. I invited Koundouriotis, Botassis and other politicians as well as Kolokotronis, Notis, Valtinos, Vassios and many other officers. I also invited the Mayor of Athens and the entire City Council. There were about 60 of us around the table.

When eating was over and the real drinking began, I stood up and made a toast. "Long live our King and Queen," I said. "May God bless them with plenty of children and may He inspire them to govern us with a Constitution."

Everybody emptied their glasses.

Armansperg heard about the feast and my toast and was livid.

He wrote the names of my guests in his black book and wanted to have us all impaled. Undaunted, we sent him the resolution I spoke of and saw to it that the text was published in the newspapers.

This was too much and he decided to have me exiled.

The Athens Commandant popped up in my house to tell me I'd be leaving in two hours and that I should get ready to be shipped off to some island.

As it happened, I was in particularly bad shape that day. I told them I was ill, that I wanted to stay home so that my family could look after me, and that if I had done something wrong I ought to be tried according to the law. They didn't believe I was ill and brought in doctors to examine me. This made me so mad I ran a high fever but this didn't impress them either. They undressed me and looked at my wounds scientifically.

"The Government has no faith in my word," I told the Commandant and the hovering doctors. "To make sure I'm telling you the truth you undress me as if I was some corporal. Consequently, I don't want to be in the army anymore. I resign from my rank and, as of right now, I am a private citizen. Tell the Government to send someone who can take command of the Athens regiment."

A lot of people came to tell me I ought to reconsider, that I shouldn't resign so easily and so forth. But I refused to listen.

Obliquely acknowledging the formidable power I commanded, the Government surrounded my house with infantry and cavalry. Seeing this, many of my friends surrounded the Government troops. Arresting someone at three o'clock in the morning is convenient because people have been known to resist arrest and to be shot accidentally. My friends weren't forgetting that Armansperg couldn't forget the report I sent to the King.

Whereupon Armansperg and his associates disbanded the City Council, fired the Mayor and tore up the City archives. They didn't want any evidence to be left behind of the two reports we made about the Militia and the Constitution. As for me, they kept me surrounded in my house until the King came back. If he hadn't come back they'd have kept me locked up until this very day.

The King was properly advised by his father and brought Rundhardt along when he returned.

The King and Queen came on February 3, 1837, and the foreign ambassadors went onboard their ship to welcome them. Whereupon the King informed them that Armansperg was fired and should leave the country at once.

Armansperg and his bosom friend, the British Ambassador, almost dropped dead. The Ambassador did his utmost to change the King's mind but got nowhere.

Two days after the King disembarked I submitted a report to him about the letter I sent him to Bavaria, the things I suffered, the different tricks that had been played to keep him from returning to Greece, the British machinations, and the ruin brought upon the Treasury by Armansperg and his friend the Minister of Finance.

I went into specifics about what these two gentlemen had stolen for themselves and what they had distributed to their satellites. I presented myself to the King and elaborated by word of mouth. Then I handed him my report and begged him to release me from all military duties because my health was frail. At the end I asked him for permission to give a copy of my report to the newspapers but this permission he didn't grant.

Although on his way out, Armansperg learned about my latest activities and made one final effort to rig up a trial to condemn me to something or other. I sent him a message that I was ready for any and all of his tricks and that I was prepared to stand trial without a lawyer to defend me. For reasons best known to himself he gave up and the trial never took place.

The King gave Armansperg 100,000 drachmas for his past services. Armansperg had already grabbed close to a million thallers on his own and thus fortified abandoned us to our fate. A flea-bitten little count when he came here, he had now become a genuine nobleman.

Just before his departure he threw a feast for all his friends — Kriezotis, Gardikiotis, Grivas, Mamouris, Boukis, Koliopoulos, Yennaios, Tzokris and everyone else whose pockets he filled, even though he gave them one and kept a hundred for himself. So powerful were the bonds among them that a toast was called for and Armansperg stood up — *To the health of all you good Greeks with whom I am eating and to whom I say farewell.*

It was very emotional and everyone started weeping. That's the kind of people we are! We weep when tyrants, crooks and destroyers of our country are about to rid us of their presence. And we laugh and sing when they ruin Greece! Throughout the months when I was cooped up inside my house all these weeping

fellows heaped abuse upon my head. If Armansperg hadn't been fired I'd have been guillotined and they'd have applauded.

That was how Armansperg took his leave. His friends accompanied him to the harbor and wept some more as they said farewell to him all over again.

I already mentioned that Armansperg was replaced by Rundhardt to whom I paid a visit as soon as he assumed his official duties. In the course of that meeting I invited him to dinner and he asked the King for permission to come. The King not only gave him permission but urged him to accept the invitation since, as His Majesty said, "I myself had dinner in Makriyiannis' house."

After this, Rundhardt told me he'd come and I invited quite a few other people — the Chamberlain and all the Court officials, Koundouriotis, Kolokotronis and many other officers and politicians. The dinner was a success and, as usual, we began the toasts when eating had been taken care of. We toasted the King and Rundhardt. Then I stood up and said "Greece thirsts for justice and truthfulness. May the Lord help those who govern to provide her with both." Upon this, Rundhardt toasted my own health.

It is God's truth that as long as Rundhardt governed us there was justice and honesty in Greece.

The man went so far as to spend his own money for our country! But we're proficient in allowing our evil compatriots to ruin everything good. Besides, Rundhardt wasn't popular with the foreign Ambassadors.

The British Ambassador in particular and every single one of our own rats hated him with passion. No matter how carefully they explained how they wanted him to govern, he wouldn't listen. Finally, they wore him down and he resigned.

In the meantime, assorted Bavarians who had become lackeys of the Foreign Powers had gone to work on the King, misled him with their calumnies, and Rundhardt's resignation was accepted. This good and honest man who loved Greece left our country heartbroken and died on his way home. May the Lord remember this honest friend of Hellas. And may He send to the devil all those

others who came here to get rich and made the country suffer and forced our innocent King to pay for their greed and cupidity.[17]

Shortly after Rundhardt's departure we held municipal elections. Kalifronas was elected Mayor and I was re-elected to the City Council. After much work, we figured out a tax-stamp system to bring in some money because Athens was broke.

Not that Athens was alone. The whole country was broke and not a penny remained of the foreign loans. Greece had assumed the loan obligations but it was Armansperg and company who sucked up the loan proceeds. For the kindness he showed us, and as a sign of the gratitude widely felt towards his person, he was burned in effigy at Patra.

However all this is ancient history and the Lord only knows what the future has in store for us. Greece has always been unlucky in her Governments and it's only because God looks after her that we continue to exist.

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17 I forgot to mention that during the feast I gave in Rundhardt's honor, I showed for the first time the 25 historical pictures I had commissioned. They portray different phases of the Independence War. I've got things to say about these pictures but can't do it now. I'm very ill. This is the third time that the pen fell from my fingers and I'm still on the same page.

EVENTS OF 1838-1840

Armansperg was fired but, before leaving, did his best to slander me. I've no idea what he told the King but can well imagine what he told his friends who came after me with remarkable determination.

Almost from the day he left I was seriously ill. My wounds opened and for close to five months nine doctors whispered as they consulted one another around my bed and, finally, concluded that death was imminent. My financial condition was no better than my physical one. I asked the Government to give me some money on account of what was due to me but they seemed unable to hear my pleas. On the other hand they paid me a disturbing compliment — realizing I was about to die, they got the army band ready to plant me with appropriate honors.

The band had been waiting for a couple of weeks when the Government noticed I was taking too long to die and sent someone to find out what was happening. They were told I was not dead yet and were disappointed there wouldn't be any ceremonies. My illness allowed me to appreciate the virtue of those rats and the genuine sorrow of my fellow-citizens. The latter packed the nearby streets trying to find out how I was doing.

I've mentioned my audience with the King just after his return from Bavaria. On that occasion I spoke to His Majesty about Lassanis, the Finance Minister, Armansperg's bosom friend, and listed the Minister's monumental embezzlements. After investigating my accusations the King removed Lassanis from the Ministry of Finance. This may sound ridiculous but Lassanis was immediately appointed to the State Accounting Committee. In his new post he erased from the books all evidence of what he and his friends had done. Pleased with his new job he let someone else worry about veterans, widows and orphans.

The fact is, nobody worried about them. The vermin of Constantinoupolis and Europe who descended upon us after we were free were busy with other matters — carriages, receptions, luxuries and the latest fashions. They grabbed the best land, the finest houses, the largest workshops. They wormed their way into

various Ministries, preempted the juiciest salaries, lent their money out at three percent a month, and became capitalists. They are now judges of everyone and masters of everything whereas Greeks born in Greece are good only to be hit over the head. Poverty has increased by leaps and bounds but let a veteran commit some misdemeanor and he'll either be thrown in jail or his neck will be attended to by the guillotine. Prisons are filled with misled individuals, the country overflows with imported kindness, our masters are millionaires, and the ship of state sails smoothly ahead.

Schmalz, the Minister of War, went past my house one day and I didn't salute him because I wasn't wearing my uniform.

Right away he asked me over to demand how come I didn't have my uniform on and how come I didn't salute him.

"I'm cultivating my garden," I replied. "I'm trying to grow lettuce so that I and my children can eat, together with the orphaned families I keep in my house. Those who fought in the war don't even have a medal to show for it. The ones who kept away from danger have been richly rewarded for their foresight. Warriors are going from door to door begging for a crust of bread and I've got a number of such people staying with me. I try to feed them so that they don't have to look for bread elsewhere and end up as bandits. I keep them away from the guillotine because our country might need them someday. That's why I'm digging in this garden and don't have my uniform on. When I'm not wearing my uniform I don't salute anybody, not even the King."

After working on him some more I managed to gain his confidence.

He went to the King and something was done about a few veterans. Nevertheless, the general practice continued. Rascals were rewarded while proud, starving lions were systematically overlooked. Seeing that not much was being accomplished I sought an audience with the King and told him the same old story all over again.

"I gave every veteran what was due to him," he replied and started to leave the room.

I grabbed him by the sleeve to stop him and he got angry and tried to shake himself loose. I grabbed his sleeve a second time and tears came out of my eyes.

"Your Majesty," I said, "if I persist for no good reason I'm a throughly dishonest officer. The truth is, I'm interceding for people who are much better men than I."

He saw me weep, stopped, sat down and we spoke some more.

"So!" he said at the end. "I've been duped!"

"That's right! Let me send these men to you and you can talk to them yourself."

He gave me permission and the following morning I sent my veteran friends to the Palace. The King spoke with them, pitied them, and did what was right. He gave them the rank they deserved.[18]

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Nowadays, as if our misfortunes aren't enough, we've got "official historians" on our back. The wreckers of Greece have put their sycophants to work and, at regular intervals, we read official eulogies in the newspapers and official histories are sold in the market. Alexandros Soutsos wrote an official history in French and does a fine job calling his bosses *Saviors of Greece*. By some strange coincidence, all saviors of Greece belong to the Mavrokordatos party.

Koletis saw this book, turned green with envy and ordered Sourmelis to write a *really* official history. Sourmelis was a founding member of the Gouras gang and a pillar of the Gouras-Koletis faction. Consequently, he maligned Odysseas, who was an enemy of Koletis, while piling fulsome praise upon Gouras and the gang. Can you write history, official or otherwise, if you possess this kind of virtue? Can you afford not to mention both the pros and the cons about the individuals you mention?

You most certainly can!

18

We had to go to all that trouble because the list of people to be promoted that had been established by the Grading Committee was doctored. Names were erased and other names written over the erasures. When the King gets at the truth he dispenses justice. But do the scoundrels let him get at the truth?

According to Sourmelis, if the Gouras gang accomplished one thing during the siege of the Acropolis, it had to be multiplied by fifty. The author got stomach cramps if persons not belonging to the Gouras gang accomplished anything and, to ease the pain, Sourmelis says *our people did it.* The friends of the author have names. Those who wouldn't go near the gang have none, they're simply *our people*. But when he says "our people" he craftily manages to include his cronies and give them part of the credit. Quite often, he doesn't even bother with such details, gives all the credit to his friends, and never mind who was really responsible. When Sourmelis is through listing all kinds of lies about Odysseas, he concludes by condemning him to eternal infamy for killing that priest I mentioned when I described what happened in Athens back in those days.

But Sourmelis doesn't mention why Odysseas did it and won't let readers judge by neglecting to say that the priest was a spy for the Turks, that he was responsible for the death of heroes, that he betrayed Thanassis Skourtaniotis whom the Turks burned alive inside a church together with forty of his men. Finally, Sourmelis the impartial historian dares accuse Odysseas of cowardice! Odysseas held back 12,000 Turks at Dhadhi and liberated our country just when she was about to be recaptured but, in Sourmelis' learned opinion, Odysseas is a coward! An interesting piece of information!

Seeing that our two greatest politicians — which is to say, Mavrokordatos and Koletis — had found one historian each, our third greatest politician — which is to say, Metaxas — looked around and found one himself. Mavrokordatos had Soutsos, Koletis had Sourmelis, the two historians burned incense to their masters and Metaxas found Karpos because incense has an attractive aroma.

I've mentioned Karpos before but there is no harm in bringing him up again. He was a priest from Russia, came to Greece during the first year of the Revolution, attached himself to Odysseas and taught him virtue, kindness, modesty and patriotism, all of Russian manufacture. After the venerable ecclesiastic was through with Odysseas the latter began to persecute his fellow-soldiers. He trusted nobody, loved nobody and his attitude was fully reciprocated by his former friends. When Odysseas took Karpos' advice and tried to reform each and every one of his old friends, the holy man from Russia charged ahead like a maddened dog and, with the blessing of Odysseas, killed people right, left and center. I specifically recall Alexandros, an alderman of Atalandi, whom the saintly Karpos and his assistants

dispatched from this planet in a particularly revolting fashion. After these contributions to the cause of our country, Karpos shaved off his beard, became a captain in the regular army and, when the war was over, got himself appointed official historian to Metaxas. In this new capacity, he praised Odysseas in order to cheat others of the glory they had earned.

What's the conclusion from all this?

I suppose it must be that he who isn't with Mavrokordatos and the English faction, or with Koletis and the French faction, or with Metaxas and the Russian faction has, quite simply, lost out. He has especially lost out if he's a Greek who cares about his nation and faith. If one belongs in this category, if he tries to do good and stay honest, the factions and their official historians see to it that his name is erased from the record. His struggles become their accomplishments. His honesty is their virtue — and they attribute their own virtue to someone else because even they can appreciate its value. When factions perform their ugly deeds they appropriate the results. But when the deeds begin to smell, the scoundrels pass the stench on to others.

Peraivos was another sage dabbling in history.

He belonged to no easily identifiable faction and his objectives were modest. He merely tried to praise the Souliotes, himself and any of his friends he happened to remember. Peraivos was kind enough to mention my name in his book and states emphatically that I lost the Battle of Pireas.

Thinking it over, I suppose he's right. I lost that battle single-handed and he saw me do it because he and his friends stayed behind in the peninsula. In fact, it was my fault that Peraivos and his friends kept close to 9,000 troops with them. Moreover, I was totally responsible when they abandoned to the Turks every stronghold, every canon and every well.

It so happens however that the Battle of Pireas is shown in one of the paintings I commissioned and every military commander in Greece knows who is responsible for the catastrophe. Everyone has seen my paintings and everyone has read the letters I wrote to the newspapers. I attacked in print the so-called histories

of Soutsos, Sourmelis, Karpos and Peraivos. Not one of them has replied so that I could go into even greater detail about the lies they're peddling.

And speaking of the paintings.

Why did I go into so much trouble with them? Why did I spend all my free time between 1836 and 1839 supervising their execution? Come to think of it, why did I have them made at all?

I had them made to show up the cheap lies and gross inaccuracies of these latter-day historians. In particular, I wanted to make Karpos look like the liar he is when he writes that I took fire and sword and marched against the Peloponnesus.

The truth is that I abandoned Odysseas on account of his own and Karpos' virtue, that I placed myself under the direct orders of the Government and that I saved the Parliamentary records from destruction.

Later on, when Kolokotronis and company rebelled, I fought them as cleanly as I could and did my share for the establishment of law and order which Karpos, the clean-shaved priest, chooses to call "fire and sword".

Not that he's more truthful in his account of the Battle of Mili where he says I had 15 men under my command. The reader can see in my personal archives, which I've appended to this manuscript, the affidavit given to me by Metaxas, who was Minister of War at the time, and the document leaves no doubt as to whether my men were 15 or 300.

Not that Metaxas should be regarded as the final arbiter of truth. In fact, he's the one who first circulated the rumor that Ipsilandis was the Greek Commander-in-Chief at the Battle of Mili. If any order of the Government can be found to say I was placed under Ipsilandis' command or, for that matter, if Ipsilandis possesses any piece of paper saying that he should seek me out and place me under his orders, then I'm a liar. Conversely, if no such orders can be found, all of them put together are liars.

Still, Karpos isn't content to disseminate these fairy tales. He uses his book to describe how exceptionally brave *he* was at the Battle of Mili! This is so

ridiculous, and so many people have already pulled his nose by writing letters to the newspapers, that I shall not bother to say anything more about it.

Years before it was decided that March 25, the day our Revolution was officially declared, would be a national holiday celebrated all over the country. In 1839, the Government, at the instigation of Clarakis, the Minister of the Interior, a pillar of the Russian faction, chose not to hold a celebration.

I forget the excuse but the real reason was that such occasions seldom make the politicians look like heroes. A few people in the capital and the Athens high-school students felt like holding a service in memory of those who died in the war. They invited a number of individuals to a meeting and I was among the guests. Hearing this the Government concluded that the commemorative service was a front. What *I* had in mind was to stage a rebellion and kill all those who didn't observe the national holiday. To make a long story short, I had the devil's own time saving my neck from the resulting furor.

Some time before this incident I had completed the series of paintings I mentioned a few paragraphs ago. My intention was to have them printed and a lot of people, both inside and outside the country, subscribed to the issue in advance.

Between 1836 and 1839 I commissioned two artists to do these paintings for me. I kept them in my house, fed them and paid them regular salaries. In exchange, they did 126 pictures for me. When the paintings were finished I threw a big feast. I invited the foreign Ambassadors, all Philhellenes who happened to be in Athens, the palace officials, a lot of Ministers and the more important of our politicians and military officers.

All told, more than 250 people came to my house that day. After we toasted the Foreign Powers and our King and Queen, I brought out the pictures and the guests examined them. A few days later I sent a set of 25 pictures to the King and one set apiece to each of the Ambassadors of the Foreign Powers. I stress that I did this *after* the pictures had been examined by veteran officers who scrutinized how each battle was portrayed, the positions of the opposing armies and the names of the Greek and Ottoman commanders.

Now, to go back to what I was saying about the fresh crop of historians, many people got upset by what I wrote in the newspapers concerning the accuracy of recently-published accounts and played me a nasty trick.

There was a fellow by the name of Isaias, reputedly a close friend of Capodistria. I had never met him before but he was introduced to me by a common acquaintance and Isaias and I agreed he should take my pictures to Paris and have them printed there. When the details were ironed out I went to the King, informed him about having the pictures printed and begged him to lend me the set I had given him. I should perhaps note that this set, as well as the sets I gave to the foreign Ambassadors, were painted on heavy paper. The King returned the pictures to me, I gave them to Isaias, he took off for Paris and this is where the nasty trick begins.

On his way to Paris Isaias stopped off in Patra and sent me a picture of his own. It showed some kind of bird holding with one leg the word *Constitution* in Greek and with the other the word *Constitution* in French. The painting was addressed *Makriyiannis — Athens* but in a way that would have made even an unsuspicious Government wake up to the meaning of suspicion.

Sure enough, our Government got hold of the bird which ended up in the offices of two of my Minister friends — Schmaltz, the Minister of War whom I hadn't saluted and Clarakis, the Minister of the Interior who didn't favor celebrations on Independence Day. So there we were! Two Ministers — a Bavarian and a Russia-loving Greek — swore before God to skin Makriyiannis alive! Makriyiannis is for a Constitution! Makriyiannis forgot the efforts of Capodistria, a man who sacrificed himself so that Greece would be spared the evils of a Constitution and went so far as to perjure himself rather than let his country catch a disease that might spread among the European cannibals and exterminate them!

Unfortunately for those who went to so much trouble setting up the bird trick, Schmaltz, the Minister of War, was a man of conscience. Before proceeding to skin me alive he investigated and felt obliged to report to the King that Makriyiannis had nothing to do with this particular plague or, in other words, that Makriyiannis didn't have in his pocket a Constitution all drawn up. Faced with such an admission by his colleague, Clarakis could do little but eat his fingernails. Nevertheless, he was disappointed that Makriyiannis escaped and never forgave me for having been invited by some schoolchildren to celebrate our Independence Day.

In the meantime, Isaias was hanging on to my pictures and instead of going to Paris, where I had already written to Fabvier and other Philhellenes to help him print them, he went to Venice. Once there, he composed a notice that he had contacted other veterans and was now going to print a set of *different* pictures, based on information given to him by these other people. He then asked everyone who read his notice to subscribe for the new set and forget about the old one. He never completed this project because the Merciful Lord cut his life short and may his soul be judged according to his merits. Still, I can't help feeling bitter about the scoundrels who talked Isaias into this and made me waste three years' worth of expense, effort and headaches.[19]

The reader may recall Lassanis, the Minister of Finance under Armansperg. He may also remember that the King fired Lassanis from his position and appointed him to the State Accounting Committee with a fat salary possibly because it was expected that Lassanis would work hard doctoring the records and white-washing the evidence of the colossal graft he and his friends had been engaged in during his stint as Minister.

Come to think of it, what we need here is a new word because *colossal* is inadequate. Estates went to Spiromilios, olive-groves to Mamouris, entire regions to Tzavelas, villages and thousands of acres to Grivas, not to mention the loads of money given to the gang-leader, Armansperg, who returned to Bavaria bent double under the weight of the loot he stole. So, Lassanis had plenty of work in the State Accounting Committee. However, he was as inexhaustible as Hercules and found time to make a few more deals in his new post as well. Finally, and to immense chagrin of the gang, the King was obliged to dismiss Lassanis altogether.

Such were the things I kept repeating to His Majesty as I pointed out the destruction of the country where he and his children would live. By so doing, I

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I've got in my house the original paintings from which the copies given to the King and the Ambassadors were made. These originals have certain omissions and I'll see to it that they're corrected. I haven't done it yet because my heart grew cold as a result of the games they play with me. Nevertheless, I've walked on every single battlefield shown in the pictures and know what must be done so far as corrections are concerned. The set I gave to Isaias was lost in Venice.

wasn't becoming popular and it eventually dawned even upon me that everyone persecuted me because I spoke the truth.

It's curious that everyone professes to want the truth and that, upon getting it, tries to kill the man who gave it to him. We may therefore conclude that the taste of truth is bitter, that everyone simply *asks* about the truth and that, having asked, tries to bury it. Nowadays, when they ask me for the truth, I reply I don't understand the question. My head has been smashed far too often for the sake of truth and I don't see why I should continue to be obsessed with it when most people don't want to hear the first thing about it.

Take Frantzis, the *official* historian of Kolokotronis. He used to be terribly friendly with me and pestered me to give him material for the book he was writing since, he said, he wanted information from many people.

"History-writing," I told him one day, "requires guts and honesty. You must write both the pros and the cons about your friends so that those who will be born after you will be inspired to be better Greeks. Well then, will you write both the pros and the cons about Kolokotronis?"

"What are you talking about? Who needs subtleties and complications? If Kolokotronis hadn't been misled into doing something bad there's no doubt he'd have done something good."

"I've got no material for your book," I replied.

I haven't spoken to him since not only because of his peculiar views about history-writing but, also, because of the filthy trick he played on a poor girl even though he was an old man and a priest. He's one of the parasites who nibble at the foundations of Greece, like those sycophants who let foreigners walk all over them and allow our country and faith to be attacked by atheists.

Throughout the Ottoman occupation, the enemy never touched a stone belonging to our churches. The present-day scoundrels made common cause with the tainted Fanariotes and other imported vermin and, all of them together, managed to destroy our monasteries and tear down our churches. We've suffered much from the Frantzis variety of priests and, it must be admitted, we've suffered just as much from a comparable variety of laymen.

Let me return to Frantzis' book though. This devout priest felt ambitious when he picked up his pen and attempted to describe the various revolutionary movements from Romania and to the south. Considering the scope of his work, one specific omission was noted and people asked him why he didn't write anything about the Roumeliots. *Because the Roumeliots were mercenaries, that's why!* the good priest responded.

Dissolute, sick, old man! Where did you find the cash to hire the Roumeliots? When did Peloponnesians fight one single battle all by themselves? Name one battle when Roumeliots weren't present! Who held the passes and starved Dramali Pasha to death? Where did we see your own and your friends' talents except in the organization of civil wars? And, incidentally, who invented factionalism?

Well then, here's a dose of history for your edification.

I'm a Roumeliot but I'm not saying Peloponnesians invented factionalism. It was invented by Peloponnesians and Roumeliots together! So, how do you dare divide the country into heroes and mercenaries? You may say the Roumeliots devastated the Peloponnesus during the civil wars because this may be true. But who was responsible? Why do you neglect to mention that you were a prominent rebel yourself and went to prison for it? The world knows each and every Peloponnesian, Islander and Roumeliot who fought for our country. It knows just as well those who viewed the war as an occasion to get rich. It knows the feats of your gang and you own personal accomplishments. The world remembers that as long as Capodistria stayed close to the people every honest man called him *Saint Ioannis.* But he was destroyed when you and your gang surrounded him and our country suffered because you and your gang felt permanently wronged and permanently clamored for civil wars to set the score right. The Mavromihalis were a powerful family and most of them died fighting the Turks. Still, you and your gang saw to it that the survivors were thrown in jail and that when you let them out they had to live on the charity of their friends. Can anyone question the significance of the Mavromihalis contribution to the war? Nevertheless, you misled Capodistria and he persecuted them and they killed him.

Taking all this into account, it is small wonder that you and your friends praise one another. But it was because of scoundrels like yourself that the guillotine

chopped off so many heads. Our bravest soldiers despaired when they saw the indifference of your factions and became bandits to get something to eat. Yes, they were bandits! And they were killed like flies or got thrown in prison. This was all right with you!

You, the mangy dogs, have become scholars and aristocrats and those who shed their blood for Greece don't even have a tin medal to show for it! Why don't you refute just one of these accusations, Mister Frantzis? Everyone knows the former financial situation of every member of your gang, just as their present situation is obvious even to those who were born blind.

Those who used to be rich now starve to death. Landowners are forced to mortgage their property to usurers and properties change hands within a year. But the supporters of your faction — and, for that matter, the supporters of your opposing faction, the pseudo-constitutionalists — planted themselves where the good salaries are. From their comfortable chairs they feed the foreigners with superbly manufactured lies and compose eulogies to usurers, to sneaky lawyers and to the rest of the scum who allow them to collect their pay at the end of the month. We've reached the point where members of all factions, no matter how opposed their professed views might be, cannot be told apart.

In the meantime, our nation has gone to the devil, and so has our faith.

We haven't built one single new church in the capital and the world is laughing at us. One thing all factions agree upon is that we don't need a church whereas we do need a musical-comedy theater. Seldom was anything built so fast in this country. Children are sent to school so that they'll grow up to be virtuous and educated men. Instead, they're getting educated in hit tunes and theater morality. They're so eager to learn that they sell their books to buy tickets and listen to Rita Basso, the famous star. This isn't as surprising as it may sound. Mature men have lost their heads over Rita Basso let alone young, book-selling school-children. Old Londos, for instance, hasn't got a tooth left in his mouth but Rita Basso has driven him insane and he's practically ruined after the gifts and the cash he showers upon her.

We've refused to learn from the experience of other European nations. Never bothered to ask ourselves what these nations did when they were in a state

comparable to our own. Did they build musical-comedy theaters or did they try to satisfy other needs? Did they build churches to ask the Lord for help? Did they build schools to turn children into useful members of society? But, on its own, school-building doesn't suffice. You've got to have good teachers and they're either hard to come by or they're good for a while and then go insane.

In 1839 we learned that Kairis, the famous teacher and scholar, no longer believed in the Holy Trinity. The Synod sent people to talk him back to his senses and he proudly refused to *compromise his principles.* We've all gone mad -- old, toothless Londos, children who sell their books, and Kairis who pretended to be a teacher and fooled parents into entrusting their offspring to his care so that he could pump their heads full of wisdom.

Throughout all this, it was business as usual in the political kitchen.

In December 1839, the Government uncovered a secret society with disastrous objectives for our country and King. The society was widespread both in Greece and in Turkey and its leaders were coordinating the action from Athens. The name of the society was *Filorthodoxos* and its existence was betrayed by one of its members. The chief conspirator was a brother of Capodistria, all sorts of documents were found in his house and the membership list made fascinating reading — Nikitas, Clarakis the Minister, Ikonomos, Mihail Vodas, Metaxas and his entire gang, etcetera.

They planned to assassinate the King on New Year's Day, right inside the church, and take over the Government. I was sick in bed when the conspiracy was blown wide open. Some of my friends picked me up, took me downtown and we saw to it that our King and country were protected. Clarakis and his stooges were removed from their posts and measures were taken for the conspiracy to fizzle out. The City Council assembled most of the Athenian population in the church and we cheered the King loudly to give him courage because he was scared stiff.

But I don't know why I'm making such a big fuss over this. After all, it was no more than what all good patriots had been doing for years — they wanted to turn over their country to some foreign master, Russia in this particular case, because they shudder at the thought we might handle our affairs by ourselves. Nonetheless, since I'm talking politics, let me say a few words about Mr. Zografos.

In recognition of his services to our nation, this skilled composer of proclamations — *The entire Greek army consists of thieves and rascals* — was appointed Ambassador to Constantinoupolis. He was duly covered with every known decoration and, eventually, was recalled to Athens where he was made a Minister. Then he got himself engaged to Mihail Voda's daughter, despite the fact that he was more than fifty and the girl less than seventeen. Since Zografos was a prominent member of the Russian faction it was thought expedient to send him back to Constantinoupolis to negotiate a commercial treaty because his tremendous intellect and Russian connections would scare the Ottomans speechless.

What happened was that the Ottomans made an utter fool out of him and the terms of the treaty he signed were more onerous than the terms under which we did business with the Turks before the revolution. Naturally, when Zografos returned to Athens, the Greeks wanted to crucify him. There was an uproar, the treaty wasn't ratified and poor Zaimis died from this loss of face on May 4, 1840. The country mourned the good patriot and the furor against Zografos redoubled.

The situation was not pleasant.

The Greeks wanted to stone Zografos to death. The Ottomans, angry that the treaty hadn't been ratified, turned on the Greeks living in Constantinoupolis, smashed their shops, threw them in prison and so forth. Realizing the difference between illusion and reality the King was obliged to send Christides to Constantinoupolis. With the help of the foreign Powers, Christides did what patching up could be done and trouble stopped at that point.

I should perhaps mention that we hadn't given up the idea of extending our borders to the north. In fact, we wanted Thessaly and Macedonia very much indeed.

Velentzas, Karatassos and I drew up plans, agreed to launch the offensive in March 1841 and I exchanged letters with the Greek military and political leaders in the Ottoman-held territories. About a year before the date we had agreed upon, Velentzas talked things over with Karatassos, picked a handful of men and, without telling us a word about it, entered Thessaly. He was well inside the Turkish lines when I learned what happened but Grivas and Hatzipetros who, as the reader might

recall, had plenty of things against me, informed the Government that I was going to capture the Acropolis from one minute to the next.

The Government reacted immediately. In the middle of the night, they sent troops, canons and supplies to the Acropolis while, simultaneously, dispatching infantry and cavalry units to besiege me in my house.

Fortunately, I had been warned in time about and went straight to the Minister of War and to King. It was with great difficulty that I managed to keep body and head together, but I did it.

All the same, I didn't succeed in dispelling suspicions and they wanted to search my house for any subversive plans and documents I might have floating about. I still wonder whether they truly thought I was mad.

I had to be mad to want to lock myself inside an empty castle so that, half an hour later, I'd have the privilege of being led to the guillotine. Still, I can see the handwriting on the wall. One of these days they're going to search my house and although they won't find what they'll be looking for, they'll find this manuscript. I shall therefore give it to a friend who is leaving for the island of Tinos and I'll ask him to keep it hidden until things settled down again.

Makriyiannis

Athens,
14 August 1840

THE GRAND IDEA

BACKGROUND

The Regency Council governed Greece from February 1833 until Otto came of age in May 1835.

Thereafter, only Armansperg remained in power because Otto named him Chancellor, the equivalent of Prime Minister. The King retained the prerogative of forming and dismissing Cabinets but even though he did appoint some pliable Greeks to different Ministries, power remained in the hands of Bavarian bureaucrats, leftovers from the Regency administration.

Greek politicians weren't pleased to be left out and the Greek public was outraged to see how obediently Armansperg served his British paymasters. When the capital was moved from Nafplion to Athens in December 1834 foreign embassies increased their behind-the-scenes activity but the British Ambassador, to the immense displeasure of his Russian, French and Austrian colleagues, remained dictator for as long as Armansperg was Chancellor.

Greek disaffection, Bavarian ineptitude, and ambassadorial scheming led to the Aitolo-akarnania insurrection of February 1836. The rebels were subdued within a few months and royal authority was more or less re-established. In April 1836, Otto went to Germany to get married and stayed there until February 1837.

By the time he returned, Armansperg had set so many records for mismanagement, graft and corruption that Otto had to fire him. Rundhardt, the new Chancellor, lasted 10 months. The British Ambassador couldn't get over Armansperg's dismissal and orchestrated a campaign of character assassination that made up in intensity what it lacked in substance -- Rundhardt was a Bavarian *and a tool of* Austrian *diplomacy and did not care a fig about ethereal Hellas. Otto listened to this nonsense, was fool enough to accept Rundhardt's resignation and decided to be his own Prime Minister.*

This was a major mistake.

Not only did Otto lack the makings of a leader, he didn't possess any sense to speak of. He never understood Greek politics. He put his trust upon an assortment of muddle-headed Bavarians who, hidden and safe, operated behind the Palace walls. The machine he inherited from the Regents did not run smoothly to begin with and under his personal administration things became exceedingly messy. Foreign loans found their way into the strongboxes of hustlers. Veterans continued to suffer. Ambassadors worked overtime fine-tuning their factions. Local politicians mumbled it was time they were invited to save Greece. Athenian society displayed a pathological interest in Parisian fashions and Italian songs. Otto aggravated matters by entrusting difficult missions to gentlemen like Zografos and by appointing gentlemen like Lassanis to powerful offices.

Nations with domestic problems always find some foreign issue to vent their frustration.

The Grand Idea — the ambition to liberate Greek populations under Ottoman rule — became the vent for widespread frustration but was more than that.

The Revolution hadn't been declared to liberate just Roumeli and the Peloponnesus. It was to free millions of Greeks in Asia Minor, the Aegean Islands, Macedonia, Thessaly, Thrace and Epirus.

The last chapter showed that the dream was alive and that Makriyiannis was a protagonist in it. Although deeply disturbed by conditions at home he couldn't forget the still-enslaved brothers and prepared attacks on Thessaly, Macedonia and Crete.

The ground he tread was slippery. The Greek Government wasn't supposed to entertain expansionist visions because if the Ottomans got wind of them they'd take it out on Greeks living in Constantinoupolis. The problem was complicated by England and Russia.

Pursuit of Russian interests through a descent to the Mediterranean would jeopardize British interests stretching all the way to China. This was serious business and, in 1839, the British Ambassador, still livid that his friend Armansperg was no more, imparted the following words of wisdom to his Austrian colleague: A truly independent Greece is an insane thought. Greece is either British or Russian. Since she must not be Russian, she has to be British.

To prevent Greece from being British, Russia set up the Filorthodoxos Etairia -- an organization briefly mentioned by Makriyiannis in the preceding chapter and elaborated upon in the chapter that follows.

This was a Russian front for a gradual descent to the south, starting with the establishment of a Russian protectorate in Thessaly and Macedonia. In a similar vein, the Cretan uprising of 1841, also discussed in the next chapter, was encouraged by England which hoped to establish a protectorate there, just as she had done in the Ionian Islands.

When it became clear that the Greeks didn't want to give up these territories either to Russia or to England the two Powers made sure that Thessaly, Macedonia and Crete remained under the Ottomans.

From 1840 to 1844 Makriyiannis didn't see the manuscript of his Memoirs *which was kept hidden on the island of Tinos. When he began to write again he had accomplished his life's dream and had given Greece a Constitution. Still exulting, he begins the next chapter by describing the preparations for the attack on Thessaly, Macedonia and Crete. Along the way, he intersperses comments about the paintings he commissioned between 1836 and 1839.*

THE GRAND IDEA

In September 1844, I went to do homage to the holy icon of the Virgin of Tinos. I stayed on the island 23 days and brought this manuscript back to Athens. I shall now continue by describing what happened between the day I stopped writing, four years ago, until today, October 16, 1844. I couldn't do this before and, during all that time, I scribbled notes and hid them in a can which I kept buried and dug out only when I added a page. Now that I brought my manuscript back I'll describe events as they occurred.

The reader may recall that the Government sent me twice to Idhra during the war. On both occasions, the Government also sent Karatassos and I made many friends among his officers. I was particularly close with two of them, Velentzas and Karatzoglou. The latter was a brave man and a great favorite with Karatassos. He was from Kavala, the birthplace of Mehmet Ali, the ruler of Egypt. He came south to fight in our country's hour of need, we were like brothers and I shared all my thoughts with him. I felt almost the same way about all the other officers — Karatassos, Velentzas, Gantzos and so forth — and we trusted one another completely. Seeing that our views were identical, we swore to stand by the Government and help establish laws that would turn Greece into a real country. We remained loyal to our oath when the knives and pistols of Kolokotronis, Odysseas and other rebels endangered national safety and on the strength of this oath I invited Karatassos and the others to the Peloponnesus when the civil wars raged. And they did come and put an end to our country's perils.

When the war was over Capodistria set out to organize a regular army. In the process many veterans were wronged, Karatzoglou being one of them and he thought about becoming an outlaw. I talked him out of it, suggesting instead that he ought to go back to Kavala and organize the people there. This would be a good way to spend one's time until favorable circumstances allowed Greece to jump on the Ottomans and free those parts of our country that continued to suffer under the Sultan's tyranny.

Karatzoglou agreed, we swore secrecy and promised to keep in touch. We also agreed to keep an eye on Capodistria because we weren't yet certain about what he had in mind. The moment he became Governor he dissolved Parliament and suspended the very laws he had sworn to respect, all of which smelled like perfidy but we wanted to be sure. We agreed on recognition signals — his messengers would tell me "bullet" and my messengers would tell him "rifle" — and he left for the Mount Athos area where he became a chieftain and remained for some time.

According to our understanding, he catechized people about the forthcoming uprising and acquired a crowd of followers. I did plenty of catechizing myself and, among others, I initiated Vassilis Athanassiou, a cavalry officer in whose wedding I was best man. Like Karatzoglou, he was born in Macedonia and I arranged that he be appointed to the National Guard unit stationed in Lamia. For years, Karatzoglou and Athanassiou exchanged messages between Mount Athos and Lamia. By that time King Otto arrived and the Regents took over. Just about then, Velentzas, my other friend from Idhra, installed himself near Lamia and contacted the three of us. He was a brave soldier whose bravery served him in nothing. He was consistently persecuted and, every now and then, landed in jail and I had a hard time keeping him out of the hands of the Bavarians and their Greek stooges.

That was how things stood. Karatzoglou, Athanassiou, Velentzas, myself and many others tried to strengthen our movement. Our foremost objective was the attack on the Ottomans but we also hoped it might be possible to promote some genuine liberty within the borders of independent Greece. In other words, we hoped to establish fair laws and a proper way of government because we were being governed by cannibals of the "that's-the-way-I-please" school. Their methods did wonders insofar as making things go from bad to worse, and that's why the 1836 Aitolo-akarnania rebellion broke out.

It was in 1836 that I began work on the paintings I've mentioned and now is the time to say a few words about them.

The idea to have these pictures made took shape in my head as I was leading my regiment to Akarnania during the insurrection. As I said, we didn't do much fighting because the rebellion died out before we got there so I used the opportunity to visit and study all the locations where important battles against the

Ottomans took place. Everywhere I went I took careful notes and when I returned to Athens I commissioned a European painter to turn my notes into pictures. I couldn't speak his language, we couldn't converse properly, he did two or three paintings, they were no good, I paid him and he left.

I then sent word to Sparti and my friends there sent me a veteran whom I knew to be a painter. His name was Panagiotis Zografos. We discussed the project and agreed on a price per painting. He sent for his family and I kept them in my house throughout the time he worked for me, which is to say from 1836 to 1839. I'd take him to the battlefields and tell him, this position was held so; the battle developed in this and that manner; the name of the Greek commander was this; the name of the Ottoman commander was that.

The first painting shows our Lord God and Greece. Greece is in chains and the Lord looks at her and says: "Greece! Because of the suffering and sacrifices of Hellenes and Philhellenes, I take pity on you! I shall have three powerful Nations take the chains off your legs! I shall make you a Kingdom to be ruled by Otto and Amalia!" And the Lord releases Greece from her chains and places our King and Queen to her right and left. The Lord is shown in the uppermost part of the picture and an angel crowns our sovereigns. Another part of the picture shows the rulers of the three Powers and an angel crowns them too. People and clergy are shown kneeling and glorifying God. "Let Your glory be great, Lord, for the resurrection you have worked upon us!" they say. "Long live the three Powers and their rulers! Long live our nation and our King and Queen!"

The second painting shows Constantinoupolis. The Sultan who conquered the city sits on his throne and smokes his hookah. He's surrounded by guards and officials and the defeated Greeks offer him gifts and the keys to the city. But the Sultan says, "I've no use for gifts and keys from the Greeks!" He shows his sword and says, "This is what I conquered them with and there's nothing they can give me on their own!" And he orders that the Greeks be turned into slaves. Some of the Greeks refused to be slaves and took to the mountains. An official says to the Sultan: "You may have turned these Greeks into slaves but others have run away to the mountains." In response the Sultan orders his army to fight all Greeks who kept the idea of liberty alive for centuries. To do so they went hungry and barefooted and roamed the wilderness. The Turks and their stooges would kill one but the dead man was immediately replaced by ten. Wild beasts and serpents were

the companions of these heroes, and God their only protector. Their food was the flesh of Turks and of traitorous Greeks who served the conqueror. Their drink was the blood of the enemy. In one section of this painting Greece is shown in chains. Three fighters have come down from the mountains and say to the people: "It's for love of our country that we suffer from cold and persecution all these centuries. Look at her! Despised and loaded with chains! Her glory is tarnished and forgotten! How can you keep your peace before such a sight? Dumb slaves! For how much longer will you allow the Turks to bleed you white?" These three heroes breathed fire into the slaves and the picture shows Rigas Velestinlis, the true son of Greece, holding a sack with the seed of liberty and sowing freedom in all directions.

The third painting shows the Battle of Alamana and Athanassios Diakos being impaled by the Turks.

The fourth shows the Battles of Gravia, Ambliani and the Salona territory.

The fifth, the Battle of Vassilika.

The sixth, Langada,

The seventh, Tripolis and the battles which took place in her vicinity.

The eighth, Arta, Souli and Splantza.

The ninth, the Acropolis of Athens taken by the Athenians from the Turks.

The tenth, Dervenia, Korinthos, Dervenakia, Argos, Palamidi and Nafplio.

The eleventh, Idhra, Spetses, Psara, Galaxidi with the names of Admirals, fire-ship commanders and aldermen, as well as the number of Turkish ships destroyed by each one of them.

The twelfth shows the Battles of Palaio Navarino, Sfaktiria and Pilos.

The thirteenth, western Greece — the battles from Ioannina and to the south: Vonitsa, Pounta and so forth.

The fourteenth, eastern Greece with Thiva at the center and the name of every important leader from 24 near-by villages. Ipsilandis is also shown with his armies at the various locations where he fought the Turks.

The fifteenth painting shows how the Battle of Mili was fought.

The sixteenth is about the siege of Messolonghi: the battles of Klissova, Vassiladi and the holocaust at the end.

The seventeenth shows Karaiskakis' battles around Arahova, the monastery, and the two trophies he raised with Turkish heads.

The eighteenth is about the Pireas campaign and shows Drakos, Mounihia, Passalimani, Metohi, Bostania and all the bastions.

The nineteenth shows the attack on Tris Pirgi: the eleven bastions at the rear, the three advanced ones and the spot where the Souliotes were killed. I myself am shown standing on the dry bed of a stream pointing at a position where a bastion ought to have been constructed to keep the Turks back and nobody listened to me.

The twentieth shows the siege of the Acropolis— the positions from which Kioutahi Pasha attacked us, the spot where Gouras got killed, the entrance of Fabvier with reinforcements.

The twenty-first is about the battles of Crete and Samos where so much blood was shed and which the heartlessness of the Great Powers allowed to go back under the Sultan's oppression.

The twenty-second shows Kaliakouda, Karpenissi and the place where Markos Botsaris was killed.

The twenty-third shows the Battle of Navarino — Pilos, the island, the port, the Turkish fleet and the armadas of the Great Powers.

In the twenty-fourth painting Greece holds a garland and crowns all Philhellenes — the names of all those who came and fought for our country are spelled out.

The twenty-fifth shows Greece laying down and Armansperg plucking out her heart.[20]

The twenty-sixth is a portrait of myself.

In the pictures I gave to the Ambassadors, as well as in the set I presented the King with — and which was subsequently lost on account of that rascal Isaias — the names of each location and each Greek and Turkish commander were written down. Furthermore, every location has a number on the picture and I've written explanatory notes for each. The pictures were signed *By the thought of Makriyiannis. Twenty-five paintings were made at his cost and trouble for the pleasure of his fellow-Greeks and of our Philhellene benefactors.*

When I was through with the paintings, I turned to another project.

Clearing out a part of my garden, I covered it with mosaics of black and white pebbles.

First, I drew a circle and surrounded it with lances to represent our country which for so many years was surrounded by the lances of tyranny.

Further down, I designed a dog, the true Greek dog who, hungry and unprotected in the snow, guarded the freedom of his country just like a good dog guards sheep from wolves.

Next, I made two young goats fighting each other, which is how the Greeks learned the art of war.

20

Armansperg heard about this picture and expanded his persecution campaign against me. To prevent worse things from happening, some friends came to my house one day when I wasn't there and, in agreement with Zografos, burned this picture. I gave them hell when I returned and Zografos promised to do it all over again. But he never did.

Then I made a female deer suckling her kid, which is how our country loves us when we love one another. There was also a powerful lion being eaten by a wolf, which is how, with the aid of God, we ate up the Turk.

Further down, I made a tree covered with fruit. A Greek is holding a sack and tries to harvest the fruit of his labor but an army of vermin doesn't let him and he tells them: "Get away from my fruit! For the time being you may have the tree surrounded but I shall break your backs at the end."

Further down, I made another brave Greek, well-armed. He watches over the liberty of his country so that nobody can endanger it. Some way to the side, a big lion had plunged his claws into an unfortunate Greek and is about to rip him apart. But the Greek asks the Lord for help and ends up killing the lion.

Another design shows the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, Hadrian's Gate, and the owl, the symbol of Athens.

Further down, I made a Greek dancing with someone wearing European garb. The foreigner wants both of them to dance to his own tune but the Greek prefers his own and they'll soon fight because neither can learn the other's steps.

Further down there's a battle between Greeks and Turks; infantry, cavalry and plenty of dead soldiers.

Finally, there's a design showing veterans who fought for liberty and are now covered with wounds. The design also shows a lot of oxen and carts transporting stones and fertilizer because the wounded and crippled veterans must build houses and farms for their new masters.

Let me now go back to the Karatzoglou narrative.

I stopped at the point where the Regents, taking the proclamation of the Illustrious Minister Zografos for the gospel truth — *The entire Greek army consists of bandits and thieves* — proceeded to deal unfairly with the veterans. The upshot was that quite a few of them, naked and hungry, made Tail Bouzi, who was a Turk,

their leader and crossed the frontier and entered the Turkish territories looking for bread.

That was when Karatzoglou and I decided to act.

He sent me a message that veterans could be put to good use in his part of the country. However, the message went on, it was imperative that troops from Greece be also involved and, above all, that the undertaking be prudently managed. It'd be a sin to provoke a Greek uprising within the Turkish territories and then abandon the rebels to the wrath of the Sultan.

The problems generated by his conditions are understandable and I told Karatzoglou that until they were resolved he should continue to recruit people and that I'd do the same. Which I did. People came to visit me, I kept them in my house, we discussed the future of our country and I prepared them for the assault on Turkey. In this fashion, I recruited volunteers from all over Greece.

So far as official backing was concerned, things weren't that easy.

For quite a while, foreign relations were the fief of the Katakouzini brothers and their father-in-law, Armansperg, but the dismissal of the Chancellor facilitated matters. With Armansperg out of the way, Tsamis, the son of my old friend Karatassos, and I swore that the uprising would be carried out strictly for Greece and not for the benefit of any foreign power. Our ambition was to rid ourselves of external influences so that we could be masters in our own house. Tsamis, who was a Macedonian by birth, went to Thessaloniki, met with a lot of people, spent some time touring the north, and gave me a full account when he returned to Athens.

It was then, and completely by chance, that I discovered what a bearing our proposed attacks had upon the foreign policy of the great Powers.

One of the foremost members of the *Filiki Etairia*, Liondaridis by name and a very worthwhile person, came to Athens and we became friends. In one of our many discussions I asked him about how the father of Greek liberty, Rigas Velestinlis the poet, was betrayed to the Ottomans. Starting from there, I learned an interesting story.

Liondaridis began by telling me about the poet's activity in Vienna. One day, the Austrian police arrested him and handed him over to the Pasha of Belgrade who had Rigas garroted. Then the Sultan ordered the Patriarch of Constantinoupolis to surrender any material written by Rigas and, in addition, to excommunicate Rigas and all his followers. Rather than doing any of that, the brave Patriarch took it upon himself to continue Rigas' work. He assumed command of the *Filiki Etairia* and continued to proselytize people. Among other things, the Patriarch sent a trusted follower to spread the word among Greeks living in Russia.

At the time, Liondaridis, who was a loyal friend of the Patriarch, served as an officer in the Russian army. The envoy found him and told him to go to Mount Athos and meet the Patriarch there. Liondaridis secured permission from his superiors and went to Mount Athos. The Patriarch initiated him in the *Filiki Etairia* and elevated him to the priesthood. He then ordered him to go back to Russia, resign his commission, speak to Capodistria — who, at the time, was Russia's Minister of Foreign Affairs — and then proceed to the Danubian territories of the Ottoman Empire. The Patriarchate owned many lands and monasteries in those areas and Liondaridis was to do two things. First, proselytize as many Greeks as he could and, second, raise money for the coming Revolution.

Liondaridis did as he was told. He returned to Russia, resigned from the army, spoke with Capodistria, visited the Danubian territories, proselytized people and raised about three million grossia. The Patriarch told him to hang on to that money until the time came to spend it usefully.

That was when Napoleon, the Emperor of France, entered the picture.

Through Sebastian, his ambassador in Constantinoupolis, he told the Patriarch to send people all over Turkey to prepare the Greeks for an uprising. Napoleon said he intended to attack the Turks and wanted the Greeks to rise at the same time. If things went well, the message from Napoleon continued, the Greeks would have everything from Constantinoupolis to the south: Bulgaria, Serbia, Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, Roumeli, the Peloponnesus and all the islands. The Patriarch replied that preparations for an uprising were already underway and continued his work. But, as evil fortune would have it, Napoleon lost his throne and the project died before it was born.

The Patriarch told Capodistria about the Napoleonic plan and Capodistria told the Czar. When a small portion of Greece was eventually liberated, the Czar remembered this plan and told Capodistria to talk the Greeks into electing him their Governor. This, the Czar thought, would be a good start for Russia. To begin with, she could gobble up what little territory Greece had secured for herself and, later on, she could gobble up the much larger Greek territory which continued to be under Turkish rule.

Capodistria was duly elected Governor and wrote to Liondaridis informing him of the fact. In his letter, Capodistria attached a sealed message from the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs and advised Liondaridis to obey whatever instructions the Minister was sending him.

The message from the Minister to Liondaridis ran as follows: *It is our Emperor's desire that you should take the money you raised years ago and travel all over Turkey. The money should be spent to proselytize Christians in favor of Russia.*

Liondaridis was embarrassed by this request. *I haven't sworn to make propaganda for Russia,* he replied to the Minister. *I swore to work so that Greece can become a prosperous and independent state.*

This wasn't what the Russians had in mind and they arrested Liondaridis as a political prisoner. The money was taken from him and he was kept in jail until Capodistria was killed. The Governor's funeral was barely over when Liondaridis arranged it that important people interceded on his behalf. *I repent!* he said. *Get me out of jail and I'll do anything you want!* They got him out of jail and shipped him to Greece to make propaganda for them. However, the moment he stepped on Greek soil, he told his contact man that he was doing no propaganda and that Russia could go to hell.

The Russians forgot about Liondaridis and sent two priests, Greeks raised in Russia: Ikonomos and Anatolios.

These weren't run-of-the-mill priests. They were experts. Ikonomos specialized in political propaganda, Anatolios in military propaganda, and they went to work. First of all, they dug out the followers of our former Governor. Then, in

close collaboration with Georgettos, the brother of Capodistria, they organized the *Filorthodoxos Etairia* and created chapters in Greece and Turkey. They had so much money they virtually threw it out of the window and their proselytism prospered even though their plans were eventually betrayed.

To give them their due, they didn't lack style. Anatolios built a large house with a huge garden near the Temple of the Olympian Zeus. There, in comfort purchased with Russian cash, he and his Russia-loving friends worked away for the freedom of Greece.

His principal collaborator was Mihail Vodas, who also worked hard, possibly because the Russians had promised to make him Prince of Thessaly and Macedonia once these were turned into Russian protectorates. However, they still needed a commander for the military units they were setting up. The troops they recruited included many friends of mine who suggested that I be given the command and then paid me a visit to tell me about their suggestion.

My response was that it should be up to the Government to appoint anyone it pleased once the decision to attack the Turks had been made. I said this because I got the impression that these people were engaged in a patriotic undertaking under the camouflaged blessing of the Government.

Liondaridis discovered the real score. He had become friends with Romanos, the secretary of Mihail Vodas, and the objectives of Holy Russia came to the light. Liondaridis told me, I told the troops, and the project fell flat on its face due to lack of soldiers.

After this failure, Anatolios went to Mount Athos with a lot of money and found Karatzoglou who, as I said, was a prominent military leader in those parts. Anatolios won the confidence of Karatzoglou and initiated him into his organization. Here in Athens we had in the meantime discovered what Anatolios proposed to use Karatzoglou for and sent a message to Mount Athos.

When the initiation ceremony was over, Anatolios fished a Russian document out of his pocket and handed it to Karatzoglou telling him he was now a general according to the following line of reasoning. Karatzoglou would be the military commander of the *Filorthodoxos Etairia* whose member he had just become

by taking the customary oath. Since he took the oath and since he would be the military commander he could be nothing less than a general. Consequently, he had now become a general.

Having taken care of the honorific aspects, Anatolios made sure that practical realities were taken care of as well. He promised Karatzoglou a fat sum of money and, as an afterthought, urged him to proselytize people to the Russian cause. The propaganda campaign hadn't yet started when our messenger reached Karatzoglou and explained how things really stood. The patriotic monks of Mount Athos spoke to him too and Karatzoglou swore himself out of the *Filorthodoxos Etairia* in one damn quick hurry.

This second disappointment was too much for Anatolios. He wrote to the Russian Ambassador in Constantinoupolis telling him to give Karatzoglou a hard time. The Ambassador whispered a few words to the Ottoman authorities and the Turks began to chase Karatzoglou all over Macedonia. Things got so rough that he had to leave the country and seek refuge in Egypt where Mehmet Ali, an old friend of his, could protect him.

By coincidence, the Egyptians had just been forced to withdraw from Crete which they had occupied for ten years and Mehmet Ali was happy to see his old friend Karatzoglou and listen to plans for attacking the Sultan. One point Mehmet Ali insisted upon was that although Turkey should be attacked she should under no circumstances be attacked for the benefit of Russia but for the benefit of Egypt. In this spirit, he provided Karatzoglou with letters to Greek and Ottoman individuals in Crete and sent him there to organize a rebellion. Karatzoglou would be the leader and Mehmet Ali would support him with troops.

Preparations were underway when the Sultan died. Mehmet Ali fought a war with the new Sultan and defeated the Turkish fleet. This went to his head and he forgot about the Cretan revolt. Karatzoglou came to Athens and described to me everything he had been through. It was on this occasion that I saw with my own

eyes the letter Mehmet Ali wrote to the Cretans urging them to revolt against the Sultan.[21]

I think I've mentioned that the head of the *Filorthodoxos Etairia* was a brother of Capodistria. He and a few other conspirators were arrested and put in jail where they met a friend of mine by the name of Kambouroglou and thought of proselytizing him. Kambouroglou got his hands on copies of their oath and various other documents and sent me a message to visit him in jail. He said he wanted to give the documents to me so that I could take them to the King. I replied I wanted to have nothing to do with conspiracies and he gave the documents to Farmakidis. When the contents of these papers became known people realized how truly patriotic the Filorthodoxos Etairia was and that persons with no conscience didn't hesitate to use our faith and national dreams as a front for their deals.

If the *Filorthodoxos Etairia* used religion as a front, there were other rascals who capitalized on the widespread demand for a fair system of Government. *Let's have some Constitutional laws!* they wailed. *A Constitution! That's what our country needs!*

They misled the people with fine-sounding words and we were supposed to love constitutional liberties manufactured in France and England, just like our religiosity was to be satisfied by the brand of Orthodoxy fabricated in Russia and distributed in Greece through the *Filorthodoxos Etairia.* We are thus much obliged to the three Powers. They provided us with freedom, honor and faith. The foreigners had enormous respect for these things and wanted Greece to become a nation in the full sense of the word. That's what they told us. We believed and trusted our fellow-Orthodox Russians, and the British, and the French, and these three groups of philanthropists have done a wonderful job on us.

21

Quite some time previously, and long before Mehmet Ali defeated the Turkish fleet, Konstantinos Tositsas came from Egypt and told me a lot about that country. He also told me that Imbrahim Pasha still remembered our meetings in Pilos. Tositsas and I discussed the prospects of an attack on Thessaly and Macedonia but, since he intended to visit his mother in Lamia, we postponed any action until after his return. He never returned. He was falsely accused about something or other, the Government was about to arrest him, we warned him and he left Greece secretly.

Great and powerful Christian States!

You got your hands on an orphan, a weak creature saved by the grace of God from the clutches of the Sultan and you've almost succeeded in handing the orphan back to the tyrant because you're afraid of him. We showed you that the power of the *Grand Seigneur* doesn't match his resounding title but you continue to be afraid of him, just as you were afraid during the initial phases of our Revolution and kept supplying the Sultan's castles we besieged.

The Greeks are deeply grateful to those Russian, British and French citizens who helped our cause. But we owe no gratitude to the dissolute machines called *Russia* and *England* and *France.* Let the machines be content with the gratitude of our scoundrels who translated all foreign loans into fashionable clothes and glittering luxury. Admittedly, your loans did much good to Armansperg, Koletis, Mavrokordatos, Metaxas and their cronies. Nevertheless, and despite your best efforts, I don't think your selfish purposes will succeed. You're unjust, you're cannibals, you're champions of evil but none of this is the reason why you'll fail. You'll fail because the Lord is just, true and omnipotent. An insignificant Greek flings these accusations at your face and I don't give a damn if you're great or small powers. A power is great when it is fair. Then I respect it and bow before its might. Otherwise, I don't even want to hear the sound of your name because my country has been shaken by the fatherly advice of your ambassadors and the slavishness of your Greek stooges.

Realizing, perhaps for the first time, that never before had Greece been so much on her own, a few of us got together and resolved to devote our property, our time and our lives so that revolts could be organized — for Greece alone — in Thessaly and Macedonia. We made extensive preparations and sent word to our enslaved comrades to be ready. We recruited troops and sent them to Atalanti, Lamia and Xerohori with instructions to stand by for the attack. With the help of God, our state of readiness improved all the time.

Tsamis was in the secret and spoke about our plans to Soutsos, the King's major-domo. In his turn, Soutsos spoke to the King who said the time wasn't ripe for an offensive and told Tsamis to delay the action. We had no idea about any of this and continued to send people over the border. Tsamis was to command the expedition and they were supposed to wait for him.

Tsamis didn't show up.

After spending some days at the pre-arranged spot, the troops returned to Greece. We took care of them, fed them, saw to it that they were properly rested and, once again, sent them over the border.

Again Tsamis didn't appear and the troops came back a second time.

This was repeated over and over again and we spoke to Tsamis telling him either to get out there and be a commander or, else, to speak plainly and say he wanted to have nothing with the revolt. He promised that next time he wouldn't fail to meet the troops and then pulled strings so that the Government would transfer him to Nafplion.

It didn't take a genius to figure out that something was wrong and that the revolt should be postponed so that our brothers in the Turkish-held territories wouldn't pay for our clumsiness with their heads. Nevertheless, the troops wanted to attack even though they had no commander to lead them. Under these conditions, I withdrew from the movement. This didn't sit well with the others and they asked me to stay on as a member of the coordinating committee. I agreed and, sometime later, we sent two boatloads of ammunition to our followers in the Mount Athos area. Unfortunately, the people in charge of the boats were not first quality material. They reached Mount Athos and were met by Karatzoglou who, in the meantime, had returned to Macedonia. The captains were friends of Tsamis who wasn't in the best of terms of Karatzoglou.

So, as a favor to Tsamis, the captains betrayed Karatzoglou to the Turks.

The Turks arrested Karatzoglou and sent him to Constantinoupolis. I found out what happened and immediately approached the British and French ambassadors in Athens. I had been in contact with them all along, lying to them at a terrific rate.

I kept assuring them that we were *really* working for France, or England, or whatever particular preference they had. The ambassadors fell for my latest lies, wrote to their colleagues in Constantinoupolis and Karatzoglou was freed. The point is, the Russians hadn't forgotten that Karatzoglou refused to work for them. They

had made him a full General and he still refused. Consequently, they saw to it that the Turks assassinated him shortly after he was set free.

The Cretan revolt broke out about then, which is to say March 1841.

For a long time I'd been in contact with many Cretans and the Committee they had in Athens sent the Heretis brothers to coordinate the action on the island. They invited me to go down there myself but I couldn't because the Thessaly-Macedonia affair had entered a new phase and I was taken up in the preparations. However, we did ask our volunteers where they preferred to fight, in the north or in Crete, and our units were formed accordingly. Antonis Kriezis, the good patriot, was Minister of the Navy and his cooperation was essential for the success of our efforts. All kinds of ships were sailing in all kinds of directions for purposes the Greek Government couldn't officially condone but Kriezis was sworn in our secret and ordered the Navy not to bother ships carrying troops and supplies to Crete or to Mount Athos.

Seeing all this activity, Tsamis was ashamed to sit it out in Nafplion. He contacted us, left Nafplion, we chartered a ship for him, gave him men and supplies and told him to go north. He sailed halfway in that direction but, just outside Pillion, he saw a Greek man-of-war and got scared. He lowered a rowboat, took 15 men and landed in Zagora. The troops that were left on the ship had no other leader and came back to Athens. We, in turn, sent them to Crete.

Lack of the right kind of commanders was a problem. The troops that did make it to Mount Athos were few, undisciplined and so hell-bent to fight among themselves that the monks kicked them out even before the Ottoman army showed up. This meant we had to focus our attention upon Crete exclusively so we wrote to Tsamis, Velentzas and all the other commanders to get themselves down there. The understanding was that I and other officers would soon join them.

We held discussions with the Cretan Revolutionary Committee in Athens and agreed that, after the island was liberated, they'd provide us with 3,000 Cretan troops and as many ships as they could afford to charter. That way, we'd have a larger force and a unified command with which to launch the offensive against Thessaly and Macedonia. At the same time, and to create a diversion for the

Ottoman army, we contacted the island of Samos so that a revolt would break out there too.

That was the precise point when the Cretan Committee decided to pledge allegiance to the King of England.

We offered to send them 1,000 Roumeliot troops but, our previous agreements notwithstanding, they suddenly concluded that they didn't need our help after all. *There are plenty of Cretans on the island*, they said. *Outsiders who are already in Crete will more than suffice.* Naturally, when the Ottomans took the island apart, they changed their tune, discovered they did want our help and we broke our backs putting together a 500-man unit even though the King and the Government would be seriously compromised if we were caught. The Committee needed ships and bought six or seven. They also needed an admiral and settled on an Idhraios by the name of Boutis. The selection was unfortunate because the family of Boutis lived on Ottoman-occupied Samos. So, although he agreed to become an admiral, he was in no hurry to sail. Instead, he won the gratitude of the Ottoman ambassador in Athens to whom he betrayed the proposed landing in Crete.

Boutis wasn't the only one to help the Turks.

The English did more than their share by supplying our opponents with plentiful hints. Furthermore, they tried to lure the Heretis brothers to their faction by dangling some very attractive bribes. They didn't succeed with these two good patriots but they had better luck with other members of the Cretan Committee. Meanwhile, the Ottoman forces, thanks to British hints and British aid, were getting stronger and so far as the British were concerned, this was perfectly all right. They wanted to turn Crete into a British protectorate so they encouraged the Greeks and helped the Ottomans. However, when they realized that their faction was weak and that the Greeks, in spite of everything — and, above all, themselves — could capture Crete on their own, they advised the Ottomans to blockade the island.

Poor Crete was squeezed dry. The troops had no bread, no supplies, no ammunition. In short, they were finished. Once that became clear, Admiral Boutis spread sail and set out with the 500-man unit we had organized but, even so, hesitated to sail any further south than Spetses and simply hung around, making circles around the island.

Now that the Cretan revolt was dead and buried, the British could afford to demonstrate their love for mankind. They sent a couple of ships to Crete, evacuated the Heretis brothers and the mainland troops, and brought everybody to Aegina. Only when the disembarkation had been completed did the British-loving Cretan Revolutionary Committee order Admiral Boutis to sail beyond Spetses. Boutis, who liked to play it safe, sailed a few more miles and stopped again.

Mavrokordatos, who had been ambassador to England, returned to Greece. I paid him a visit and said to him: "We all know the good and the bad you've done for our country. What you must now do is tell the truth to the King about the miserable condition of the country. Advise him like a father as to how we can extricate ourselves from this mess. Forget about the Constitutionalist and Governmentalist factions! Form a coalition government and if your patriotic suggestions aren't followed and you find yourself broke and out of a job, we'll see to your financial support."

He spoke with the King, the King told him to form a Government, and Mavrokordatos took Metaxas, Valetas and Melas as his principal ministers. The new Government ordered me to get on board the battleship *Amalia* and go to Vatika, where Admiral Boutis had dropped anchor. I found him, together with Tsamis and our expeditionary unit and told them that the landing on Crete was off. I took them back to Aegina and disbanded the volunteer unit.

While still in Aegina, I learned that the Mavrokordatos Government had resigned and that the King had formed a Government of his own with Christides, Tiskovakis, Kriezis and Vlahopoulos as his Ministers. To keep my promise to Mavrokordatos about supporting him, I and many other patriots raised about 40,000 drachmas.

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The members of the Athens City Council started a fight among themselves and sent me a message to Aegina to rush back and take part in the battle. I told Minister Christides about it and he urged me to do what I could to calm things down.

I returned to Athens, spent a lot of money and organized a huge feast. I invited the entire City Council and went to work on them. After a while, they embraced one another, sought to make me Council President and finally sat down to eat. So, what happens next? Some ruffians ran to the Government! *The entire City Council,* they squealed, *is holed up in Makriyiannis' house and they're about to declare a revolution!* The Government responded by sending the usual cavalry and infantry units to surround my house because Minister Christides, who knew perfectly well what was going on, was too scared to speak out.

I asked for an audience with the Prime Minister-King and explained the feast to him. I also told him about the Crete expeditionary unit and their exemplary behavior while we were in Aegina. Finally, I told him about Nikitas who was also in Aegina, but in jail and destitute. I asked the King to free Nikitas because I was prepared to vouch he had nothing to do with what he was accused of, namely that he was a member of the *Filorthodoxos Etairia*. I went into great detail about Nikitas, the King was worn out, and issued an order freeing him immediately and paying him all his back salaries.

"How is it," I then asked the King, "that you weren't afraid I might stage a revolution when, up to a few days ago, I had 1,300 troops under my command, not to mention ships and supplies? How come you got afraid now when all you heard about was a dinner with the City Council?"

He said nothing.

"Why don't they let me live in peace?" I continued. "Am I going to start a revolution by marching ahead of a bunch of school-children? Or, am I perhaps going to impose a Constitution with a few paintings I commissioned? Even though I'm not rich I once refused to collect my salary so that the money could be distributed among poorer veterans. My example served in nothing and, after all these years, veterans continue to starve. As for me, I came under suspicion for an innocent gesture. Bear in mind, however, that everything I do is for the sake of my country, which also happens to be your kingdom." I told him plenty of this kind of thing because my enemies wanted to throw me in jail under some pretext and it'd be healthy to have the King on my side. "Your Majesty," I concluded, "I took an oath to work for the liberty of my country and I've gone through hell on account of that oath. I was tortured, and had cannon-balls tied to my feet, and was marched out to be hanged. I did come out alive but lost my houses and farms and all my other possessions. I've got five wounds and the war deprived me of my health as well as

of my property. In no area where I ever served can anyone find the slightest accusation against people under my command. Throughout the war, both I myself and all the others who suffered for the love of Greece, were good and honest. Today, our every move is suspect and, every day, new accusations are flung at us. Please consider all I've said so far and what I'll say now. I can no longer stand the kind of freedom dished out by those you choose to make Ministers and I'm asking for permission to sell my belongings here and remove my family somewhere else."

His Majesty tried to console me that morning. Nevertheless, he continued to believe those who maligned me and I enjoyed small favor with him. Others tried to murder him and I had saved his life twice. But it made no difference.

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When I was making the pictures many veterans who visited my house used to ask, what are they supposed to represent? "They represent," I replied, " this and that battle in which you yourself took part and where you received this and that wound so that our country would be free." Then we'd go down to the garden and look at the mosaics. This time my friends would ask for no explanation. They'd stare at the designs and then, without a word, they'd go to some other part of the garden and one would start moving dirt, another would pile stones, a third would pretend to pull out weeds, and they all thought that by keeping their heads down I wouldn't see they were weeping. Don't weep, I'd tell them, there's still a way for you and everyone else in Greece to end up laughing.

Back into the house we'd go, have dinner and I'd tell them I was afraid to speak openly because the Bavarian guillotine might chop my head off. That was how I bound them with oaths. I told them we had to get together and our secret shared with an ever-increasing number of people. Years went by and I kept swearing them in, and I had followers in every province and every day there were more of them. The Lord blessed my undertaking and nobody betrayed me even though the Government was suspicious of these comings and goings. It's possible that the thing didn't get blown wide open because of my technique with new members. To one I said the movement was for the liberation of Ottoman -occupied territories. To another that it was about improving the domestic situation. To still another that it sought the establishment of good laws and the proclamation of a National Assembly. Those who were keen upon the liberation of still-enslaved territories I encouraged to volunteer for one of our expeditionary units.

Such was the method I followed until 1840. It then occurred to me that we needed a written oath for everyone to sign because one was a Governmentalist, another a Constitutionalist, while a third, a fourth and a fifth were members of the English, French and Russian factions respectively. I picked out a few Constitutionalists and an equal number of Governmentalists from each city and reconciled them so that they wouldn't beat each other's brains out every second day. They then proceeded to reconcile their fellow-citizens by themselves.

The oath everyone signed was clear-cut: *We shall be neither Constitutionalists, nor Governmentalists. We shall do neither the English, nor the French nor the Russian bidding. We shall respect these three nations for the good they did to our country but, now, they should leave us and our King alone.* [22]

People from all over the country signed this oath and every one of them did further recruiting on his own. Perhaps I should mention that this applied to second-rank politicians, soldiers and civilians. I was apprehensive about the top-rank because they had all allied themselves to some foreign power. Consequently, and although I used the same oath to swear them in, they didn't have to sign and only two persons were present when the oath was administered, myself and whoever happened to be taking it. In this manner the top-ranking military leaders were brought in and they each did plenty of recruiting in their home provinces and wherever else they had a following.

Since Mavrokordatos showed strength of character and a certain degree of pride by resigning as Prime Minister when the King refused to follow his recommendations, I decided to show him the oath. I made him promise he wouldn't betray me and asked him if the oath sounded all right and if he thought I should begin swearing people in. Naturally, I didn't trust him enough to admit I had already sworn in half the Greek population. He replied that the oath was fine, that I should start swearing people in and that he wished he'd eat his own children alive if he betrayed us or if he was not a one hundred-percent Greek.

A few weeks later, he was ordered to go to Constantinoupolis as our Ambassador and I suggested that, before he left, he ought to seek an audience with the King and describe to him the country's terrible condition. He promised to do so and then changed his mind.

"Your fellow-Greeks are starving," I said to him, "but they still contributed tens of thousands of drachmas for your support when you resigned as Prime Minister. You now have a well-paid position and although you know that your

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The original text of this oath is part of my archives, which I append. From the names of those who signed it, the reader can see they were all important people.

country is suffering, you don't want to talk about it. I've already spoken to the King. Now, it's your turn. Then it will be Metaxas' turn, and he should be followed by as many patriots as we can muster."

Mavrokordatos went to the King and told him plenty. He was followed by others and I went to the King myself one more time. That day, my subject was graft and corruption infesting the State machine. The Government in general, and Minister Christides in particular, were upset with what I told the King and began to persecute me. They went so far as to plant spies around my house to keep an eye on what I was up to and to see who came and went.

This was too much. I wrote a report and had it printed in the newspapers. This upset the Minister of War who called me to his office and demanded a retraction. I replied that, instead of retracting, I was planning to say a few more things because, in my opinion, what Greece needed was more virtue and fewer spies. The Minister threatened me a lot about this crack and the Government wanted to haul me before a Military Court.

"I wrote the report," I said, "not as a military officer but as a farmer digging in his garden and being bothered by snoopers hiding behind his fence." I therefore demanded to appear before a Civil Court.

It wasn't much of a trial. Fifteen attorneys and the Public Prosecutor himself were on my side. The courtroom overflowed and people wept when the attorneys made their pleas for my defense. The Government was unhappy when the Court acquitted me but didn't give up.

A few weeks later, they imported some bandits and told them to have a shoot-out in front of my house. Whereupon the Government proclaimed that *this time* Makriyiannis has gone too far — *he imported bandits inside Athens!*

I was saved thanks to the King. He discovered the truth and delivered me from the claws of those bastards.

Personal experience apart, additional evidence persuaded me that our Government had divorced its practices from any concept of justice and that it was up to each citizen to look after his country and neck because, otherwise, he'd be governed according to the that's-the-way-I-please principle. Having secured a strong backing all over Greece I though the time had come to proselytize some top-

ranking politicians. My first choice was Metaxas because, unbelievable as it may sound, there was nobody I trusted more and because, unbelievable as it may sound, he had shown integrity when he was a member of Mavrokordatos' cabinet.

Metaxas was approached and the two of us swore to work for a National Assembly that would draft a Constitution. If the King accepted it, we'd be for the King. If he didn't, we'd be against him because he'd see to it that we got killed and we might as well go down fighting. In all this, Metaxas and I agreed completely. He showed great patriotism and much confidence in me, although I didn't reciprocate fully and refrained from telling him I had been active for a long time and commanded a strong following. He was too involved with the foreign Powers and there was no telling what could happen. What I did tell him was to proselytize all the honest politicians in the capital and that I would do the same with those I personally knew. On this note, we went to work.

Meanwhile, national affairs were going from bad to worse and the reader doesn't have to rely on my word. He can read the newspapers and although many of them belonged to different factions, some were left to tell the truth. Our country suffered from the absence of an honest Government, not to mention that the foreigners we imported to govern us had just about finished destroying the King. On this particular issue, every patriot had to keep his eyes open because if the King went, the country would go too.

Take 1842, for instance.

In that year, the Ottomans, taking the advice of the Powers, prepared to march against us because we still hadn't ratified some articles of the commercial treaty signed by Zografos. Here in Athens, the foreign ambassadors did a great job spreading panic and an equally great job was done by those who governed us — the chicken-hearted Bavarians in the Palace plus our own Minister of War, Major General Vlahopoulos, an even bigger chicken. The whole lot of them, Bavarian experts and Ministers alike, almost died at the news that the Turks might, perhaps, attack us.

Seeing their pitiful condition, I went to the King and to the Government and gave them some military advice. They sent troops, artillery and supplies to our

frontier and the Ambassadors, realizing we meant business, told both the Ottomans and ourselves to stop the alarums before a real war flared up.

As another illustration of exemplary conduct, take Graff, one of our Ministers who was also a Bavarian.

He was visited one day by the widow of a war hero. She wept about the poverty and misery that she and her children were going through. Graff suffered from a curious peculiarity. Whenever payments to veterans came up he either turned stone deaf or suddenly remembered there was no money in the Treasury. Otherwise, he was perfectly healthy. Indeed, he was healthy enough to laugh at the widow's misfortune and amuse himself by stringing her along, encouraging her to visit him again and again and, finally, seducing her.

She looked like a walking cadaver but healthy Graff seduced her and gave her money that had been acquired with the blood of her husband and relatives to buy a pair of shoes. He also paid her fare so that she and her children would get out of Athens.

I heard about all this and, one day, I saw him go past my house on his horse and on the way to sea for a swim. I was digging in my garden and blood rushed to my brain. I wanted to cut his head off and stuff it up his ass. But then I thought again and realized that this would be what his friends needed to prove what they've been saying all along, that Greeks are wild beasts. So, all I did was clench my teeth and continue digging. Nevertheless, I couldn't help praying to God to allow us the pleasure of chasing Graff and the rest of the Bavarians out of Greece, pelting them with rotten lemons as they'd be leaving us.[23]

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And the Lord, in His infinite mercy, granted me this boon. We loaded them up on their ships and kicked them out of the country without a single Greek soiling his hands with filthy Bavarian blood. We proved it wasn't us who were wild beasts but the men we threw out and their friends. I pity the so-called civilization of these western rats. Good men create civilizations, not the other way around. But we showed them whose descendants we are, what pure gold they received from our ancestors and how they've been living off this treasure until today. And we showed them what counterfeit money they used when the time came for them to make a loan of virtue to the descendants of the race that got them out of the caves. We let them see how well we realized that they had persecuted a measly little country with no more than 800,000 inhabitants.

But let me give a third example of the foreign mentality.

In 1843, Koletis wrote me a letter from Paris. The bearer, so ran the letter, was an important French traveler, a historian interested in our war of independence who wanted to meet the protagonists. The name of this great man was Malherbe and he arrived in Athens accompanied by a friend of his and an interpreter. They came to my house but I wasn't in. They went to the garden where I'd been working all day and approached me as I was resting for a moment, totally exhausted. Where is Makriyiannis, they asked me.

"Since you are looking at him," I replied, "he can't be far away."

"You must be joking!" said the interpreter.

"That's right! And now that we've all had our laughs, I suggest you go and find him."

The farce was brought to an end by other people working in the garden. The visitors were convinced I was indeed Makriyiannis and gave me Koletis' letter of introduction.

"I never thought I'd find a Greek warrior in this condition," said the great Frenchman.

"And how do you judge the condition, satisfactory or unsatisfactory?"

He must have thought I was stupid and amplified. "In this *miserable* condition!" he said.

"Our European benefactors," I said, "chose to reduce the warriors of this country to the condition you call miserable. But you mustn't generalize and draw conclusions about all Greeks. Our European benefactors saw to it that their stooges and flatterers do very well. However, since honest people have to live too, they keep on struggling. One needs nothing when one is dead but we're still alive and shall struggle on while God's breath is in us. Let me say though, so that there's no misunderstanding, that all honest Greeks are grateful to the Philhellenes who helped us become a nation after spending centuries under the lion's claw."

"The one thing that will really hurt you," the great Frenchman intoned, "is this religion business. You people are too devoted to the Orthodox Church."

"This," I said, getting hot under the collar, " is one reason why I mentioned our European benefactors. It took us a little while but we finally figured out their objective in this religion business and refused to cooperate. I mean, we refused to become Catholics or Protestants. For this sin, and in collaboration with the local henchmen who govern us by Ambassadorial decree, our European benefactors persecute us and we veterans receive the short end of the stick. Some of us dig

gardens and bend over our crops all day. Others cannot stand official contempt and become bandits. Then they are caught by those in power and judged by the law of those in power. The guillotine, sent here by enlightened and gentle Europeans, works full time chopping off the heads of wild Greeks. Those who aren't guillotined pack the jails bequeathed to us by the Venetians whose occupation our country was once privileged to enjoy. But who are all these people dying and getting thrown in prison? Veterans of the War of Independence! Individuals who held on to their faith for centuries despite the tortures devised by the Turk for our edification. Our faith gave us the strength to beat the Turk and liberate our country. We did it against tremendous odds. We had no supplies, no formal knowledge of military matters, no arms, no ammunition. To a large extent, Greece was freed because of our faith in God. But our Governments admire foreign influence and seem determined to throw us right back into slavery. So, in answer to your comment about this religion business, I'll say one thing. Europe exerts itself in vain! We aren't giving up our faith! Besides, why should we? Are you prepared to give up yours? What kind of respect will you have for me if I do something you will not? Furthermore, what do you care what I believe in? And why should I care about what you believe? Let God be the judge of our personal beliefs, it's His job. One thing though. Don't repeat to any other Greek what you said to me because you'll get in trouble. You said something and I've answered you. And do bear in mind that I won't be impressed by anything either you yourself or your God might tell me on this matter. Just make sure you don't say anything about it to anyone else."

To change the subject, he started making cracks about Philip, the King of France.

"Kings are outside my field," I said. "I respect and obey my own King if for no other reason, then because he's my King."

Following this pleasant exchange, I invited the foreigners to dinner and asked Metaxas and some other politicians and soldiers to join us. The Frenchman asked me to write an account of the battles I fought and I gave him a copy of a report I had prepared for the King. He also wanted Greek songs so I composed five or six and let him have them. When dinner was over, I wrote introductory letters to friends all over Greece, telling them to welcome the Frenchman. Once again I advised him to say nothing about religion but he must have seen himself as a missionary and made speeches in the provinces. The newspapers published a couple of stories and, if he hadn't come to his senses, he'd have left his bones in

Greece. And the Greeks would have again been called wild beasts — because they didn't want to renounce their faith.

I sent people who had taken our oath to make a tour of the country and contact everyone loyal to our cause. My message was that they should be united, not bicker among themselves, and pray that the Lord preserve our country and faith — the very things "liberty" made us forget and Greece was turned into Sodom and Gomorrah. Throughout, I had members of the organization next to the King. That way I was kept informed of every slippery step the scoundrels led him into taking and of every trick they thought of pulling. What we discovered from our spies we fed to the newspapers. The master-minds of dirty deals were constantly confronted with summaries of their projects and never knew where the knocks came from.

Let the reader note the Lord's infinite grace! For years I proselytized all over the country and not one of the converts, rich or poor, turned out to be a traitor. This becomes even more impressive if you consider that we were dealing with a multitude of factions, each following different directions to similarly evil ends. Some of the factions pretended to be keen upon marching against the Turks but I had my secret sources of information and knew what their real purpose was. I spoke to the prospective military leaders of all such expeditions, had them take our oath and thus thwarted factional activities. I also tried to maximize confusion by assuring the Russian faction I was on their side while doing exactly the same with the English and French factions.

National affairs were deteriorating and, as if we weren't in a tight spot already, foreign lenders asked for payments due. The Ambassadors put terrific pressure on the Government to deliver. The Government had no alternative but to impose economies on military and public expenditure. The tougher things got the more I worried that our secret would be shared with evil people. Sheer arithmetic made this unavoidable but we were spared because persons of dubious patriotism who did join us were not aware either of the extent of the organization, or of the total number of people who had taken the oath, or of any specific names. I never lost my suspicions about individuals who sought to make a fortune with the help of foreigners. Hence, and despite the fact that I was willing to swear them in, I spoke to each one of them as if I were a founding member of his particular faction.

This wasn't easy because variations were infinite — one wanted to kick the King out, another to kill the King off, and I often got the factions mixed up. Speaking for myself and for the good patriots who joined our cause, what we were after was a National Assembly that would draft laws protecting the national interest. We wanted Otto to continue being King, provided he accepted these laws. We thought this would be the only way to save our country from the perils which had already cost more lives than the war against the Ottomans. These deaths, and the corresponding plight of Greece, came about because too many people pursued nothing but their personal interests. Most of the people in question were politicians, creatures with perfect knowledge as to where their personal interests lie and with infinite willingness to promote deals with foreigners. To this mentality, we confronted the national interest.

Still, to make sure we stayed alive, we saw to it that the Ambassadors and their friends — who, when it comes to personal finance, are capable of searching the bottom of the sea and discovering one misplaced needle — were kept in the dark as to what we were really up to.[24] Meanwhile, thanks to the grace of God, we were enlisting new members and, when everything had been said and done, practically the whole country was converted to the holy cause of September Third, which I shall discuss further down.

For years I carried in my head the image of this uprising. It became an obsession and I poured my soul into it, especially as I watched our Government at work and Greece getting deeper into trouble. One evening I asked a veteran friend of mine to come and have dinner at my house. That's an old habit with me. When I sit down to eat I want to have friends around.

We were eating and talking and, all the while, I was debating with myself as to whether I should ask him to take our oath. He was a capable and influential man

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Subsequently, they read the contents of the oath because I had the text published in the newspapers. Specifically, they read that nobody should a Constitutionalist or a Governmentalist or a stooge of some foreign power, even though we should acknowledge our debt to the Philhellenes who helped us, and that we should be governed by Greek laws. None of this pleased then and, nowadays, I'm being persecuted by all factions together. For once, they work in harmony.

but something made me hesitate. I was turning the matter over in my head when he threw the equivalent of a brick at me.

"You know," he mused as if talking to himself, "I've seen a lot of trouble in my life. Take the time when I thought this fellow would kill me. To keep him from doing it, I and a friend of mine killed him instead. But this created a new problem. My friend could betray me. So I poisoned him and that was the end of that."

I didn't throw him out of my house because he was my guest. Still, he made me feel sick and I kicked myself for having considered him as a potential member of our organization.

We continued talking and the conversation got around to Kairis who, out of the blue, concluded he no longer believed in the Holy Trinity.

I spoke with bitterness because I couldn't understand how a wise priest could suddenly adopt such a position.

My friend defended Kairis and declared that he himself felt precisely the same way. "Because," he said, "how could God enter a woman's belly and stay there for nine months?"

"Look at the world around you," I said. "Look at the handiwork of the Lord and at the divine order prevailing in the universe. Aren't these things to be astonished at?"

"Yes. They are."

"Compared to them, your simple-minded observation is nothing! You torture your mind to penetrate the will of God and to discover logic, causes and all the rest. God wished things to happen so that mankind would glorify His omnipotence. The Lord *said* — and it was done! He pronounced a word! He didn't bother with *doing*! But I can see that Kairis' brain competes in quality with your own. No wonder you murder people on the strength of mere suspicions."

That was the end of our conversation and I never saw him again.

Depressed by this incident, I said my prayers and went to bed and dreamt and saw pigeons flying above my house and a big vulture chasing them about and eating them up.

People saw this and gathered round and said, *Makriyiannis! Shoot down the bloody vulture!*

"I can't," I replied, "it's too far up! I can do nothing."

Just then, the vulture grabbed a pigeon, came down to perch at the edge of a precipice and people urged me to steal up and kill it.

"If I try," I said, "it'll gouge my eyes out."

Instead, I told my friends to get a pole, stick it in the ground and then bring me a rope which I tied to the pole. One end of the rope I gave to my friends people and the other I held.

"Now that the vulture is eating the pigeon," I said, "its attention is on dinner. Let's tie its legs with this rope and the pole won't let it fly away."

The two ends of the rope were slipped around the vulture's legs and we tied them down securely. After it was through with the pigeon, it tried to fly away but found itself hanging down the precipice, head first, wings flapping, and I woke up.

We'll tie the King down with laws, I said to myself.

I saw this dream five months before September Third.

Another night, about four months before September Third, I dreamt that the Bishop of Attica was going to celebrate a special mass when all of a sudden a ditch opened up before them. The Bishop tried to jump across and dropped his watch in the ditch and broke it. The Bishop's brother picked it up and tried to fix it but in vain.

"Give it to me!" I said.

"What do you know about watches?" he said.

I replied that a master-watchmaker taught me everything five seconds ago, so he gave me the watch and I repaired it and then woke up.

In the morning I got my hoe, went to the garden and began to work. A few hours later I stopped to rest and couldn't put this dream out of my mind. Just then, the Bishop of Boubounitsa, my family's confessor, showed up and saw me lost in thought.

"What's wrong, my son?" he asked.

I described my dream.

"You are obviously up to something," he said, "and God will bless your efforts. At any event, whatever it is you are up to, our faith is also involved. It'll be strengthened and you'll be the reason why."

"I'm not worthy to accomplish anything for our faith," I replied. "This is your field."

"I'm telling you what the dream signifies," the Bishop persisted.

Let God's holy name be blessed!

I had sworn members of the clergy in our organization, picked men all of them. They were in monasteries and cities and villages, men of honor, men you could trust, men who had nothing to do with foreigners. When, after September Third, the National Assembly began to hold sessions, I invited these clergymen to

come to Athens. They gathered in my house and we drew up various proposals for the Assembly. I myself submitted one of them and I was the first delegate to speak about our faith. My motion was supported by many patriots and got through with an overwhelming majority. Naturally, dirty tricks were attempted, especially about the "State religion" article in the Constitution, but we defeated the rats and they've been grinding their teeth ever since.

The organization continued to grow and not a single member whispered a word about our activities. Metaxas however, and despite our agreement about recruiting honest politicians only, saw fit to recruit Andreas Londos, a man notorious for his partiality to young men. Personally, I've got nothing against the young even though they're overly enthusiastic, talk too much and cannot keep secrets. But, in this instance, youth almost cost us our heads.

Metaxas, Londos and a few others held some secret meetings, laid down some ambitious plans, proselytized a second lieutenant, and decided to provoke an armed uprising in Athens.

An uprising backed with the might and influence of a second lieutenant!

They weren't worried that there was plenty of infantry in the capital, not to mention the cavalry and the National Guard. Nor were they impressed by the fact that none of the infantry and cavalry commanders knew anything about our organization.

The Government would let the army loose at any suspicion of a coup and not only we, the instigators, would be dead but the whole city would be taken apart.

After Metaxas, Londos and the others thought they had figured everything out, they sent me a message and we met and they announced their decision.

In my turn, I informed them of my reservations and asked them to include me out. "I want no part of this," I said. "We're doomed in advance and people will curse our souls for the trouble we'll cause them. A failure like this will set the country back God knows how many years."

No matter what I said there was no way to make them change their minds. And not only that. They hit me where it hurt by calling me a coward.

"All right!" I said. "For this alone, I'll come along. But let the destruction of the city, the blood of those who will die for your insane plan and, for that matter, my own blood, fall upon your heads! I'll come with you! But with one condition. Before you

make your move, you'll give me time to write to Kriezotis to come from Halkis with 300 men. With his help, maybe we'll last for about a day."

They agreed, I sent word to Kriezotis who replied he was on his way.

Right there, youth stepped in.

The second lieutenant couldn't contain himself and revealed the plan to a friend of his. The friend told another friend and the other friend spoke to Yennaios, the King's aide-de-camp.

We were saved because Yennaios was an old friend of Metaxas and, before looking any deeper into the youth's story, contacted him and told him all about it.

"What coup? What's this nonsense?" said Metaxas. "I don't believe a word and, before you take this any further, please let me investigate. I shall do it personally!"

Yennaios bought this and allowed Metaxas to conduct a personal investigation. Metaxas investigated, found no evidence of any uprising and said so to Yennaios who forgot all about it. But this came later.

The day after Yennaios first heard the news, I saw the master conspirators and they were white as sheets. They told me what happened and beat their heads against the wall trying to figure out ways to save their necks.

"You fools!" I said. "I mixed Kriezotis in your mad scheme and now the Government will kill him!"

I left them and sent a second message to Kriezotis. I described the latest developments and suggested that, so far as the movements of his 300 men were concerned, he should spread a story that Turkish bandits entered his territory and that he was preparing to retaliate.

He did so and we fed this lie to the newspapers. The troops of Kriezotis were quickly forgotten but my friends in Athens were still frozen stiff and looked for holes to hide themselves in.

Yennaios hadn't yet forgotten the youth's story and Metaxas hadn't yet finished his personal investigation.

A few days later I saw a third dream.

Kriezotis had come to Athens, looking for me. The two of us were about to use the water in a pond to irrigate a large area. I had almost reached the pond when I saw him turn around and ride away in the direction of Halkis. Something told me that he was running into mortal danger and I spurred my horse to catch up and

warn him. I didn't know the way and a deep chasm with black water at the bottom yawned before me. I had been going fast and jumped over the chasm but only one of my horse's legs planted itself firmly on solid ground. I pulled at the reins and the horse stood up on this one leg. Bending down, I gathered a few stones so that the other leg had something to touch down upon. I then threw my weight forward, the horse fell forward and I was off again, to save Kriezotis.

On the way, I came up to a big plane tree and saw a golden bird on one of its thicker branches. It was such a beautiful bird I had to stop and look at it. I was enchanted by the innumerable colors that sparkled off its plumage and, as I got closer, I saw that the bird was asleep, with its head tucked inside its wing. I raised my hand and picked it up.

"Such a beautiful bird," I said, "but you were sleepy and I caught you."

Carefully, I held the bird in my hand and resumed the chase after Kriezotis. I still hadn't caught up with him when I came across a fellow on a cart. He had a lot of children on that cart and the thought occurred to me they'd ask me to give them the bird. So I hid it in my pocket. And then I woke up.

In the morning, I went to see Metaxas and the others. They were as pale as corpses and I felt sorry for them.

"Take heart!" I said. "Continue working and we shall prevail!"

Then I told them about my dream. The King and his associates were blinded by God! They were fast asleep and I had put in my pocket the King himself!

"Makriyiannis!" they said. "*Please!* Forget these childish dreams of yours, will you!"

Grivas had become a member of our organization. He was sworn in at the same time as Kriezotis and went home to western Greece where he started shooting his mouth off. The braggadocio reached the ears of the authorities.

Mitros Deligiorgis, the Military Commander of Akarnania, was an old friend of mine. He heard about the boasting of Grivas, got worried, left his post and came here in Athens to report to the Government.

We found out about it and froze because, surely, this was our definite end.

Mitros had scarcely arrived when I saw him at the bazaar.

"I went to your house looking for you," I said, which was a bare-faced lie because he couldn't have been at his house, he hadn't been in Athens for months. "Come over to my place for dinner," I went on.

He said he couldn't, he had to make a report to the Government.

That, of course, was precisely the idea. He wasn't supposed to report before I was through with him. I increased the pressure and talked him into accompanying me home.

We had dinner and, over the fruit, we started drinking wine.

I was sick again, so mine was mixed with water, but he was in perfect health and we soon became jovial. Around midnight, I asked him about news from western Greece.

"News!" he said. "Good God, have I got news! Grivas said so and so, he and his friends are planning this and that, and I've come to report to the Government because, if half of what Grivas says is true, the whole country is in danger."

I'm not ashamed to confess that my bones turned io paste. It's a mystery where I found the strength to refill our glasses.

"Let's drink this," I said, "to the memory of those who died for Greece and left widows and orphans behind. In fact, let's drink to the widows and their fate. If they're old, they can beg in the streets and if they're young, they can have their honor violated. And since we're drinking, let's not forget the veterans. Those who are hungry and miserable, and those who can no longer stand their lot and become outlaws and get caught and their heads roll in the basket. Let's drink to the guillotine and to the jails and to those who wrong the veterans, although our country and King will need them again. Remember what the two of us went through? Remember when they wanted to put you under the orders of Koutsonikas and I raised hell about it with Heidek and the other Regents? Remember when they sent us to recruit for the regular army and told us to offer a thaller a month to each soldier? What could a battle-scarred veteran do with a thaller? Could he eat, buy clothes for himself, for his wife, for his old parents? The point, my friend Mitros, is that Greece is poor! She's poor for veterans, widows, orphans and those who sacrificed their property for the love of freedom. For such people, Greece has no bread! She's poor! For Armansperg, however, who came penniless and left a millionaire, Greece isn't poor. She's rich! Armansperg returned to Bavaria, bought a stretch of land, christened it "Hellas" and now laughs at us fools. And so do the other Bavarians and the friends of the Bavarians. Where are the millions we borrowed abroad? Where is the State income? Where are the best farmlands, the mills, the workshops and houses? Where are the gardens and the orchards? Who got them? I'll tell you who got them! Armansperg and the other Bavarians stuffed the mouths of our scum with real estate and kept the cash for themselves. So, I'm asking you — precisely whom

do you intend to protect with the report you'll make? But, before you answer this, tell me something else — where did you get your arm smashed?"

"In the siege of Messolonghi."

"And where did I get mine smashed?"

"In the Battle of Mili."

"Why the hell did we bother?"

"For the freedom of our country!"

"What freedom? What are you talking about? Stand up!"

That was how I swore Mitros Deligiorgis in our secret.

I showed him the oath and the good patriot signed it. I told him to pretend he was sick and not to report to anybody. If he ran into a member of the Cabinet, he ought to have a few stories ready to explain his presence in Athens. Our organization was explained to him and he returned to his post in western Greece. I gave him a letter and he contacted our people there.

From then on, he helped our cause more than anyone else because he and I had been friends for many years.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1843

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Metaxas and the others were relieved to hear that Deligiorgis joined our cause but we needed two more converts. First, Kalergis, who commanded the cavalry units stationed in Athens and was a man of influence in the regular army. Second, Skarvelis, who commanded the infantry units. He was a brave and honest officer whom I had known since the time of Fabvier and with whom we had remained friends ever since.

One day in August 1843 I saw Kalergis in the bazaar.

"Kalergis, old friend," I said, "we fought together in so many battles, we used to be like brothers and now so seldom get together it's as if we never knew each other. Let's make it a point to meet one of these days."

He said he'd come to visit me that same evening and was as good as his word. He came to my house, we talked about the troubles of our country and realized we were in perfect agreement.

I swore him in the organization but didn't show him the paper with the signatures because he was too much involved with foreigners. He undertook to arrange a meeting with Spiromilios, the Commandant of the Military Academy, and the meeting took place the next day.

The three of us went to church together and fixed another meeting for the day after to be attended by Metaxas and the others.

In the course of this larger meeting we decided to stop having widely-attended gatherings because there was always the danger of being betrayed. Metaxas, Kalergis and I were to set the date for the coup and we settled on September Second. The plan was that people would assemble in my house in the evening and start shooting it up. Kalergis with his cavalry and Skarvelis with his infantry would pretend to lead their men against me but, in reality, the three groups would converge and surround the Palace. Details were worked out and we separated. I went home, assembled my men and sent a message to the Board of a nearby church — when they heard shooting they should ring the bells so that the Athenians would be roused out of bed.

Kalifronas was someone I had personally sworn in the organization because he was one of my best friends.

To show his appreciation for the trust I placed in him, he went to Metaxas and a few others, told them I had sworn him into something or other and recited the names of people whose signatures he saw on the paper with the text of the oath.

Just the fact that he had seen those signatures demonstrates what faith I had in him because the signed oath was shown only to those who, in my estimation, were one hundred-percent trustworthy. People whom I knew to have dealings either with foreigners or with our own dissolute leaders I didn't allow to see either the written text or the signatures of those who had taken it.

Fortunately, Metaxas handled this incident correctly. He explained things to Kalifronas and our secret was not broadcast all over the city. Friends told me what Kalifronas had done and I did my share to keep the lid down. Still, this unexpected betrayal gave me food for thought.

He was my best friend, someone I had propelled to political prominence in Athens and on whose account many important Athenians became my opponents. All the same, he betrayed me and I hesitated to proselytize any more of the local leaders.

Since things had to move fast I pretended I knew nothing about what he did and went so far as to tell him that I counted upon him to lead the Athenians in the right direction if something went wrong and I found myself locked up.

It was the last thing I expected of him now that I had seen how easily he betrayed secrets but what else could I do except show that I still trusted him? September Second was approaching.

I told my men to climb the Acropolis and the mountains surrounding Athens and be ready to light fires. We wanted the Government to think we had plenty of troops backing us.

Everything was taken care of, September Second was twenty-four hours away and I filled my garden with men poised for the signal. At the last moment Kalergis and the regular army officers changed their mind and wouldn't move.

The plot became known but the Government wasn't yet aware of its real objectives. They thought it was a manifestation of discontent and, knowing themselves, weren't surprised.

This made no difference to my conspiring friends.

One of them wanted to seek refuge in an Embassy, another to sail away on a ship, a third to dig a hole in the garden to bury himself inside, and Makriyiannis and his family were welcome to go to hell.

I could do nothing but send home the men I had assembled and beg them not to betray me.

In the morning my house was surrounded by National Guard units and troops of the Mani regiment. The commander of this regiment had taken our oath but was nowhere to be seen.

Later on that day, September 2, 1843, two doctors, Zygomalas and Metzelos, came to my house because, for once in my life, I was playing sick. I gave them some messages, they went past the National Guard blockade, found Metaxas, Kalergis and the others, told them what I thought of their heroic behavior and let them know that I and my family were now doomed.

Hearing this my friends decided to make the move at dawn the next day, September Third.

The Ambassadors of England, France and Russia knew that a coup was about to take place. I had told them so myself, just as I had told each one of them separately that our organization was working for his faction. Nevertheless, they wanted details about what was happening and began to sniff around. On this occasion, Metaxas showed character. He stayed away from the foreigners and, with his head at stake, resumed his share of preparations.

By the evening of September 2, the troops surrounding my house were withdrawn and I sent word to my men to assemble again. Then, out of nowhere, the National Guard popped back and surrounded the house once more.

Some of my men managed to slip away but most of them were arrested as they were coming to join me. Inside the house, I was left with seven men and four boys. National Guardsmen were crawling all over and I confess I lost all hope of coming out alive. We learned that the Government had ordered that we be kept surrounded until dawn and that no shots be fired at us because we ought to be kept alive for the public prosecutor. The Military Court was ready, 90 persons would be accused of high treason, my name was at the top of the list, and the guillotine was in good working condition.

And now, brother readers, I'll describe what God's powerful will can accomplish and if my account contains the slightest lie, the minutest inaccuracy, may the Lord not accept my soul.

We were locked inside my house and my family saw their life's end approaching. They wept and wailed and even my fifteen month-old baby hung its head and cried and I almost lost my mind. My original intention was to set the ammunition on fire when we could resist no more. My entire family would perish because I didn't want them to live in a society that would kick them about.

Such was my intention but the Government troops outside piled abuse on me at the top of their voices and, for two solid hours, kept assuring me they'd soon be through with me and my followers.

The language they used made me so mad that, without thinking, I pushed the door open, went outside and shouted at them *Back, stooges of tyranny! Back, pillars of infamy and injustice!*

In response, they insulted me some more and I, completely out of my mind, picked up a rifle and made ready to shoot. There was buckshot in that rifle and if I had fired it everybody inside the house would have been killed because, as I found out later, the troops had been ordered to fire only if they were fired upon.

I was raising the rifle when my wife pulled it aside and somehow this sobered me up. I went back inside and closed the door behind me.

"Well!" said my wife. "I really don't know if it's any use talking to you. The moment one does you turn into a cat and scratch peoples' eyes out. Consider however your intention to resort to arms. Yes, you did the same in Argos at the time of Agustinos but the house and the neighborhood were filled with your men. And you did the same with Armansperg right here in Athens but then the King himself had to come and rescue you. Now you've got nobody. You've signed your death sentence and our own. Even if we curse you nothing will change. Therefore, may God have mercy on you and may He have mercy on us too."

What my wife said overwhelmed me with grief. My head told me I was dragging innocent people to their death, that I was Cain to my own flesh and blood. In desperation, I went before the holy icons, knelt and sought solace in prayer. God's infinite compassion gave me courage and suggested the course I ought to follow.

First, I made a flag and wrote on it *National Assembly - Constitution*. I raised it up high and said, *In the name of God and His Kingdom, the flag of Greece is raised.*

Then I wrote out my will, named some honest Athenians as trustees and gave the paper to my wife. "Put it under a stone," I said. "It'll be safe even if they burn the house down. If something happens to me, hang on to this piece of paper and follow its instructions to the letter."

My family cried and wept when I said this but they took the paper and hid it. This calmed my soul and gave strength to my body. My conscience had been heavy for having put into jeopardy the life of innocent people and I had now put things right.

I checked my pistols, slipped them back inside my belt and taking the flag went downstairs to see how many men I was left with.

The count hadn't changed, seven men and four boys were still there.

"Brothers," I said to them, "I organized this coup because our various Governments wronged veterans like yourselves and, by extension, our nation as a whole. I hoped to preserve Greece from further catastrophes but fate wanted things otherwise. We are few and we're surrounded by many. It's not right that you die in vain. I'll open the door and you can slip out. I don't want you to die on my account. As for myself, let the will of God be done. This flag will be my shroud. For the sake of our country and faith I want to die under it."

I swear upon the holy names of God and Greece that tears come to my eyes every time I remember the reply given to me by those brave men and innocent boys.

"We didn't come to a wedding feast," they said. "We came to die with you and with the flag you're holding. Why should it be a shroud for you and not for us too? Why should we go on living as slaves of the Bavarians and their friends? A second ago we counted one another not because we're about to leave but because we're about to die. We're ready for your orders."

I embraced and kissed each one of them, gave them one drink apiece, and we blessed God and His kingdom. Then I showed them the doors and other positions we'd defend to death.

Leonidas! Perhaps it was you who sent these men to me! Perhaps they were with you at Thermopylae and now came alive again. Anyhow, they were your

direct descendants. You and your companions died for country and faith, and my friends were ready to do the same.

But the goodness of the Lord is like an abyss. Fools are filled with wisdom, the wise are turned into fools, cowards become heroes and heroes cowards — all this for the Creator's greater glory.

Nobody knows what the next instant has in store for him.

We had just finished our preparations and were ready to die when the Lord sent me that good and honest patriot, Yiannis Kostas, with five more men. They slipped through the gendarme lines and entered my house. I opened the door and the lions came in.

Less than ten minutes later Kiriakos Argirokastritis with another eight Epirots came in. He had taken our oath and rushed to my aid. Again, the gendarmes were blinded and these valiant men, the descendants of Pirros, entered my house unnoticed and unharmed.

In about an hour, we received more reinforcements: Yiannakis Soulios, his brother Dimitrakis, Gitzas, Meletis Koundouriotis and 25 men. But this group came in with great difficulty because our opponents saw them and began to shoot. They shot back and one sergeant got killed.

That was the only casualty in the uprising which gave Greece its Constitution.

All our friends came in and, this time, shooting began in earnest. But we never took aim. We shot in the air because, whether they knew it or not, those who had us surrounded were our brothers. So, we kept shooting, they kept shooting back, we kept shouting *Long live the Constitution and the National Assembly* and a terrific din was produced.

The men I had sent to the Acropolis and the mountains heard the shots, lit up fires and we waited for the bells. But the bells didn't ring.

Two traitors, Petrakis the Mayor and Missaraliotis the Police Chief, went to the church and didn't let my men get near the bells. As a matter of fact, these traitors had the nerve to come to my house. They pretended they were still my friends and tried to lure me outside for a talk. What they really wanted was to catch and hand me over to the gendarmes. But I didn't bite.

Bells or no bells our shooting made enough noise for the infantry and cavalry units under Kalergis and Skarvelis to march out and surround the Palace. The news reached the gendarmes outside my house and they raised the siege.

Leaving a number of men behind, I rushed to the Palace myself. On the way I was joined by lots of Athenians and villagers who, in response to my messages, had come to Athens. They lifted us up and carried us the rest of the way on their shoulders.

We reached the Palace, I saw people trying to enter by breaking windows and told them to show patriotism and virtue.

"What we want from the King," I said, "is to give us back what we captured with blood and sacrifices. We want the Constitution Capodistria trampled upon. The Great Powers told the King to grant us a Constitution and he hasn't done it. He should do it now and should continue being our King. But he ought to govern constitutionally. These are the reasons why we rose up and risked our lives. We didn't rise up to smash windows. Therefore, let nobody get too close to the Royal Garden and let nobody touch a single leaf."

Brother readers! I assure you that the blessed Athenians didn't sully their patriotism and honor. In the confusion of the next few days, people lost handkerchiefs and silver tobacco-cases and other such valuables. Those who found them went to the town-crier and he announced what had been found and every article was returned to its owner. On the very day of the coup, shops opened for business, tax officers were back on the job and citizens paid their taxes as if nothing had happened.

From the Palace we went to the Supreme Court and the Justices were called in. We sent men to guard the Ministers and other important officials as well as the Bank and the other State agencies.

After the Supreme Court had been assembled a discussion took place about forming a new Government. Metaxas and the others who took part in the coup asked me to do the picking and, after seeking everyone's advice and weighing the matter in my head, I appointed the following people to the Cabinet. Metaxas, Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs; Londos, Minister of War; Kanaris, of the Navy; Melas, of Justice; Skinas, of Ecclesiastical Affairs; Mansolas, of Finance; Palamidis, of the Interior.

Metaxas and Londos wanted me to appoint Zografos to some Ministry but I refused because Zografos had made too many enemies. It's true that he worked hard for our coup but I was afraid his appointment would encourage our opponents to incite the people, which was something I wanted to avoid.

Metaxas got upset with me over this.

When the new Government was formed and the Supreme Court had approved it, the Cabinet drew up a document about Kalergis and myself, thanking us for preserving the peace.

This was taken to the King, together with a rough outline of the proposed Constitution. The King signed both of them in the presence of the Ambassadors. When the people, who were still outside the Palace, learned that the King had signed the outline they cheered him so loudly you could hear them from miles away.

By that time Athens was full of people who had come from the surrounding villages and the islands. To avoid disorder from breaking out in the city I assembled them and made a speech. I told them how the Revolution against the Turks had been organized, how many people died, how many were enslaved, and how many were forced to renounce their faith and become Moslems. I described the devastation of Greece and argued that, because of the stupidity and greed displayed by ourselves and by our various Governments the lot of honest men hadn't improved. I reminded them that the only thing we accomplished was a series of civil wars in the course of which more people got killed than when we were fighting the Turks.

"But, brothers," I concluded, "once again God has shown us mercy. He gave us this gift, this Constitution, and He protected both us and our King. Neither the King should feel indignation against us, nor we against him. Both sides were illumined by God and in the future we'll live with our King as children live with their father. Tomorrow we'll send the Bavarians home. Let's be generous with them. Let none of us remember past wrongs and seek revenge. Let them go away unharmed. And now all of you good people should go home and leave your arms there. That's what I've done and I now carry nothing but this walking stick. I've taken my hoe in hand and work in my garden and olive-grove because the harvesting season is upon us. That's all I had to say to you, brothers."

Within two hours, all of them left Athens and went back to their villages.

We brought ships and put all Bavarians onboard.

I escorted them to Pireas and knew I was escorting those who wronged my brother Greeks, persecuted them, hit them, treated them worse than the Turks had ever done. And my brothers didn't seem to remember any of this and no harm was done to any Bavarian. We put them onboard and they sailed away.

On September 6, I appeared before the King. I asked Gardikiotis to be present because Kalergis went to the King ahead of me and knelt and begged forgiveness for the terrible thing he had done and I wanted Gardikiotis to be a witness that I wouldn't be doing any kneeling.

"Your Majesty," I said, "now that I appear before you, I find that, on the one hand, my conscience bothers me and that, on the other, it doesn't bother me at all."

"How can your conscience bother and not bother you at the same time?"

"I'll explain this in a second but, first, let me tell you a few well-known things. This place, our country, the nation over which you reign, was originally a wilderness, a swamp, and only wild trees and sickly grasses grew in it. Some of us, together with some well-meaning foreigners, got hoes, spades and axes and worked the land which now yields plenty of fruit. Those who fought for Greece were comparatively few and most of them got killed. The majority of survivors was allowed to walk around naked in their own country. Widows and orphans were turned into beggars. Young girls were forced to trade their honor for a crust of bread. As I said, only a few of us fought but a huge crowd rushed in to collect the fruit. And not only that. They picked up sticks and beat the fighters away. We never saw any justice in this country. All we saw was civil wars and murder. The best men were lost and Greece suffered more than she had suffered from the Turks. Since we were incapable of forming a Government out of our own people we brought in Capodistria and, for two years, he governed us like a saint. Then, I don't know. Was it his brothers' fault? Was it his own? He was killed and Greece entered into a new round of dangers because her leader was gone. Anyway, he was killed. He was a mere Greek and the Greeks killed him and nobody sought to punish them for killing a mere Greek. Let us, however, suppose that Your Majesty was to be killed. It'd be different with you. You're a King and the other kings would seek revenge for your death. So, as you can see, there are practical reasons for keeping you alive. Besides, why should you be killed? I myself saved your life four times and some other citizen could have saved it four more. Nevertheless, there's always a chance that evil might prevail, and that you're killed, and Greece would suffer the consequences. Didn't I tell you about the injustices done to the veterans? Didn't I tell you that the Greek factions

and the Bavarian factions had filled the jails with former warriors? Weren't veterans dying like flies from cold and hunger? Didn't I refuse my salary so that it could be given to them? Didn't I tell you they were constantly asking me for alms? Have you forgotten what I told you about Armansperg and his friends who stole everything that wasn't nailed down? Didn't I send you a letter to Bavaria and Armansperg found out about it and persecuted me until you came back? Injustice was the order of the day and Your Majesty became the focus for indignation. Seeing how matters were developing, some of us got together and did what we did. All we wanted was to see you live up to the promise you gave when you came here -- that you'd govern us justly. Give thanks to God that what happened took place with His blessing and not a single leaf from your garden was touched. You've preserved your royal rights and the nation has been given what was its own. Keep your royal word and stand by your signature and all honest Greeks will be ready to die at your doorstep defending as much as one of your toenails."

"I'll observe everything I promised and everything I signed," said the King.

I saluted and took my leave.

The new Government proclaimed elections for deputies to a National Assembly to be held in Athens. I was unanimously elected in three regions — in Lidhoriki, my birthplace, here in Athens, and in Patra by the Arta refugees who continued to live there.

When it became known I had been elected deputy of more than one district, they elected a second deputy here in Athens, a man by the name of Mostras.

Metaxas said that Levidis and Filimonas, who ran two newspapers that supported him, ought to be elected too. I replied that the two fellows didn't have lily-white reputations and that, if we supported them, the Athenians would eye us with suspicion. Reaction to our coup was by no means over and, in my opinion, it was prudent to have the Athenians on our side.

Once again, Metaxas got upset with me.

All Athenian citizens contributed money for two commemorative swords, one for Kalergis and one for me. I suggested that the blades ought to carry the names of all officers who took part in the coup and that the swords be dedicated to a church after a suitable ceremony.

The Athens City Council, of which I was President, passed a resolution in a meeting when I was absent and made me Commander of the Athens Militia, with

Kalifronas and Yiannis Kostas as my deputies. A second resolution proposed that the street outside my house — the house where the movement for the Constitution began — be named Makriyiannis Street. Finally, they decided to raise a monument with the names of all conspirators in a square near my house.

Since I had nothing to do with all these resolutions I suggested that the money collected for the two swords should be used for the construction of this monument.

The Government ignored both the City Council and myself.

One sword was made, for Kalergis, and the rest of the money was stolen by Levidis. Kalergis was built up in every imaginable way because, judging from subsequent events, this was an important element in the overall strategy.

At that point, the new Ministers began to organize new factions. Moreover, they remembered my refusal to appoint Zografos to some Ministry and my unwillingness to support Levidis and Filimonas in the elections. These two gentlemen used their newspapers to start a campaign against me. One day I went to see Metaxas in his office and found Kalergis there. "What's with the newspapers?" I said. "Why are they hitting me like this for?"

Metaxas got angry. "Anybody who doesn't like what the newspapers have to say, can do anything he pleases about it!"

"Wonderful! That's the sort of statement one would expect from a soldier like me to a politician like you. If that's the way you want it, you be the soldier and I'll be the politician. But what do you think, Mr. Prime Minister? Do you really believe our troubles are over and that you can now afford a few more factions? If you think so, I suggest you think again. The man we bottled up in his Palace and forced to accept a Constitution is bound to set a few traps. Additional traps will be set by our political opponents and a few more by the foreigners and don't let the champagne and dinners you so frequently enjoy in their Embassies make you think otherwise. They've invited me too but I've never set foot inside an Embassy and I won't change my ways. I was friendly with them while I wove the net but now that the fish is caught I'm not going anywhere near them. I know how selfless their concern for Greece was in the past and I can guess how selfless it'll be in the future. That's all I had to say to you, Mr. Prime Minister, and this is the last time you see me inside your house."

Hearing me speak like this Metaxas repented and asked my pardon. I gladly gave it and remained friends with him, showing him the same degree of sincerity I had shown him before. However, a sheep stays in the stockade whereas a pig must chase about in the alleys.

Mavrokordatos had been Ambassador to Constantinoupolis and now returned to Athens. We exchanged visits and he pronounced himself satisfied with the recent changes. Koletis had been Ambassador to Paris and came back too. He paid a visit to the King and came straight to my house from the Palace.

"Mr. Koletis," I said to him, "long ago and for many years we were friends. Then we fought and there's no point in going into details about the good or bad we did to Greece. Now you're back. You're older, you're famous, and your country has made an important man out of you. For years you've been our Ambassador to an advanced nation and have seen how the French administer their country. The time has come for you to get together with Metaxas and Mavrokordatos and see to it that Greece is governed by people who aren't out to kill each other. What happened, happened. The Constitution is the handiwork neither of Metaxas, nor of myself, nor of anyone else. It's the work of God who felt sorry for this miserable nation that lost so much blood in civil wars. The movement for the Constitution isn't like the old uprisings we both know so well. Those were movements for the conquest of power but they were peddled as movements for a constitution and resulted in the death of Greeks and the devastation of the country. Today's Constitution was granted by God which is why you politicians should get together. We must hold a National Assembly and pass laws that will preserve our country and King. Behave like a patriot and your fellow-Greeks will bless your name forever. Behave otherwise and I assure you that I shall personally shit upon your grave and you've got my permission to do the same to mine if my future actions aren't suited to my present words."

He promised to be a 100% Greek and that a reconciliation with Metaxas and Mavrokordatos was what he wished above everything else. The following weeks proved that words cost nothing.

The Government was promptly divided. First, because of the questionable patriotism of its members and, second, because the foreigners went to work.

To begin with the Ambassadors launched an unprecedented series of dinner-parties. They invited what looked like the entire population of Greece but, especially, the deputies to the National Assembly. The dinners pleased my comrades in the uprising, with Londos and Kalergis being the most pleased of all. But it was Palamidis, the Minister of the Interior, who behaved scandalously. He sent instructions to the provinces urging them to forget about electing deputies according to each district's population. Koletis, the friend and mentor of Palamidis was back at the helm and, under Koletis' expert guidance, Palamidis wrote to his creatures that, if necessary, *go ahead and hold two, or three or four successive elections provided that, at the end, it's our people who get voted in.* A dishonorable thing to say but Palamidis didn't care. He was following the lead of his friend Koletis who had much experience with previous "constitutions" for the sake of which so many people got killed.

Publicly, the two newcomers — Koletis and Mavrokordatos — pretended to be strong supporters of the organization that engineered the September Third uprising. Secretly, and in collaboration with their cronies and the Ambassadors, they worked hard to re-establish their parties and factions.

Still hoping to foster some unity among them, I pressured Metaxas and, after a million objections, he included Koletis and Mavrokordatos in his Cabinet without, however, assigning them to a specific Ministry.

Unity was one commodity that didn't come out of these arrangements. They outdid one another trying to become popular by organizing riots. Mobs were led to some former Minister's house which was then ceremoniously destroyed. Not a day went by without my having to rush downtown and harangue the crowds. Taking my advice, the good Athenians always calmed down and dispersed themselves.

Then, since the trouble brewed by politicians wasn't enough, Yennaios, the King's aide-de-camp, attempted to organize a counter-revolution among the military. The Government discovered his plans and forced the King to dismiss Yennaios from his position in the Palace and send him to Bavaria. He and his friend Tzavelas were on their way to Pireas to board their ship when various scoundrels hustled up a mob and the two were almost lynched. They returned to Athens and some time later Yennaios boarded a ship in Faliron and was saved.

I was sick in bed at the time. When I heard what happened I told my friends that there's nothing wonderful about a mob, and that what a mob does to Yennaios today it'll do to us tomorrow.

The Government wanted to exile Gardikiotis too. In this instance, I put my foot down and, stressing that I assumed full responsibility, didn't let them do anything to him.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF 1843-1844

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF 1843-1844

The National Assembly was formally opened on December 3, 1843 but, perhaps, I should say that the *International* Assembly was opened. Except for the Russian, all foreign Ambassadors were present and never missed a session. Lyons and the entire British Embassy staff, Piscatore and the French Embassy, Prokens and the Austrian Embassy -- they were all there and did a fine job urging the delegates in this or that direction and not letting them transact one item of business. In the evening, when the day's session was over, the Ambassadors invited everyone to dinners featuring superb food, champagne and the rest of the trimmings. The Assembly did have issues to resolve but the Ambassadors and their associates organized one riot after another and no serious discussion took place.

When I had enough, I got Kriezotis, Grivas, Iskos and a few others together. "Brothers," I said, "we've got to do something if we want to pass some solid laws without going through this circus performance every day. First, we must announce that no ranks will be awarded to any veterans until the Assembly is over. If ranks are to awarded while the Assembly is in session we'll have new factions to contend with. Each one of us will see to it that his own sycophants are rewarded and we'll be back at each other's throat since we all have different sycophants. The second thing to do is form an Assembly Guard consisting of men from Roumeli, the Peloponnesus and the islands. We must have a couple of thousand soldiers and civilians. It'll be a national and totally independent force so that the Assembly won't be dominated by one faction, one geographic area, or one foreign country. Do not for a moment imagine I'm suggesting this so that I can be the Guard's Commander. Choose the Commander yourselves and I'll be at his disposal, together with all the Athenians I can muster."

My friends' reaction made it clear that I was talking to the wall.

Only one person didn't play deaf, the Minister of War. He invited me to his office and said I shouldn't repeat such things because *the deputies were liable to get excited.*

In other words, the Minister of War had decided to start awarding ranks to the veterans while the Assembly was in session and there wasn't one dissolute

rascal who was not awarded a high military rank, especially if he was a friend of the Minister or of the people to whom I suggested the formation of a Guard.

As things turned out I was a prophet because nobody was satisfied and they began to fight among themselves. It eventually dawned upon some of my friends that I might, after all, have spoken selflessly and with the country's best interests in mind. However, upon further reflection, they decided we ought to have a civil war right here in Athens but I managed to put an end to this nonsense because the people were behind me.

The support I enjoyed didn't please a number of individuals who, in order to shake the people's faith in me, had their newspapers announce that Makriyiannis received 25,000 drachmas from the Government and, in addition, was given by the foreigners one cartload of money plus an unspecified, but extremely large, number of silver cigarette cases.

I read these wonderful news and, from the Assembly podium, demanded that the Public Prosecutor investigate the matter and find out from the newspapers precisely how I got my hands on these fabulous riches.

Since the Public Prosecutor was a member of the gang that was after me all that got printed was a tiny news item saying that a mistake had been made and that Makriyiannis hadn't received any money from anybody.

This was small satisfaction and I went to King to demand that calumnies be given proper attention.

"Makriyiannis," said the King before I could open my mouth, "you once had a copy of the September Third oath with the signatures of the people who took it."

"I once did," I replied because I'm not completely stupid.

The King thought I was. "Give it to me," he said. " I want to look at those signatures."

"What satisfaction can that give to Your Majesty?"

"No particular satisfaction. I want to know who these people are so that I can appoint them to various positions."

"I'm sorry but I'm not letting go of that paper. Those who took the oath were convinced I wouldn't give them away. If I do, I'll be a thoroughly despicable man."

We parted on that note and I never got the chance to complain about the newspapers.

The King was not the only one interested in those signatures. The Ambassadors and their factions finally realized that, for years, I had been organizing the September Third movement right under their noses. They were upset that I bound people with oaths, that I collected signatures, that I kept the whole thing a secret, that I didn't have the newspapers write stories about what I was doing, and that I gave nobody a chance to send me to the guillotine.

Every community in Greece had people who took our oath and the fact that we accomplished our objective didn't allow Koletis and company to rest. They'd have preferred a constitution of their own design so that blood could have flowed in the gutters and thousands could have had their throats cut. My own behavior was therefore objectionable and newspapers were right in saying I sold out for money. The idea was to present me — a man who, for the sake of the Constitution, brought misery and danger to his own children — as someone who isn't just a simple traitor but someone who became a traitor for *money.* When this didn't work my opponents tried something else.

An excited fellow showed up at my house. "I've got something to tell you," he said. "Swear you won't betray me because I risk my neck just by talking to you."

I swore.

"You're honest, I don't want you to die, and here are the facts. A few days from now there'll be some kind of phony trouble. It'll be at night and you'll be asked to quiet things down. Five of us have been paid to kill you as you play the pacifier. I'm not telling you who paid me and I'm not saying who the other four are. All I'm saying is, don't go anywhere if you hear there's trouble. You'll be killed and I'll hate myself for it."

This, I said to myself, is a good fairy tale.

Six days later, out of the blue and for no imaginable reason, a mob attacked the house of Ralis, a former Minister. They blockaded him late at night and threw so many stones his house almost got buried. Sure enough, a message came for me to go and calm things down.

As a fresh convert to fairy tales, I didn't go.

More messages came but I never stirred. Still, I felt sorry for Ralis and sent Yiannis Kostas to rescue him.

Ralis and I have been close friends ever since.

Meanwhile the illustrious politicians were working their usual miracles in the National Assembly and dreamt up a new way to grow factions.

They divided all Greeks into two categories. One consisted of those who were born inside the national borders. The other included all those who were born outside but who, being Greeks, had taken refuge in independent Greece.

One may have thought this was a flimsy foundation upon which to build two new factions, and one would be wrong.

The resulting animosity compared favorably to the feelings we had for the Turks when we were fighting them.

This new brand of factionalism was the work of Koletis who collaborated with Palamidis for the success of the project. However, the theoretical basis shouldn't be attributed to either of these two gentlemen but to our benefactors, the British, who never stopped devising new ways whereby freedom could be stuffed down our throats.

Having supplied the theory, the British took the trouble of keeping troops poised in Kerkira, waiting for us to start fighting among ourselves so that they could let their troops loose and liberate us once and for all.

Simultaneously, and to generate maximum confusion, they fed the National Assembly one story and the King another.

Not that the foreigners had their way in everything.

For instance, and despite the exertions of their stooges, things didn't work out to their satisfaction with regard to the State Religion issue.

After interminable discussions Metaxas put the matter to the vote and the foreigners were upset to see the tally. But they did make some important converts, one of them being Kalergis.

With the help of the Ambassadors he was turned into Commander of Everything, was granted a "reward" of 80,000 drachmas by the Government and, since the future belonged to the foreigners, he went over to their side. And so did

Londos. I suppose it was those Embassy dinners that did the trick but, dinners apart, the foreigners decided that their friend Kalergis had to be appointed Commander of the Assembly Guard. To implement this idea, the Embassies just about bankrupted themselves organizing further rounds of dinner parties for the delegates.

A few weeks later, Petsalis, a delegate from Halkis and a good friend of Kalergis, of the Ambassadors and of Kriezotis, made a speech in the Assembly and proposed that delegates should vote openly on matters of national interest whereas issues affecting specific individuals should be decided by secret ballot.

The proposal made sense and was passed.

The following day he made a second speech. He praised Kalergis for his virtue and services and concluded it was only right and proper that Kalergis be appointed Commander of the Assembly Guard.

This proposal was passed too.

Grivas, Kriezotis and other officer-delegates who might have objected remained silent because Kalergis had subjected them to adroit flattery. They loved him for that and, in fact, it was this love that made them reject my suggestion about the Assembly Guard being formed out of people from all over the country.

Panoutsos Notaras, the President of all previous National Assembles, was President for this one too. He was a respectable man but extremely old. He was younger when the other Assemblies took place and had been able to do his job. Now he could barely stand the strain and there were many who had their eye on his position, politicians as well as soldiers.

Grivas and Kriezotis were among the latter and asked Kalergis to support them just as they had supported him when he wanted to become Commander of the Guard.

The point is, there were many others who burned to be President — Koletis, Mavrokordatos, Londos, Metaxas, Palamidis and so forth. Consequently, competition was building up and I controlled a sizeable block of votes belonging to delegates personally sworn by me for the September uprising.

Now that the Assembly was in session we kept close to one another. Our cohesion was known and contenders for the Presidency began to flock to my house.

When the parade was over I sat down and thought about this matter. It'd be dishonorable and unjust simply to throw out old Notaras but, on the other hand, he

wasn't up to the job. If the Assembly elected a new President the failed candidates would organize factions and we'd start the old games again.

Therefore, instead of a new President, we ought to elect four new Vice-Presidents who, taken together, would enjoy the love of the foreigners so that the latter might, for once, keep their noses out of our business. The more I thought about this the more it seemed that we'd be killing a lot of birds with one stone — no underhanded tricks from foreigners and no factionalism from Greeks. It'd be a good idea to elect Metaxas, Mavrokordatos, Londos and Koletis — two of them belonged to the September Third conspiracy and two did not. It looked like a balanced proposition and when I discussed the matter with my delegate-friends they agreed.

The following morning I paid a visit to Prime Minister Metaxas and found Mavrokordatos, Koletis and Londos in his office. They all looked depressed. They realized how many candidates had cropped up and that none of them could hope to secure the required majority.

In this atmosphere of despair I suggested letting Panoutsos stay on as President while the four of them would be elected Vice-Presidents. If they agreed to this solution, I wanted their word that they would try not to gouge one another's eyes out and that they'd look after the interests of Greece instead of looking after the interests of the foreigners.

"We accept!" they said. "But we haven't got a chance. Kriezotis, Grivas and the others have split the vote fifteen different ways. Your proposal will never secure a majority."

"That's something for me to worry about. I'll make a speech in the Assembly and propose your names. All I want from you is to get up and say a few words to the effect that, from now on, you'll work together like brothers."

Agreement was reached, we went to the Assembly together and I asked for the floor.

"Fellow delegates," I began, "our President has been honored with the position he occupies today since the days we were fighting the Turks. But he was younger then and could easily face up to the demands made by his office. Now he's old and the office imposes great hardship upon him. I therefore move that four Vice-Presidents be elected to assist him -- Messrs Mavrokordatos, Metaxas, Koletis and Londos."

Mr. Petsalis, the delegate from Halkis, jumped up, demanded the floor and launched a violent polemic against me. The other candidates had gotten wind of what I was trying to do and told Petsalis to say that my motion should be decided by secret ballot.

"These," he concluded, "are personal issues and, as we decided a couple of days ago, the vote must be secret."

I asked for the floor again.

"Mr. Petsalis," I told the Assembly, "is in favor of agreements, provided he can break them whenever he likes. Only yesterday he proposed that Mr. Kalergis be made Commander of the Assembly Guard and his motion was approved by a roll-call vote. That too was a personal issue and I could have made noises that voting ought to be done secretly. I didn't say anything because I didn't want anyone to think I was motivated by animosity or envy. Mr. Petsalis is therefore blessed with a useful talent. He's double-faced. Whenever the Assembly discusses matters of national significance, he steps outside and enjoys a cigarette. But when we discuss factions, he throws the cigarette away, runs back inside and dreams up new ways to vote. He then feels free to disregard these ways but insists that everyone else observes them."

Metaxas, Mavrokordatos, Koletis and Londos followed up with speeches of their own in which they asserted they'd be united and inseparable and that they'd work for the good of the country. In the vote that followed we secured a comfortable majority, meaning that Notaras stayed on a President and that the four of them were elected Vice-Presidents.

They worked together for exactly eight days.

They then went back to their respective factions and declared war on each other. Inevitable as these developments may have been, they still disturbed me and, to bring the politicians back together again, I invited the four of them and all my delegate friends to a dinner at my house. We had hardly begun eating when each of the four Vice-Presidents took me aside and sought to lure me to his faction. Naturally, I refused and, naturally, all four of them became my enemies. Just as naturally, they gave me the devil's own time from then on.

After their defeat in the Vice-Presidential elections, Palamidis, Kriezotis, Grivas and company were left with just a few votes. I myself had parted company with the Vice-Presidents, except for Metaxas with whom we continued to agree on policy. Realizing that some patching up had to be done I talked with Kriezotis and we agreed to collaborate because we figured we controlled quite a few votes in the Assembly. Our calculations were soon put to the test. A roll-call vote showed that we controlled not just a plurality but an overwhelming majority. We continued to work together for a few days and then Kriezotis and the others got bored and pulled out.

That was the end of this second alliance.

After Kalergis became Commander of the Assembly Guard and the Vice-Presidents went back to their old ways (especially Mavrokordatos, Londos and Koletis who, on the one hand, were far too chummy with the foreigners and, on the other, lulled the King to sleep with their flatteries) — the Assembly turned into a farce.

Members of the audience felt free to participate in the debates, to issue orders to the delegates and organize them into ad-hoc factions. If the audience wasn't enough of a problem Kalergis' officers did their share in messing things up by pushing the delegates around and threatening them in all sorts of ways.

One day, Kriezotis and Grivas attempted to complain about this unseemly behavior but Kalergis, their bosom friend, gave them a tremendous tongue-lashing. They didn't respond serenely and I had to run over and separate them.

On another occasion the Assembly witnessed an uproar over nothing at all and the President had to adjourn the session. Since this prevented the delegates from fighting a pitched battle on the spot, it was understood that a full-scale confrontation would be enjoyed by all the very next day.

Not to be left out the Athenian population took sides and everyone went home to get his weapons ready.

I slept fitfully that night but when I woke up, a couple of hours before dawn, something had clicked in my head.

Jumping out of bed, I gathered my men together. "You and you," I said to two of them, "go find the members of every Church Board in the capital. I want them to tell the citizens in their parish that nobody should go to work today. They should all stay home and be fully armed. However, nobody steps outside his door unless I give the word."

I sent others to the chiefs of the different trade guilds to tell their members that no shops should be opened and that weapons should kept close at hand. A final group of messengers was saved for Grivas, Kriezotis and the others advising them to assemble in the house of Kriezotis within the hour and to wait for me.

Everything was done as I specified, I went to Kriezotis' house and found everybody there. I had barely stepped inside when Grivas and Kriezotis started complaining about the behavior of Kalergis and his officers.

"Hadn't I suggested a way to avoid this sort of unpleasantness?" I said when I could interrupt them. "I told you to form a genuine Assembly Guard and to appoint anyone you chose as its Commander. You deduced I was after the job myself, leaked the story to Londos, Kalergis and their friends, and I wasn't popular with them. But the joke's on you! Kalergis has become omnipotent and with the money he receives from his different sources he can now do pretty much as he pleases."

"We've been unfair to you!" they said.

"You haven't been unfair to me! You've been unfair to our country and to your own selves! God only knows what this mess will develop into."

When I was through encouraging them and lifting up their spirits with optimistic words such as these, I outlined my plan. I told them that Yiannis Kostas and other officers loyal to me had been instructed to assemble all the men we could count upon. This force, with swords and pistols hidden in their clothing should proceed to the Assembly Hall in twos and threes and surround it. About 20 of them would quietly capture the houses of Karatassos, Kolokotronis and Metaxas, which happened to be near the Hall. Everything would be carried out in secrecy. No more than a couple of officers in each group would know anything more about the operation except the houses and positions they were to occupy.

"Now," I continued, "you, Grivas and you, Kriezotis, and everyone else in this room who has men he can trust, you tell these men to keep swords and pistols close at hand. We'll go to the Assembly and the moment Kalergis or his officers provoke us we'll jump the Assembly Guard and disarm them. At the same moment, the houses I mentioned will be captured by my troops."

The plan was approved and I suggested we pay a group visit to Metaxas. We should ask him to call in Koletis, Mavrokordatos, Londos and Kalergis, as well as ten delegates whom we knew to be moderate and sensible men. He ought to try, for the last time, to talk things over with them and if we concluded that agreement

was impossible, well, then let the Lord put the blame for what would follow upon their heads. This suggestion was also approved and I asked who'd be our spokesman. I said we ought to appoint one person to do the talking so that we didn't sound like a bunch of bleating sheep. They replied I should do the talking and we went to visit Metaxas. I told him what the visit was about and he promptly sent word for the others we asked to be present.

"Brothers," I said, when everybody was there, "we came to Athens to hold a free and unrestrained National Assembly, a meeting of patriots and not a free-for-all for the delectation of factionalizers and stooges of foreign interests. We know what the Assembly has degenerated to and I won't waste time painting pictures. All I'll say is this. You, the four Vice-Presidents, will have to impose order. Nobody from the audience shall henceforth be allowed to participate in the sessions. Mr. Kalergis will have to remove from the Assembly Guard officers who overstep their duties and insult delegates of Greece. Such behavior creates a terrible impression about the country not only in the eyes of international opinion but, also, in the eyes of every decent Greek. If our demands aren't satisfied, we shall no longer participate in the Assembly and, for this, may the culprits explain themselves to God. Above everything else, let's speak like men among ourselves."

"I've learned," said brave Kalergis, my sworn companion, my fellow September conspirator, "that you've issued arms and ammunition to the people. I want you to know that appropriate measures will be taken without fail."

"What you've learned," said Grivas, "is a lot of dirty lies. It's calumny pure and simple to say something like that about Makriyiannis."

"Everything you've learned," I said to Kalergis, "is perfectly accurate. Grivas is not telling the truth because he's my friend and wants to protect me."

"In that case, why did you do it?"

"I did it on account of your own behavior and of the behavior of your officers inside the Assembly Hall. I was forced to do it because I realized what your objectives are and be informed that you won't have your way. Just in case you think you can make trouble in this city, I advise you to think again. Nobody is going to hurt Athens because I won't let anyone even try it. It was in 1822 when I first came here. I was young then and, today, I'm an old man. I was all alone when I first came to this city but now I've got a large family and a house I built with my own hands. All the same, I place every single Athenian way above my family and house. I was their commander in the War and we fought together and saw our friends die and received plenty of wounds. These are things you know from personal experience, friend

Kalergis! You saw me fight in Pireas together with the Athenians. That was when I waded in icy water and it was in their company that I tried not to freeze as we swam under the muzzles of the Turkish cannons. The rest of you stayed on higher, drier ground but the location of our bastion can be seen even today, after all these years. Only half of us survived and those who did survive are no better than cripples. For all these reasons, plus the fact that I'm President of the Athens City Council, plus the fact that the Athenians have again made me their commander and delegate, I'm resolved to protect them. Therefore, no trouble will be seen in Athens. If our demands are satisfied, if the Vice-Presidents impose order in the Assembly, if you give satisfaction to the delegates by dismissing those of your officers who don't know their place, fine and good. We shall again be brothers like we used to be. If not, do what you can and we're ready to do the same."

Other people spoke too and, at the end, we were assured that all our demands would be satisfied. And they were. Harmony was restored and our friendship was renewed.

The foreigners and their satellites were upset that no civil war broke out. They were also upset by Article 40 of the Constitution ("*State Religion*") and by the fact that the heir to the throne would be baptized as a Greek Orthodox. However, their being upset was one thing and their continuing attempts to make deals quite another.

Speaking for myself, and starting with September Third, I received about a ton of engraved invitations from the Ambassadors. They wanted *to have dinner and discuss various topics* but I neither went to any of their functions nor do I intend to do so in the future. All the Ambassadors were personal friends of mine and had repeatedly come to my house. Personal feelings had nothing to do with my turning down their invitations. If they wanted to keep their own houses in order, this shouldn't mean we had to be prevented from doing the same with ours. So much about me. Insofar as others were concerned acceptance of invitations was something else again.

Mavrokordatos, Koletis, Londos, Kalergis and their associates made common cause with the British, French, Russians and Austrians. They pretended they had never really been in favor of September Third and tried to make an ally out

of the King although I'll be damned if a single one of them had the slightest concern for the King as a person. The same went for the foreigners.

They kept telling the King what they thought would please him so that he'd be on their side and, every day, they pushed him a bit closer to the precipice. Meanwhile they whispered in his ear all sorts of ugly things about the September conspirators, meaning those conspirators who hadn't joined some faction.

About this small minority the King kept hearing unsavory tales and, in that respect, Metaxas was everybody's favorite target. As a result, Metaxas, who was still Prime Minister, was gradually stripped of all his politician and military friends and, to tell the truth, he himself did a lot to help the process.

For instance, he couldn't decide which way to lean.

He planted one leg near September Third and the other near the King. The posture required extraordinary acrobatic talents and the best Metaxas could manage was to remain immobile. He often felt that the time had come to shift his weight in one or the other direction but lacked the necessary muscles and couldn't tell where he belonged, just as neither of his legs knew whether it should be where it had been planted.

God alone knows what is hidden in the heart of men. We only know what comes out through the lips. Nonetheless, money does provide some clues regarding the contents of the human soul and some insight may be secured from those 25 drachmas Metaxas spent in the preparatory effort that preceded September Third.

I had to send a messenger somewhere and he asked for 300 drachmas. I had only 275 and Metaxas gave me 25. This was the sum total of his financial sacrifice for the cause and, in return, we gave him honors and glories upon which he secretly spat. Those of us who remained steadfast September conspirators ran serious dangers on account of that man's indecisiveness.

One day I paid a visit to Koletis. He had come to my house and I hadn't returned the call. Now I did and found a lot of people there. We discussed a number of things and Mr. Koletis proposed that, from then on, we should pool our forces and work together.

"We've often tried and always failed," I said. "I know you'll say that in the present instance we agree on policy. That's a stock phrase of yours but our genuine differences of opinion prevent us from fooling ourselves any longer. What I want us to do is repair the shingles covering our house so that the roof doesn't collapse upon our heads. Foreign houses have excellent roofs. Their owners made sure that no matter how vicious the wind the shingles will stay in place. Things are different with us. A light breeze is liable to carry the whole roof away. Not to mention the behavior of people who appoint themselves to look after our roof and, instead, steal the shingles and use them to cover foreign houses."

The time was approaching for all of us to go to the Assembly Hall and, on the way, we agreed to have a further talk with Koletis and Koundouriotis as soon as the session was over. Sure enough, at the end of the day, the two of them asked me to accompany them to a room upstairs. I told them to proceed there and that I'd join them later. Which I did after getting hold of Metaxas and inviting him to come along.

We went upstairs and found the Ambassadors: Lyons, Piscatore and Prokens. They saw me enter with Metaxas and nobody said a word to me. Then Mavrokordatos came in and they all started talking in a foreign language I didn't understand. What I did notice was that Metaxas alternated between despair and anger. I let some time go by and then asked him what was going on. "They don't like the way I run the government," he said. "I can no longer stand their criticism and tricks. I'm going to resign." Having said that he plunged back into the discussion.

A while later, half the Greeks went to another room with the Ambassadors. The rest stayed behind and continued to fight among themselves. It wasn't a pleasant sight so I left and went to wait for Metaxas at his house. He was angry when he came and, a few days later, he resigned.

Unbelievable as it may sound, work on the Constitution progressed and all essential articles were passed. Seeing this, the sycophants surrounding the King decided to have him make alterations on the text that had already been voted upon. So far as the foreigners were concerned this was an appealing idea and they, together with the sycophants, worked on the King night and day.

Soon, the news spread all over Greece — *The King is going to water down the Constitution!*

It goes without saying that not a trace of either the King or his sycophants would have remained if something like that was tried but that's what the rumors said. Ironically, the only persons in the country who didn't have an inkling about these plans were the September conspirators living in Athens and, more specifically, myself.

I kept receiving letters from the provinces –- *Something is going on in Athens and you tell us nothing. If necessary, we'll come with plenty of troops.* To all of which I replied that absolutely nothing was going on. Not convinced, my friends began to arrive in Athens to look things over for themselves. But the sycophants were on the alert.

They caught each one of the newly-arrived and told them *Don't say a word to Makriyiannis! He has been bought out by the King! The King gave him a lot of cash and Makriyiannis is now playing deaf and dumb.*

But it was too late for that kind of games. My curiosity had been aroused, I made inquiries, found out about the proposed amendments, got my hands on some of the drafts and sought an audience with the King.

"What are you about to do, Your Majesty?" I asked him. "Who tricked you into this insane project? If one comma is changed in the articles already ratified, Your Majesty's person, and the State, and everybody in it, will go up like a puff of smoke. This looks like the work of some faction that wants to compromise you. You must abandon the idea immediately!"

"I can't," said the King. "It's done! I gave my word and I've got to follow through."

I tried to make him change his mind but it was of no use.

"Your Majesty," I said when I realized how adamant he was, "if you make amendments to the Constitution I shall no longer be on Your Majesty's side. Those who organized the September coup are dead against any amendments made outside the Assembly Hall. I'm one of those people. Right after the coup I appeared before you and explained what September Third was all about. I also said that if you stood by what you signed, I and all your loyal subjects would die in front of your Palace rather than see the slightest harm being done to your royal person. Today I'm telling you I no longer am on your side and I'm saying this in advance so that you won't call me dishonest and disloyal later on."

"You've sworn faith to me as an officer! You cannot be against me!"

"I swore that oath as a soldier. But I'm also a Greek and I want my fellow-Greeks as well as myself to live in a State properly governed. I shall not lie to you. I've stated my position and let those who counseled Your Majesty give an account of their evil deed to God. But I do think that our country and Your Majesty are as good as lost."

He sighed at this. "I see," he said. "They've made a fool out of me, haven't they!"

My heart bled for him. "My King," I said and tears came to my eyes. "There's still time to pull out. Don't endanger the lives of your subjects and, please, spare your own."

He still wouldn't change his mind. All he told me was that I ought to be loyal to him.

"I can't lie to you. I no longer am what you call loyal."

And, with these words, I took my leave.

I returned to my house and called in some delegates with whom we had stayed together all along.

"Tomorrow morning," I said to them, "I want all of you to gather here in this room. I'll have someone come in for a talk. When I say l*et's have some coffee* that will be the signal for you to make as big a racket. *What's this about amendments to the Constitution?* you'll say. *We'll skin alive anyone who tries it and we don't care if we die for it! We've got troops and blood will flow! We'll put Athens to the torch! Not one stone will remain standing* and words to that effect. When you're done saying all this you'll turn upon me. *Makriyiannis!* you'll say. *It's obvious you've made a deal with these scoundrels! Don't worry though! We'll skin you just like we'll skin those who thought of changing the text of the Constitution!"*

The following morning I had Lambros Nakos come in. He was a favorite with the King who consulted him regularly and used him to find out about things happening in Athens. *Let's have some coffee* I said and all hell broke loose.

Nakos was terrified.

"Please," I whispered to him, "run to His Majesty and tell him you dropped in for a cup of coffee and saw the delegates treating me in this abominable fashion." I also advised him to describe what happened in my house to everyone he saw because, surely, he could tell it looked like we were already dead. "Therefore," I said to Nakos in my faintest whisper, "the more people talk to the King the greater our

chances of survival." He lost no time, spread the story all over Athens, and ran to the King. Visits to the Palace by other terrified citizens followed.

"Go and tell Makriyiannis," the King said to Nakos, "but only God, you, I and Makriyiannis must hear these words — tell him to see to it that peace and order are preserved in Athens. I return, I guarantee that not a single amendment will be made."

Peace and order were maintained and the National Assembly held its final session on March 30, 1844.

There was a splendid parade and the King arrived at the Assembly Hall. He accepted the final text of the Constitution and affixed his signature on the document.[25] The King declared the Assembly closed and awarded the Order of the Savior to Panoutsos Notaras. He also made Kalergis a major-general and his aide-de-camp. I had provoked the anger of the foreigners and of our own illustrious politicians by refusing to join one of their factions so they joined forces and did their utmost to keep the King from promoting me to major-general.

But the King insisted. *It would be unfair,* he said, *and I have no intention to be unfair.*

When I learned about the opposition to my proposed promotion I declared I didn't want to accept it and it was the Minister of War who practically forced my new rank upon me.

I sought an audience with the King and he told me he had wanted to make me one of his aides, just like he did with Kalergis. However, since my wounds kept me in bed most of the time, he said he didn't want to impose additional duties on me and that alone was the reason he refrained.

I thanked him and took my leave.

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Remember the golden bird in my dream? It was sleepy and I caught it but when I saw the children I hid it in my pocket. And the bird was saved from the mean children.

ELECTIONS OF AUGUST 1844

ELECTIONS OF AUGUST 1844

By the time the National Assembly was over most of the September conspirators had been lured by, and were equitably distributed among, the factions of Mavrokordatos, Lyons, Piscatore, Prokens and so forth.

After Metaxas resigned, discussions were held with the King to make Mavrokordatos Prime Minister and include Koletis in the new cabinet but Koletis would have nothing to do with a cabinet headed by Mavrokordatos. He was saving his patriotism and was happy to wait for Mavrokordatos to fall flat on his face, like Metaxas did. To assist Mavrokordatos, Koletis organized a gang which he christened *loyal opposition* and then, after Mavrokordatos would fall flat on his face, Koletis could step in as Prime Minister and the problems of Greece would be solved.

At any event, Mavrokordatos became Prime Minister on April 11, 1844 and kept the portfolios of Finance and the Navy for himself. His cabinet included Londos as Minister of the Interior, Rodios of the Army, Trikoupis of Church Affairs, and Lontidis of Justice. The moment the new cabinet was sworn in Koletis and his loyal opposition tried to unite the people against the Government.

And there we were once again -- fine patriots inside the Government, even finer patriots in the opposition, and Greece was called upon to foot the bill.[26]

Mavrokordatos and his friends formed a Government to conduct national elections. Deputies to be thus elected to Parliament would then establish laws on

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Throughout the months when the National Assembly worked on the Constitution we had no Government to speak of. Despite bickering among the natives and tricks by the foreigners, not a nose was opened, not a hen was stolen, not one citizen's honor was insulted. Even newspapers couldn't hide this truth. But conditions were different then. God Himself was our Government because He saw that people had repented, that they were sick and tired of evil, that they had come back to Him. So, in His mercy, He brought, for once, brotherhood in our nation.

the basis of which our unfortunate country and innocent King could hope to survive.

However all this would be in the future.

In the meantime the Illustrious Mavrokordatos and his associates prepared the elections and insisted upon one point only. The Nation was free to vote whichever way it pleased as long as those who got elected were friends of Mavrokordatos.

For the good of the country the Government made its presence, principles and objectives felt all over Greece. Blood flowed, people were squeezed like lemons, and new campaign tactics were devised so that subsequent elections in other parts of the world could model themselves upon the virtue, honesty and patriotism exhibited by this one. Greece was subdivided into factions and each faction was incited by its leaders to an extraordinary pitch of excitement. Brother killed brother and one Greek looked upon another the way we used to look at Turks.

His Illustriousness, Mr. Mavrokordatos, allowed himself the luxury of indulging a personal weakness. He wanted every district to elect him, *honoris causa*, among its deputies so that Europe could see he was a big man and so popular that the Greeks were in the habit of blessing his name every time they raised a glass. Deep in his heart Mr. Mavrokordatos was convinced he deserved such recognition and, perhaps, he was right.

He couldn't be expected to admit that he and his friends stripped every vestige of piety, morality and patriotism from our country, that they persecuted everyone who possessed these objectionable traits, and that they clasped evil, perfidy and deceit to their bosoms.[27] So, Mr. Mavrokordatos would have been

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Brother readers! I neither seek glory nor, for that matter, do I see anybody offering me any. I've withdrawn from public life and whenever my health permits I cultivate my garden. Otherwise I'm nailed to my mattress. Let my immortal soul be damned if I have anything personal against the people I mention in this manuscript. Country, faith and morality are the most treasured possessions of an honest man. I live in a society where these values mean nothing and I despair. So, I shout! That's why I'm putting down these unpolished thoughts. I can do without graceful writing but not without the truth.

delighted if the whole of Greece elected him as her one and only deputy. The outside world would thus learn what a magnificent man he was and he'd be free to resign in certain districts and appoint his friends to be deputies in his place.

The precedent was there. Capodistria had done it at the Argos National Assembly and Mr. Mavrokordatos could now follow good example and not relieve the Greek donkeys of the saddles placed upon their backs by himself and his colleagues. Be all this as it may Mr. Mavrokordatos ordered that elections be carried out and never mind that principles had to be sacrificed and men killed.

It was in this spirit that Mr. Lontidis, the Minister of *Justice*, wrote to his friends in Patra — *Kill people! Throw them in jail! If violence must be brought to bear, do it! Just make sure I'm elected your deputy!* The letter was intercepted, brought here in Athens and the King was informed about these peculiar campaign methods.

People from all over the country came to the capital to complain about practices whose visible cost was an ever-increasing number of graves. But the Government remained unperturbed and to round off their pre-election strategy, to help the country, to encourage fresh murders, to fan the flames of enmity and envy, they awarded thousands of new commissions and tons of medals and decorations. At which point Greece declared war on Greece because those who deserved medals were humiliated while those who had done serious damage to the country were honored.

One Greek set out after another, properties were put to the torch, trees were cut down, vines were uprooted, flocks exterminated. Nevertheless, our objectives remained noble and pure. We must be recognized as great statesmen! Doesn't matter that our fellow-citizens are tearing one another to pieces while we sustain them on hot air and encourage them to kill their brothers. We can still say *We are influential, we are progressive, the people love us.*

The King knew what was going on and did nothing to stop it.

The only explanation is that we must have wronged him and he's angry with Greece and refuses to protect what God entrusted to him. But what did Greece do to deserve the King's anger? The State income is no more that 10-11 million

because the rest is stolen by the individuals His Majesty appoints to govern us. Out of this money, the King receives 1 million for his own use and, since he has complete control over the rest, he can give it to whomever he pleases.

Has anyone ever complained about this royal prerogative? Did anyone give a hard time to the King's Bavarian friends who stripped us naked? Didn't we put them onboard ships and send them away with all possible courtesy, forgetting all the years when they governed us as if we were slaves? Don't we show the same gentleness to all the officials the King has subsequently appointed? But, perhaps, His Majesty is angry on account of the *State Religion* article in the Constitution. Should he be angry though? Nobody told His Majesty to be baptized in the Orthodox Church. On the contrary, he was told he could remain a Catholic. All we wanted was that the heir to the throne be Orthodox. We wanted him to be part of the nation over which he'd eventually reign. Was this too much to ask? Should we have shed all that blood and not even have a King who shares our faith? Was it worth filling the Turkish slave-markets and still be governed by someone not belonging to our creed? If so, we'd have been better off under the Sultan. He never challenged our faith and, under him, we certainly did not see the mountains of immorality we observe in our free and independent days.

His Majesty had a great big palace built smack in the middle of Athens but felt no need to build a decent house for God. In all religious occasions he's content to lead the Ambassadors to a humble little chapel because, apparently, his capital has no need of a church commensurate with our national pride. Luxury and fashionable clothes are different matters and, in those respects, we give lessons to the European continent. And I ask again: when Europe was in our own sorry condition, did she clamor for luxury and theaters? Our Governments provide us with enough theatrical performances. What did we need a building filled with actors for?

I'm a soldier with a soldier's luck. The Turkish bullet didn't kill me but the gardener's hoe will. I may dig in my garden but haven't yet learned the art of flattery. I've always spoken the truth to the King. What I write here I've often told him in person because I thought it was my duty. Many lions died to liberate the country over which he is now King and, compared to these heroes, I'm a flea. All the same, I did what I could. I had two legs, now one is smashed. I had two arms, now I've got one. There is a hole in my belly and two wounds on my head. These wounds give me some right to speak and I've got this to say: if we want our little Kingdom to

grow we must adore God, love our country, cultivate what virtue we possess, and teach our children to respect learning and morality. That's what I believe and that's what I preach.

As for the King, one of these days he must try to appoint a Government that cares for Greece. He's got to stay clear of the silver-tongued flatterers, and he mustn't feed them too much because they might burst from overeating while veterans starve to death. We live in the Age of Mavrokordatos. We spend money for nothing. We distribute medals and decorations. We see forests burned, flocks killed, and human blood flow. Let His Majesty note that those who die are his best citizens and that he might need them one day. The Turks are next door and we mustn't forget how easy it is to lose the little Kingdom we do possess, let alone create a much bigger one.

Those who made possible the September Revolution and, in particular, Metaxas, the political leader, were exhausted. Our scattered comrades were looking for new fortunes and it dawned upon me that a butcher's dog is not the best guard of sheep. Metaxas had finally made up his mind about which way to lean and made it clear how much he regretted the bravery and patriotism he had shown. Considering his own attitude it isn't surprising that his followers scattered but that was his personal problem. At the national level, with Mavrokordatos as Prime Minister, the fate of Greece looked brilliant. Fully assisted by the Ambassadors and the King, Mavrokordatos went ahead with his program and everyone who didn't support him wasn't just wrong, he was evil.

By that time, I had tried all political permutations.

It may be that I'm a devil and that all of them are saints but, just like I couldn't stand the previous administrations, I couldn't stand Mavrokordatos' either. I didn't like the man. He tried to lure me over but I refused to listen because I saw that everything I had risked my life for was being murdered. My uncooperative behavior prompted them to launch a persecution campaign for my benefit and the protagonist was Kalergis, my old comrade, the believer in repeated baptisms.

He used to be a stalwart of the Russian faction as long as Metaxas was Prime Minister and this allowed one to suck a huge pile of money. Now that Metaxas was out and Mavrokordatos in, Kalergis was simultaneously baptized into

the French and Russian factions. On the side, he turned his attention to me. He remembered how I prevented him from playing the card he had kept up his sleeve during the National Assembly and never forgave me for what I did when his officers insulted Grivas and Kriezotis. He also remembered the men I gathered and the way I imposed order in Athens at a moment when all hell threatened to break loose. Finally, he remembered how I persuaded the King not to amend the Constitution.

In view of all this, he told two newspapers he controlled to print some rather curious things about me. *What Makriyiannis did during the Assembly,* so ran the newspaper stories, *namely, that he gathered gunmen and that he bound by oaths many deputies to vote en block — all these things were against our country and King. And the same goes for the original oath he forced people to take prior to September Third.* This nonsense obliged me to publish the text of the oath — minus the signatures, of course — and to write an account about the September events. Specifically, how I swore Kalergis in, how I went about swearing in people from the provinces, and what the voting en block to the Assembly was all about.[28]

The election campaign began in Athens and, so far as I could tell, the recipe was the same as that which had been used in the rest of the country. That is to say, different factions made maximum trouble. In this area Kalergis and his friends displayed much talent and riots broke out every day. Once they even managed to do something original. They incited the people to march against the Palace, which gave Kalergis the opportunity to show what a devoted royalist he was. He brought out his praetorians and took apart the very crowd he himself had gotten excited.

When I saw these filthy tricks I refused to participate in any political manifestation. I was afraid I might fan the smouldering fire of civil war and give an excuse to the foreigners to intervene and save us whether we liked it or not. On the other hand a lot of Athenians were getting killed. So, when I heard that serious trouble broke out in the Placa district, I ran there and discovered that the Athenians

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It was at that time that Antoniadis, a renowned ex-pirate, became an art critic. He proclaimed that the paintings I commissioned were totally meaningless, mere smudges of cheap paint and that, generally speaking, I was an uncultivated person.

were mad against those who had incited them to march against the Palace and then turned around and hit them.

I told the assembling Athenians they were about to lose their lives in vain, not to mention the danger Greece would run into on account of the foreigners' vigilant concern for our freedom. The good people listened to me and went home but those who incited them had been hoping for a different outcome. They had expected me to lead the Athenians in some mad charge against the bayonets which would have proven I was a rebel and, consequently, straight to the guillotine and off with Makriyiannis' head. They were not pleased when I turned out a pacifist and the same evening Kalergis and his cavalry surrounded my house, stayed around until after midnight and left. This was repeated for many nights because they wanted to show the King how useful they were to him -- I was the supreme rabble-rouser and they weren't sleeping on the job. They surrounded my house every night, didn't they?

A former member of the *Filorthodoxos Etairia* — the Russian propaganda outfit — displayed much vigor about that time. His name was Stefanos Valianos and he made noises about the Grand Idea. Listening to him talk, he was going to drive the Turks as far back as India. In pursuit of this commendable goal, every fool and his brother were made welcome into Valianos' organization.

Naturally, he lied to everybody. He said he had ships, weapons, plenty of supplies and troops, as well as a cashbox with more than 500,000 thallers. *Nevertheless*, Valianos continued, *additional contributions can be put into excellent use.* In other words, he took money from fools and put it in his pocket. Then he wrote reports to the Government and the King squealing on the people he swindled. *These people*, he wrote, *are dangerous individuals and* very *likely to cause international incidents with Turkey.* Typically enough, he never ran out of fools. Apparently, the desire to take Constantinoupolis is an overwhelming one for our nation.

I had known Valianos for some time. I first met him when I was organizing the September uprising and, I frankly admit it, was taken in by his glib talk and boundless enthusiasm for the Grand Idea. I invited him to my house and explained that Grand Ideas require grand preparations because our enemies are strong and Greece is weak. I told him about my own organization, swore him in, made him sign

the oath, and asked him to consult me from then on. We must keep in touch, I said, and you shouldn't do anything without letting me know.

He nodded in agreement and, first thing you know, he starts swearing people in — in *my* organization — without bothering to tell me anything about it. One day I was in court. It was when I was being chased by Minister Christides and someone came up to me and handed me a letter. *Like Valianos instructed me on your account*, said the letter which, by the way, was signed by someone I'd never heard of, *I went to such and such places and swore such and such people in your organization.* I tore up the letter and kicked out of the courtroom the man who brought it. Valianos and I had a meeting and I told him that if he valued his health he should never again use my name.

When the National Assembly was over Valianos swung into action.

Instead of waiting for deputies to be elected and Parliament to convene so that some semblance or order could be established and time could be devoted to the study of grand and small ideas, he and his agents began to agitate the people. In no time at all the fools were ready to march against Turkey. Valianos encouraged them by shouting at the top of his voice the familiar message of all valiant commanders to their troops — *Charge ahead and I'll catch up with you as soon as I settle a few details here in the capital.*

I should perhaps mention that the sum of their preparations consisted of some rocks they gathered and which they intended to throw at the Turkish armies. Still, Valianos didn't hesitate to use my name in his fund-raising efforts. One of the people he proselytized brought me the top secret oath Valianos had drawn up. In my turn, I showed it to one of my September comrades and discussed with him how to squelch this insane Grand Idea.

My friend had the oath printed in the newspapers and I tried to discourage people from being taken in by Valianos. The reaction of the Grand Idea zealots was expectable. They held a special meeting and ordered the very man who had brought me their oath either to slit my throat or, failing that, to poison me. He visited

me a number of times but wasn't lucky with me.[29] Bitterly disappointed, Filimonas, the good friend of Valianos, launched a press campaign against me. I was a hateful individual because I prevented all those people from getting slaughtered by the Turks and because I prevented Greece from exposing herself to unnecessary dangers.

The Mavrokordatos Government had barely finished putting together its nation-wide faction when, to its immense annoyance, a civil war broke out in Mani. In Messinia alone, there were over 500 casualties. Then Roumeli revolted too. Metaxas and his faction perceived the possibilities and went into high gear. They persuaded Grivas to go to western Greece and start a civil war just when the elections were to take place. They gave him money and a political advisor, and Grivas rushed west.

Metaxas' hopes notwithstanding, no more than 50 rebels showed up. Government troops quickly bottled up Grivas in a mountain village and were on the verge of capturing him alive when he was saved by the King's personal intervention. His Majesty had a weakness for the House of Grivas and ordered Tzavelas to run over and smuggle the rebel out.

Tzavellas, who was very good at this sort of thing, led Grivas to a French ship and although the Government made a big issue out of it, the Frenchmen didn't hand Grivas over but took him to Egypt instead. Metaxas, who finally realized that, once upon a time, he was the Government and voluntarily gave up the job, now suffered from pangs of repentance. Too late though. The bird was caught by others and they weren't letting it go.

Metaxas latest display of patriotism was a lesson to me. Once again I saw that each and every one of our politicians wanted his personal gang to govern and not Greece to prosper. All politicians believed that Greeks are donkeys to be saddled. The only difference of opinion arose over *whose* saddle the donkeys would be made to bear. These conclusions gave me additional reasons to withdraw

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He was luckier with a friend of mine who was staying at my house. He invited him for a drink and fed him poison. Fortunately, my friend vomited it right out and the doctors fixed him up. Nevertheless, he stayed sick for a long time.

from politics, which gave everyone a chance to accuse me of a variety of crimes -- *Makriyiannis is plotting again ...*, and so forth.

The fact remained that the Government's active intervention in the national elections was bound to generate unpleasant reactions.

For instance, in Lidhoriki, the place where I was born, the Government sent troops who took villages apart and stole every single head of cattle. Fortunately nobody fired a rifle or a pistol. If that had happened, there would have been many funerals because everyone was armed to the teeth in that part of the country. The Lord led some cool-headed people to restrain the rest and widespread slaughter was avoided. The people of Lidhoriki sent me reports filled with complains and all I could do was pass them on to the Government. Seeing no results the Lidorikiotes sent me special messengers once, twice, three times. I sought an audience with the King and described the situation to him. I told him about the Government's frenzied activity and about what was happening in Roumeli and the Peloponnesus. But I wasn't telling anything new to His Majesty. Similar reports had already reached him from other sources.

Late in July 1844 elections had already taken place in some of the provinces and deputies began to arrive in Athens. The capital hadn't yet voted and all official attention was focused upon this momentous event. Mavrokordatos and Kalergis had their hearts set upon being elected deputies in the capital. They both wanted Europe to learn how much power and influence they commanded and, with this in mind, they resorted to methods they had used in the rest of the country. They organized factions, distributed promises and swore that wonderful things would materialize the moment they got elected.

While this was going on a lot of people from the city and the surrounding villages came to my house. "Whom do you want as companions in Parliament," they asked me. "We'll elect them along with you as our deputies."

"Anyone who votes for me," I replied, "will be an anti-Christ and may his hand rot away! I've had enough of politics! I work honestly and they attack me with their damn newspapers! They even accuse me that I sold out to the foreigners! No more! Thank you very much!"

The people insisted but so did I. They finally understood I wasn't being coy and that I meant every syllable. So they left me alone.

In those days, Koletis commanded no power whatsoever. All his supporters abandoned him at the closing of the National Assembly. Now, the two of us got together and discussed the situation.

"I've no comrades left!" he wailed. "You have all abandoned me!"

"Never mind the comrades," I told him. "I can provide you with as many comrades as you like, provided you agree to a number of things."

"What things?" He had learned that, from time to time, one must ask questions like this to stay alive.

"For instance, that you will stop playing games with the foreigners."

"Oh, *that* ..."

"You must also agree that, after I've brought you the necessary number of comrades and you've formed a Government, you'll work for Greece and will speak the truth to the King. Accept these terms and we can begin the preparations. And, in due course, we'll see how we can enlarge our country. We must do it thoughtfully and secretly. Not like Valianos and those other madmen. Give me your word and I'll take care of the rest."

He gave me his word and we sealed our collaboration with a solemn oath.

That was how I set out to support Koletis.

It was a dangerous thing to do but Metaxas had been a great disappointment to me. Besides, I figured there might be one chance in a million that, after all these years, Koletis may have turned into some kind of human being. I met Gardikiotis, told him about the new alliance and the three of us swore to work together. The two of them insisted I should be made the King's aide-de-camp so that we could have an in with the Palace. I told them I was sick and that official duties would probably kill me but they countered by saying I could serve for a year or so. We agreed and, a few days later, I brought Kriezotis, Mamouris and a few other officers into the secret. From then on, we got stronger and stronger.

The day for the Athens election was approaching. I went to the King and told him again what was happening in Lidhoriki and parts of the country.

"The Government is planning to do the same here in Athens," I said. "Both Your Majesty and the city will suffer because the people are awfully excited."

The King became worried. "Go and see Mavrokordatos," he said.

"I've tried to. Many times. He wouldn't grant me an audience and I won't go back."

The King sent a message to Mavrokordatos, transmitting all I had said and telling him to ask me over for a talk before some catastrophe hit us.

Mavrokordatos called me and I told him exactly what I had told the King, meaning my complaints about a Government behaving like a gang of desperadoes.

"If you do in Athens what you did elsewhere," I concluded, "your chances of coming out alive are two against fifty. There'll be a massacre and let those responsible answer for their acts before God."

I didn't, of course, tell him that I suggested to the King to fire this Cabinet which was leading him to a premature grave.

The meeting with Mavrokordatos took place on August 2, 1844.

Londos, my fellow September conspirator, heard about what I said to the King and to Mavrokordatos and got terribly angry. In the presence of Koliopoulos, Deliyiannis and others, Londos — a Minister in the Mavrokordatos Government — expressed himself about me in no uncertain terms.

"That bastard Makriyiannis," Londos my friend said, "is always messing things up but, this time, he overdid it. Tomorrow morning I'll chop his head off. As for his beloved Athens I'll raze the bloody city to the ground! I've got the means to do it -- regular and irregular troops, infantry, cavalry, the works!"

That same evening, he sent some of the works to surround my house.

The following morning Koliopoulos, Deliyiannis and the others came to tell me what Londos had in store for me.

"There's going to be trouble in Athens," they said. "Everyone who lives here is in danger. As President of the City Council, you must prevent trouble and, while you're at it, you'd better look after your own safety too."

I said I had submitted full reports to the King and to the Government.

They smiled at the word *Government* and urged me to go back to the King and stress the urgency of the situation.

I suggested that two or three of them should come along but they insisted it'd be better if I went alone.

So, after putting my best clothes on, I started out for the Palace. Right outside my door, I was intercepted by a group of Athenians. They had been sent by voters who went to the Church of Haghia Irini to cast their ballots. Voting had begun but the Government representatives didn't let the people vote as they pleased.

I was still talking with these Athenians when young Miaoulis, who served on the Palace staff, happened to go by. I told him about the Londos plans and what Koliopoulos and the others had said to me. I pointed at my clothes and said I had been on my way to see the King but the people wanted me to go to the Church of Haghia Irini. Everything I had warned the King about was beginning to happen.

"Tell the King," I said to Miaoulis, "to fire this Government and have Koletis form a new one. I'll be at the Church of Haghia Irini and you can bring me the King's answer there."

I ran to the church and saw crowds all over the place. Every road and alley was full of people.

Brothers, I said, what do you want?

They replied they wanted me to form a militia to protect their lives.

The occasion called for a speech and I made a short one.

"The existence and happiness of our country depends on virtue, patriotism and prudence," I said. "You call upon me to look after your safety but I've got news for you! Your safety is in your own hands! If you show virtue and love one another God will bless your undertakings. He'll lead you to the right path and deliver you just as He delivered you from the Turks and just as He led you to rise on September Third. As for me, I'm carrying nothing but a walking stick. If there is no virtue and no love inside you, what do you expect this walking stick to accomplish?"

They replied they'd do as I told them.

"In that case, I'll say two things. First, that I consider myself appointed by the entire city of Athens, that I'm on no particular side, and that you're all my brothers. Second, that you're to vote in total freedom. Cast your ballots any way you please! But remember what I told you a couple of weeks ago! I don't want anyone to vote for me! I'm not a candidate in these elections!"

They agreed and I formed a militia right then and there. A few minutes later, I received a message from the King. *Keep the order* ran the message. *I fired Mavrokordatos and ordered Koletis to form a new Cabinet.*

The casting of ballots began and continued peacefully. People stood in line as if they were waiting to receive Holy Communion. But Mavrokordatos' Government remained in power. It had to until Koletis formed his own cabinet. Still, voting went on until the following noon, always in the same orderly manner.

The following noon the incumbent Government sent the chief of the Athens Gendarmerie and Kalergis to make trouble. These two and their men fell upon the Athenians but the Athenians fell right back upon them. The troops were dispersed and the Chief Gendarme, who was caught, was about to be lynched.

I jumped into the crowd, pulled him out of their hands and eased him inside the church. The moment I took my eyes off him he ran out of a back door, went to his barracks, assembled some troops and came back to the square outside the church.

The Athenians fell upon the troops and fighting was man-to-man. Five or six gendarmes zeroed in on me with their bayonets and tried to skewer me. They came awfully close but God saved me from dying like a frog with a fork stuck in his belly. The people caught the gendarmes and were about to take them apart. Although I was hurting like the devil from a kick one of the gendarmes delivered to my nuts I summoned enough strength to beseech the Athenians not to become murderers. The six gendarmes were spared and their fellow-henchmen took to their heels.

The square outside the church presented a rare spectacle of confusion and I didn't have the slightest idea as to what was happening. The one thing I did know was that the Athenians had seen red. They picked up stones and sticks and chased the gendarmes in every direction. From one group of enraged citizens I ran to the next, trying to calm them down and I was almost murdered.

A couple of Government-bought assassins approached me through the crowd and had knives hidden under their clothes. Intent upon my peace-keeping errands, I didn't see one of them raise his arm but some Athenians did see him and he was dead before his arm traveled another inch.

Whereupon the people decided to go home, get their weapons and kill Mavrokordatos and company.

With tears in my eyes I begged them to forget about revenge because the foreigners would use it as an excuse to stage their landing but I doubt if anyone listened.

All right, men! I shouted. *Follow me since you insist so much!*

With me in front and all of them behind we went to my house. I had the barrels opened and everybody was given plenty to drink. Their revengeful mood had mellowed when I sent a message to the King asking him to come down and calm the people with his presence.

When their anger had fully evaporated, I led them back to the church where I had taken the precaution to leave a garrison to guard the ballot-boxes.

His Majesty joined us in the church.

He asked me how the trouble began and I explained. He ordered me to continue preserving the peace and to have a Committee appear before him with a full account of the day's events. Then, the King said, the culprits will be severely punished.

We cheered him a couple of times and he went back to the Palace.

Kalergis' house was near the church. He wanted to be close to the spot where votes would be cast so that he could encourage people to vote correctly. Now that the King was gone Kalergis stepped out on his balcony and almost paid for it with his life. The Athenians saw him standing up there and rushed to smash his door down. I had one hell of a time calming them down and they limited themselves to addressing some foul words at him. They weren't forgetting how he incited them to march against the Palace and how he attacked them with his cavalry when they did.

Night fell.

I sealed the ballot-boxes and appointed men to guard them around the clock. I told the crowd we ought to assemble tomorrow to count the votes and form the Committee the King had asked for.

Next morning I went back to the church and we unsealed the ballot-boxes.

Now, I said to the people, you've got to form the Committee which will appear before the King.

Form it yourself, they replied. *We just want it to be composed of twelve persons, not counting you.*

Six men were selected to represent one party and another six the other. The twelve of them asked me to appear before the King and thank him, on behalf of the entire city, for having honored the Athenians with his presence in the church. I was also told to appeal to the King's sense of justice regarding what happened the previous day.

His Majesty received me and I told him all this. He replied he was pleased with all his subjects and that I should tell them that Koletis had been appointed Prime Minister, Metaxas Minister of Finance, and Tzavelas Minister of War. The

names of other Ministers would be announced in due course, His Majesty said. I carried the news back to the people and everyone was content.

In the evening I went to congratulate my friend Koletis and tell him how happy I was that, with the help of God, all my promises had materialized. After giving him my best wishes I started back for home because, as usual, I was ill on account of my wounds.

I left Koletis at the second-floor landing of his house and, descending, looked around for the men who had accompanied me there. Instead of them, I saw the Chief Gendarme whom I had rescued and who, subsequently, caused all the bloodshed. Without a word to him I went through the door and found my men waiting outside.

The people of Athens were turning the city upside down looking for this particular gendarme and the new Prime Minister of Greece, my friend, the Illustrious Koletis, was hiding the bogeyman inside his own house.

I played the idiot and never mentioned the matter to my friend the Prime Minister.

If I had, chances are they'd have killed me because I was responsible for all the trouble that ever broke out in Greece, seeing that I'm the best rabble-rouser in this part of the world.

THE KOLETIS ADMINISTRATION

BACKGROUND

The September uprising was to be the first step towards a constitutional regime. No animosity was directed against the King and Otto became a national hero the instant he agreed to grant a Constitution. It is therefore not surprising that what came out of the National Assembly in March 1844 was a more conservative document than the Constitution drafted by the 1827 Troizina National Assembly. The fact that the 1844 Constitution was submitted to Otto for his signature proves that the Greeks had no intention to throw out their King even though he had a perfect record in appointing crooks and imbeciles to positions of authority. The explanation for such widespread euphoria was everyone's hope that the Constitution would help Otto and his subjects live a better life.

Foreign hopes ran in a different direction.

The Russians had finally shaken themselves awake and were again eyeing the Mediterranean. Greece had presented wonderful opportunities as long as Capodistria was Governor but he was assassinated and Armansperg turned out to be a British puppet. The Filorthodoxos Etairia was the latest Russian gambit for the establishment of a Russian protectorate in Macedonia and Thessaly. Since Britain wanted Crete to be a British protectorate it stood to reason that both Powers would make maximum use of their Greek factions. But it also stood to reason that, sooner or later, the Greeks would balk.

The one point Russia, England and France agreed upon was that Otto was not an ideal king. They were right for the wrong reasons. They detested him for his refusal to do their bidding but he didn't refuse because he thought their policies were objectionable. He refused because thinking of any kind was repugnant to him. This did not impress the Powers and they despised him wholeheartedly. More to the point, Russia wanted to murder him. England engineered a rumor campaign (fortified with bogus medical reports) that he was too stupid to sit on a throne. France couldn't come up with anything sufficiently brilliant and limited herself to applauding her partners.

Throughout the summer of 1843 the Ambassadors were aware that a coup was in the making. The Russian Ambassador was so certain that the King would be deposed if not murdered that he crafted intricate scenarios about the handling of the next sovereign who, he chose to believe, would be so expertly picked by the Czar that all of Greece — and not just Thessaly and Macedonia — would become a Russian protectorate.

For such mistaken predictions he was subsequently condemned to shuffle papers in the Imperial Ministry of Foreign Affairs but, in the meantime, the English and French Ambassadors feared that their Russian colleague would be proven right. To prove him wrong, they concluded an entente cordiale and did their best to keep Otto on a throne which was not threatened.

Metaxas was the leader of the Russian party.

As the political head of the September coup he displeased his Russian backers by not having Otto murdered. Nevertheless, he became Prime Minister on September 3, 1843 and kept the job until February 1844 which, under the circumstances, sounds like a couple of centuries.

The King was against him because he was a conspirator.

The English and French were against him because he belonged to the Russian party.

Mavrokordatos and Koletis were against him because he was Prime Minister and they were not.

In February 1844, Admiral Kanaris headed the Government for about a month and then, in April 1844, Mavrokordatos formed a Government to conduct national elections.

Since Mavrokordatos was the leader of the English party his rise did not please the French and Russians.

Furthermore, Otto remembered what the British had been saying about his I.Q. and the alliance of the King, the French and the Russian parties — all of them strengthened by the Mavrokordatos pre-election activities — dealt the English party a decisive defeat in the August 16, 1844 elections.

Koletis, the winner, formed a Government on August 18.

This isn't the first time that the reader comes across the name of Koletis but, if you have tears, prepare to shed them now. Ambassador in Paris between 1835 and 1843, leader of the French Party in Greece, gifted embezzler, superlative artist of the fast promise, genial organizer of factions, patron saint of thieves and assassins, cunning but not intelligent, tough but not strong, magnetic but not attractive, Koletis, the supreme mocker of the 1843 Constitution, became the first constitutionally elected Prime Minister of Greece and, soon thereafter, the apple of King Otto's eye.

THE KOLETIS ADMINISTRATION

When the elections were over and the votes counted it was formally announced that Koletis had secured a majority. Metaxas, Kalifronas and Vlahos were elected deputies in Athens and the new Prime Minister told me of his intention to make me a senator and an aide-de-camp to the King.

"All my pleasure," I said, "springs from the fact that you've taken over. There's nothing else I wanted, so don't bother with senatorships and other distinctions."

"My dear Makriyiannis! I won't listen to another word! You must be given these positions for precisely the reasons we agreed upon when we discussed our plans with dear Gardikiotis. Moreover, we must begin to think about the Grand Idea. Just as we agreed! Prudently and secretly! For this reason, if for no other, you must be a Senator and in the King's immediate circle! Also, I forgot to mention that I'm about to award you the Grand Cross of the Order of the Savior."

"Let me repeat that I want none of these things. My health doesn't permit me to go through the exertions either of the senatorial or of the Palace life. As for decorations, I've got enough. Turkish bullets stuck them on my body, nobody can remove them, and I'll carry them to my grave. However, since you insist, allow me to ask you for a couple of favors. To begin with, you must appoint an honest police chief here in Athens. You don't want any more trouble in the capital. We've got foreign visitors and all the blame will be placed upon you if something ugly happens again. Also, I think you must appoint two competent National Guard officers to look after the roads. People must be free to move around without bandits chasing them every inch of the way. This discredits the name of Greece and Europe will again call us wild beasts. Fill these two posts with individuals whom you trust. For instance, Skourtaniotis and Kriekoukis are old friends of yours. And while you're at it, make a principle out of this. Entrust the country's safety to capable people in whom you have faith and who shall see to it that Greeks no longer kill one another."

"My dear friend! Thank you so much for your invaluable suggestions! They are most patriotic and I shall put them into immediate effect. Not as a favor to you, of course! It is my duty to do so!"

A few days later all these posts were filled with the greatest bastards ever born in Greece.

The new Police Chief in Athens was a gentleman named Kiriakos and Koletis had to get him out of jail to give him the job.

Kiriakos, the new Mayor of Athens, and the new City Council (because those of us in the City Council who weren't scoundrels had resigned), were cast from the same cracked mold and nobody dared step outside his door after nightfall.

Robberies and indignities were inflicted upon every honest person, upon everyone who had some money, and everyone who wasn't on Koletis' side.

Highway bandits expanded their operations to include the Athens-Pireas road and no merchant dared go back and forth without an armed escort.

Whenever the tax income from the islands was brought to Pireas the Ministry of Finance had to send an army battalion down there to make sure the money reached Athens.

Mavrokordatos and his cronies (*a few murders are of no significance, provided we're elected deputies*) had no luck in the elections and neither Mavrokordatos himself nor any of his friends managed to get elected.

The Metaxas party was luckier.

A few of them were elected and Metaxas was further strengthened by the return of his former supporters as well as by most of the Mavrokordatos followers who now joined the Metaxas banner.

However, the return to the fold wasn't because Metaxas was Metaxas but because Metaxas was Minister of Finance.

If a shepherd lets his dogs find out what a butcher-shop looks like they'll no longer follow him and never mind the bread he throws at them. Dogs aren't crazy to go back to the mountains where wolves can eat them up. They prefer to stay close to the butcher who feeds them appetizing morsels.

Now the dogs surrounded the Ministry of Finance and Metaxas, the poor fool, thought that dogs loved him for his soul. To show his appreciation for their sensitivity, he threw morsels at them. Also, he began to argue with Koletis because, with all those dogs yapping around, he felt secure.

Koletis saw how things were going, began to work on the deputies and, since he enjoyed the King's favor, it didn't take him long to pry most of the dogs away from Metaxas.

He even succeeded with Grivas, one of Metaxas' closest friends. Grivas had ran away to Egypt but now came back and Metaxas welcomed him warmly. Praises, silver crowns, his picture in the newspapers and so forth.

Grivas lapped it up and then joined Koletis' faction.

Practically the same thing happened with Kriezotis and other prominent members of the Metaxas party.

All this spelled wonderful things for Athens.

Robbery and trouble-making reached record heights and not even important foreign visitors were spared. They were caught and stripped naked by the robbers. Another example was the case of a Greek woman from Smirni who had recently come to Athens. She was rich, had two daughters she wanted to marry off, and intended to settle here. Robbers broke into her house one evening and carried off her money, her jewels and her silver plate. The three women had to beg not to be killed. They sought help from the courts but no justice was done and, at the end, they became prostitutes in order to eat some bread.

A member of the gang that pulled off this particular caper felt bad about it. He hadn't taken part in the robbery but his friends told him about it and he came and spoke to me. He told me about the robberies and murders his gang specialized in and asked me to give him one of my men. He was prepared to point out the gang's various hiding places and, so far as the loot taken from the Smirni woman was concerned, he'd show the very spot where everything was hidden.

The confession put me in a difficult position. I was a private citizen with no authority of any kind. I couldn't tell the Police Chief about it because the Police Chief was a jailbird. I couldn't tell Metaxas because we weren't on speaking terms. The only alternative was to tell the King.

I sought an audience with His Majesty and asked him for a man to accompany the repentant crook to the gang's hiding-places.

"Can you prove all this in court?" His Majesty wanted to know when I was finished.

"What does a court have to do with what I'm telling you? If the robber lies, you forget about him. If he speaks the truth, you take the proper measures because your capital has been turned into a hornet's nest and people can no longer go about their business without getting their heads smashed."

"Yes, but what about bringing evidence before the court?"

"I've got nothing to do with courts, Your Majesty! My life is in danger even if I stay home twenty-four hours a day. Do you imagine what will happen if I get mixed up in court over something that doesn't concern me personally?"

His reply sounded a bit irrelevant. "From now on, you must be on friendly terms with my Prime Minister."

It was him who brought up the subject so I had to respond. "I'm not used to lying. I don't lie to ordinary people, let alone to Your Majesty. So, I'm telling you that your Prime Minister and I don't see eye to eye about a number of things."

"I'm ordering you, right here and now, to do so in the future!"

"I'm not your slave! I'm only your subject!"

He became angry but I wasn't giving up so easily. "Does Your Majesty see that window over there?" I said.

"I do."

"Now, try to visualize three or four hundred of your most devoted subjects standing at that window. They're the most honest people in your kingdom, the ones who keep you on your throne. Imagine now that Koletis is standing at the same window with a couple of his rat friends and one of the rats says to him — *Koletis, you'll have to pitch these hundreds of people down this window. If you don't, I'll jump down myself!* I assure Your Majesty that Koletis won't hesitate to kill thousands of people to save one rat. That's the kind of man he is. For the sake of rats he's prepared to murder every honest person, to empty the Treasury, to take your kingdom apart. Just think what the rats have done to your capital."

"From now on you'll have to be on friendly terms with my Prime Minister," the King replied.

"I submit to your Prime Minister because he's the head of my country's government. This doesn't mean I love to watch him achieve his private ends when his private ends are evil."

I saluted the king and left.

Koletis heard about this audience and began to consider how to knock me off. He did me the honor of discussing my person with the King but it was a hollow distinction. He simply wanted to prepare the ground so that it wouldn't come as a

surprise if I met with some unfortunate accident. *Makriyiannis is a very good man,* Koletis droned into the King's ear, *but he's gullible and believes everything they tell him. He never sits still, always makes trouble, and is extremely dangerous.*

A few days later, fate dealt an ugly blow to the Koletis faction. Kiriakos, the Police Chief, amused himself by sponsoring one robbery too many. This lack of restraint forced the Public Prosecutor to question the Police Chief and his little helpers. Kiriakos confessed to an astonishing series of crimes, some fresh, some stale. As a result, he and his helpers were tossed in jail. Not one of the stolen items was restored to its owner because the robbers had translated everything into cash that was either spent or carefully stashed away.

The entire Government worked night and day to get the Police Chief out of jail. It became a matter of honor for them because the newspapers raised hell over the affair and the Government had to exonerate its policemen. If Kiriakos was released he couldn't be a real thief and, if he were not, there was nothing wrong with his having been appointed Police Chief in the first place. Unfortunately, Kiriakos was not released. That is, not for a few months.

To make up for the loss of its crime-fighter, the Government tried to take the September Constitution apart. Among other initiatives they organized a secret society to murder all September conspirators who hadn't joined the Koletis faction. The Society drew up an oath setting forth their objectives in detail and Colonel Zervas kept the only copy in a trunk. The paper was taken out only when a new member was sworn in and was then locked up again.

One of our September friends infiltrated this Society and persuaded them that he belonged to their cause body and soul. One day Colonel Zervas went out, our man opened the trunk, stole the paper with the oath and brought it to me. I assembled Kriezotis and other September conspirators and had them examine the oath. Then I sent for Metaxas, inviting him to my house. Metaxas and I hadn't spoken since the National Assembly but now we got together again and he read the oath and shivered.

"This oath," I said to him, "is the reward we'll receive for the love we've shown one another. As you see, every participant in the September uprising is marked down to be killed. Therefore, let's put our minds to work and maybe we can

manage to keep body and head together. Kalergis and the other were lucky, they're only to be exiled. We, however, will be murdered unless we watch out."

And that was how the former September conspirators got back together again at the beginning of March 1845.

According to custom there would be a national holiday on Independence Day, March 25. Koletis ordered that no mention be made of the Constitution on the arch which was erected every year in front of the Cathedral. In addition, he issued other instructions which I'll discuss further down.

Also according to custom, the King would go to the Cathedral in the morning of March 25 and so would the rest of us officials, military and civil. Knowing this Koletis ordered two gangs to post themselves at points conveniently close. One gang would be under the command of the robber and jailbird Kiriakos, the deposed Police Chief, who was taken out of prison. This gang would shout *Down with the Constitution!* The second gang would reply indignantly *Down with the Government!* At which point Koletis would perceive that we, the September conspirators, were again making trouble and, for the good of the country, would order the army to shoot us all dead, right there, in front of the Cathedral.

The details of this plan were communicated to me by a good friend who pretended to be devoted to Koletis.

In my turn, I called in Kriezotis, Papakostas and the others and described the danger we'd be walking into. I suggested none of us should go near the Cathedral on March 25, that we should assemble at some out-of-the-way spot and gather our followers there.

We agreed that my house, which was some distance from the downtown district, should be the assembly point.

Completely on his own Mavrokordatos sniffed out that something was cooking and sent Kondoyiannis to see me.

"Find Makriyiannis," Mavrokordatos told him. "If something unsavory is afoot, Makriyiannis will tell you about it because he refuses to get mixed up in things of that sort."

Kondoyiannis, Spiromilios and some others came to me asking for information. I told them what was up, what we had decided, and where we'd assemble if trouble broke out.

Koletis was informed about these comings and goings and invited me to his office. I went there accompanied by Gardikiotis.

"What's this I hear?" the surprised Prime Minister wanted to know. "What are these totally unfounded rumors you're feeding people with? Please forget the nonsense you've been disseminating and make sure you show up at the Cathedral. The King will be there and your absence will be unaccountable."

"My friends and I", I replied, "are going nowhere on March 25. We've declared the Cathedral out of bounds. As for your secret projects, be advised that you've got to carry them out with the help of men who talk. So much for your secrecy."

On the way out, I turned to Gardikiotis. "This man," I said, "is a one-hundred percent scoundrel and a tool of the foreigners to boot. You've got to say a few words to the King about him and you must keep your own eyes wide open."

After this meeting Koletis performed an about face.

He inserted on the arch words of praise about the Constitution and ordered his two gangs not to go ahead with their shouting. Nevertheless, none of us went to the Cathedral nor, for that matter, did we step outside our doors on March 25.

Seeing how uncooperative I was, Koletis blockaded my house with his troops every evening. In this he was assisted by Tzavelas, the Minister of War.[30]

As usual, the blockade was to demonstrate that the Government had to keep a fierce beast like me under constant surveillance. By implication, the frequency of these blockades served to establish that the only permanent solution would be my removal from this world so that Athens could begin to breathe freely.[31] However,

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Tzavelas is a good man if you overlook that he can't stand three categories of human beings: veterans, widows and orphans. Moreover, the biological accident that made him shorter than a small dwarf has led him to conclude not only that he's the tallest man on earth but, also, that he's standing on top of a cypress tree, which is why he looks at people as if they're mosquitoes.. Tzavelas isn't fond of me. When we meet, he looks at me fiercely and, from what I've heard, isn't any sweeter when he discusses my person. All in all, he's a real son to Koletis.

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I don't mean to say that, before trying the rough stuff, Koletis hadn't tried the smooth approach. On the contrary! He even became Godfather to one of my children. Long before he

since my murder could turn out to be an expensive proposition, they wouldn't have minded tossing me in jail under any excuse, no matter how ridiculous.

For instance, under the excuse that I had insulted the armed forces of the Greek Kingdom. This being an example of how they operated, I'll describe what happened

The building where Parliament held its sessions was mined by some enemies of Koletis. Gunpowder was piled in the cellar but the plot was discovered and there was a tremendous amount of palavering about it. For quite some time I had been sick in bed. Then, one day, I paid a visit to Kriezotis. Many people were there and the conversation got around to the mined Parliament. I contributed the opinion that sentries standing guard in front of public buildings should pay more attention to who came in so that similar phenomena wouldn't be repeated. That's all I said and went home.

My words were reported to the Government which leaked it to the Army Command with the observation that I had insulted the armed forces of the Greek Kingdom. The Army demanded satisfaction, the Military Police got hold of me and we began the "testimony" and "investigation" games. The Commander of the Military Police was a prominent member of the Koletis faction and I had a hard time explaining away the absurd accusation.

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became Prime Minister he asked me if I wanted us to be relatives and I said yes. God gave me twins and, now that he was Prime Minister, he reminded me of my promise. I told him that, if he felt so inclined, he could share one child with two others. He, Gardikiotis and Gossos could be godfathers to one child. Hatzichristos, Papakostas and Yiannis Kostas to the other — the Holy Trinity for each one of the kids. I made all the preparations and on the day of the christening Koletis showed up accompanied by Ambassadors and their wives. I welcomed them all, the christenings took place, and we ate and drank a lot in the feast that followed. I had invited every important person in Athens and you could hear the singing from miles away. Koletis couldn't stay for long. It was his name-day and had guests waiting at his own house. The rest of my own guests stayed on until late and we had a jolly time.

When the Mavrokordatos party was removed from power English influence was reduced to practically nothing. The time had come for Koletis and company to shine and, together with him, the local scum and the French had a field-day.

So far as the King and the Government were concerned the French Ambassador was the arbiter of everything. Monsieur Piscatore had his say in every issue and served as oracle, father confessor and purveyor of advice. He and Koletis behaved as if they were blood-brothers but their emotional ties had practical dimensions. Anything the King of France and the French Government felt like promoting was immediately promoted and no questions asked.

Curiously enough, most of the things they promoted had to do with the Catholic creed — Catholic schools, catholic churches, catholic missions, catholic monasteries — and everyone helped them. And so what if the Greek King who helped them wasn't a powerful monarch! So what if their Greek stooges weren't models of virtue and morality! Did it make any difference to France if every Greek weasel rallied to the French cause? Was it important that the Greek King could boast of no great wisdom, no great wealth, and no populous country? What mattered was support and there was plenty of that.

Honest people kept telling me that the Catholic onslaught was making progress and, finally, I saw red. I paid a visit to Koletis, the Godfather of my child, took him aside to a room where we'd be alone, and reminded him how he landed in Greece without a penny in his pocket. He was a doctor but the other doctors who came brought some medicines and looked after the sick.

"You," I said, "neither brought medicines nor did you ever cure anybody. Your country gave you honors and glory, you're plastered with decorations and you don't know what to do with the money you've amassed. So, how about leaving the Greeks alone? Why do you persist upon sowing dissension among them?" I told him more along these lines and then exploded. "We know," I said, "the missionary activity of the foreigners who want us to see the Catholic light. But we're neither changing our creed, nor are we putting it up for sale. I must remind you what happened in Argos when you went over to Agustinos' side and played games with us. The way you're going, if the head of Capodistria acquired one hole, yours will resemble a sponge. In Argos, when you realized that your interests didn't coincide with those of Agustinos, you switched back to us and we had a hard time saving

your neck for you. Now, I'm warning you! You'll be torn to little pieces on account of your deals and for letting the foreigners mess around with our faith."

He turned dull yellow and it took him a few minutes before he could answer. "The Government," he hissed when he recovered his voice, "must take steps about you!"

"Go to hell!" I said. "You and your government both!"

That same night he sent troops to surround my house. He hadn't done that since we became relatives but when he understood that being godfather to my child didn't help him in anything he sicked his troops on me.

He also sent some of his friends to throw stones at my windows. They wanted me to come out so that, in their rightful indignation, they could bump me off but I'm not an idiot and the best they could do was keep up the shower of stones.

Days passed, the stones kept flying and I complained to Tzavelas, the Minister of War, who did nothing.

I wrote a letter to the newspapers but, again, with no result. The stones still flew.

Friends came to my house warning me to keep under cover because my death had been decided upon. One day General Yatrakos showed up accompanied by Mamouris. Yatrakos had warned me repeatedly. He was on friendly terms with the Government but he was also an old comrade of mine from the days when both of us were shut up by Imbrahim Pasha in the castle of Pilos.

"I've often warned you that they'll kill you and your family will be left unprotected," said Yatrakos in Mamouris' presence. "I've told you to come to terms with them. We all did, except you. Since you insist upon refusing, look out! You've made a lot of enemies."

"I'm not sorry about having made that kind of enemies," I replied. "I've never harmed anyone for my own profit. But when somebody touches my faith or my country, I'll speak out, I'll act, and let the Government do their damndest about it."

On June 22, 1845, I had company in my house and we were sitting in the porch, talking. In the evening we were joined by a few more friends and the Mayor of Megara. We had dinner and since it was a pleasant summer night we stretched out to sleep under the stars. For some reason, I got out of bed in the early hours of the morning and, standing up, I almost stopped a bullet with my head.

Some assassins had hidden in my garden and shot at me.

The bullet whistled past my left eyebrow but didn't hit me.

I grabbed a rifle and shot at them.

They shot back and then I heard them stealing away.

My friends and I ran after them, chased them as far as the nearby fields and lost them among the haystacks.

There were more assassins posted outside but they thought I was already dead. *The pretty bride!* my men heard them say. *It took a long time and a lot of stones but we got her when there were no windows left to smash.*

My men tried but could neither catch the assassins nor recognize their voices. The following day, the Chief of the Athens Police — a bosom friend of Koletis — came to "investigate" but I didn't deign to tell him anything whatsoever.

It was obvious they were out to kill me.

This was quite a realization for me because up to that point I had refused to take the matter seriously. Now that I did I wrote out a full account for the newspapers and, at the same time, published the oath stolen from Colonel Zervas' house, the document saying that all September conspirators had to go.

I said a few things to the King and to the Minister of War, both of whom I visited about this affair and whom I assured that next time I saw someone sneaking around my house I'd shoot to kill.

A few days after my own visit to him, the Minister of War asked me to go to his office and submit a formal complaint. He appointed a board of inquest and, for days, they inquested the living daylights out of me. I tried to produce as many witnesses as I could but was dealt a number of disappointments.

For instance, Yatrakos — the very man who, in the presence of Mamouris, Hatzichristos and other officers had warned me that I was about to be murdered — refused to appear as a witness.

Koletis and company had gotten at him and General Yatrakos preferred to perjure himself rather than say something not nice about Koletis.[32]

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Not long afterward, the brother of Yatrakos was murdered in Mani. His head was transformed into a sieve from the assassin's buckshot. Then the General wanted to hang

Still, the noise I made aroused public opinion.

Parliament and the press raised hell and pressed the Government to find out who opposed the September Revolution and the Constitution. Parliament went as far as to appoint a committee to *help the Government in this task.*

By adroit maneuvering, Koletis shifted the blame from the genuine culprit — Colonel Zervas — to an insignificant little captain and then the captain was mysteriously murdered.

When it became obvious that this wouldn't stop the inquest Koletis went to work on some members of the Parliamentary Committee and, little by little, the investigation climbed on a shelf. It has stayed there ever since.

The September Revolution came and went.

I had my ups with our politicians and then my downs with all of them — Metaxas, Mavrokordatos and Koletis. They all took pleasure in persecuting me but I stuck with another of my favorite projects, the Grand Idea, the liberation of the Turkish-held Greek territories.

I continued to swear people in my organization, sent missionaries to cultivate the spirit of insurrection and encourage the formation of revolutionary committees in all parts of enslaved Greece. With all these people I kept in contact and frequently received messengers and letters from them.

One day, a man arrived from the Bulgaro-serbian provinces with instructions to see me, Hatzichristos and Koletis. Apart from being Prime Minister, Koletis was widely known as a fiery supporter of the Grand Idea, especially after some speeches he made during the National Assembly.

This particular messenger had interesting news. One of the men I had sent north made friends with an important Turkish Pasha who, for reasons better known to himself, was a sworn enemy of the Sultan. After the September Revolution, the Pasha found out the role I had played and got scared we might display comparable efficiency in an attack against Turkey. He found the man who subsequently came to see me, swore him to secrecy, gave him money for the trip, and told him to come and find me in Athens.

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himself for the perfidy he had shown to me but his regrets came too late. His brother was dead.

"The Pasha," said the messenger, "told me that nobody else should hear about this because his head is at stake. He says that in the event you plan to attack Turkey he wants to make a deal with you. If Greece will guarantee that the Pasha's subjects will be granted full Greek citizenship he's prepared to help in your war against the Sultan with 10,000 troops."

"Go and tell this to Koletis," I said.

"You must be crazy! Telling this to Koletis is equivalent to betraying the Pasha to the Sultan."

"Betrayals don't enter the picture. All you've got to do is follow my instructions. I must find out how Koletis really feels about this movement. You'll go to him, swear him to secrecy and tell him that an important Turk sent you. No names, no districts, no details about the Pasha. You will then tell Koletis what you've told me and, when you're through, you'll add *The Turk sent me to see you and Makriyiannis. When the time comes, the two of you must send me word so that I can tell the Turk to start preparing his army.* One thing though! You must persuade Koletis you haven't seen me and that he's the first person you're contacting in Athens."

The man saw Koletis and spoke to him.

"Listen," said Koletis, "are you absolutely sure you haven't seen Makriyiannis?"

"Absolutely! I came to see Your Excellency first because such were my orders."

"In that case, forget about that rascal. The King hates the sound of his name. Makriyiannis fooled the people, squeezed signatures out of them and pulled the Constitution trick you must have heard about. Don't worry though! He'll receive proper payment for his dastardly acts!"

Having supplied this information Koletis proceeded to bind the messenger with horrible oaths that not a single word about the "important Turk" would be leaked out to me or to anyone else. *You see*, Koletis said, *I myself and a lot of other Greek patriots have focused our undivided attention upon this matter. When the right occasion presents itself we'll have everything figured out in advance and shall liberate every inch of Greek territory that continues to suffer under the hateful Turkish yoke.*

Thus spake Koletis but the monologue was interrupted. Visitors entered the room and Koletis asked the messenger to return the following day so that they could chat some more. What he really wanted was the name of the "important Turk".

The moment he left Koletis' house the poor fellow came straight to me. He was upset that I had made him go to Koletis and discuss details with him and sweat ran down his brow. He'd been terrified that, unwittingly, he might betray the confidence of the Pasha.

"What you've told me," I said, "was what I was after. Now go back home and don't bother about seeing Koletis again."

I told him what he should tell the Pasha and he left Athens.

Koletis never saw him again and I snapped out of still another illusion. For a while I had really believed Koletis might do something for our enslaved brothers.

As I mentioned, Metaxas was Minister of Finance in the Koletis administration but after two months even Metaxas had enough of Koletis and resigned.

It's the truth and must therefore be admitted that Metaxas was not a bad Minister. For as long as he held that position he did his duty honestly and patriotically. He looked after the State Budget and managed to leave a surplus in the Treasury. The moment Metaxas was gone Koletis went through that surplus like a whirlwind.

He had already secured a Parliamentary majority consisting of self-seeking deputies like my friends Kriezotis, Grivas, Papakostas and their likes and, with their backing, continued to pursue what he was pleased to call his *objectives.* Not that his supporters didn't get a cut out of his "objectives" but it's Koletis we're talking about. Besides, when he had used them up, he gave his supporters one kick in the pants each.

In their turn, and to demonstrate what fine patriots they were, they remembered they were deputies in the Parliament and went over to the Opposition.

But Koletis didn't give a damn.

He used them in his hour of need and they were now welcome to ally themselves with the Devil.

So, his former supporters allied themselves with me.

In the good old days when they and Koletis worked hand in glove they were eager to assist him in persecuting me but now they changed their tune.

How did you manage to see through the bastard while he kept us fooled all this time? they asked.

"Never mind the hypocrisy!" I replied. "You had seen through him yourselves but were too greedy to let it bother you."

We sold subscriptions all over Greece and published a newspaper.

We called it *Ethnokratia* and used its columns to beat evil over the head. This newspaper annoyed Koletis because it didn't mince words when it came to criticizing his mistakes.

The staff was small. Three gifted young writers and myself as treasurer. One day we must have printed too many truths because an assassin came to pay me a visit. He knew that late at night I was in the habit of sitting alone in my room and came charging into my house and brought four of his friends along. Two were left outside the garden gate, two were posted outside the door of my house and he himself came in because he was the bravest of the brave. Later I found out that all of them had their passports ready because they intended to go on a vacation after taking care of me.

Unfortunately for him I was not alone in my room that night. He gave a sour look at the men who were there and said, come to the living-room, I've got something to tell you in private.

"Say it here," I said.

"No! In the living-room!"

"All right. Go there and I'll join you in a second."

He went to the living room and I went down to the cellar. Most of my men were there, having dinner. I told them to come upstairs and, slipping a sharp dagger under my coat went up the stairs, entered the living-room and sat next to my visitor on a sofa, on his right and to his great annoyance.

"Yes, brother," I smiled at him, fingering the dagger and almost slicing my finger off. "Let me hear what you want. I believe this is the first time you come to my house."

"Second. I came another time, with my chief, Grivas."

"Good! And what do you want at this time of night?"

"I want what is due to me! That's what I want, goddamit!"

"You're in the wrong place. What do you think I am? A King, a Government or a Parliament? Grivas, your chief, is an Inspector-General of the Army and a deputy. I'm only a private citizen who doesn't budge from his house."

"So what! The way things are I want from you what is due to me!"

My men came in and the indignant visitor became less brave.

"Go home," I advised him. "And, please, don't come back."

We accompanied him to the door and saw his waiting friends. They were armed like lobsters. The following day I discussed this incident with some people and one of them told me about the passports. He happened to be at the police station when the assassins dropped in to pick them up. But they didn't use them. They went back to their villages and I heard they bragged for days about what they had intended but did not get around to perform.

By April 1847 Koletis had manipulated Parliament into passing whatever laws he pleased. So he dissolved it and called for national elections.

Kriezotis, Grivas, Papakostas, Mamouris and the others agreed with Metaxas and Mavrokordatos to present a united front.

They invited me to join them but I replied that I preferred to remain neutral. If their objectives turned out to be patriotic I'd be with them. Otherwise, I'd be against them. Nevertheless, I said to Metaxas and Mavrokordatos who came to visit me, I won't betray your confidence.

Koletis had stooges watching my house and when Metaxas and Mavrokordatos left he sent Gardikiotis to invite me to a meeting with the Prime Minister.

"My dear brother!" Koletis said when I was ushered into the presence. "I've been living practically next door all this time and you never once dropped in."

"You're a busy man and I didn't want to take up your valuable time. What do you want now?"

"Why, I want to see you, that's all!"

Gardikiotis was listening and thought he should bring us back to the agenda. "Makriyiannis is our relative," he said. "In the coming elections he should be made a deputy of Athens together with yourself, Mr. Prime Minister, as well as with Vlahos and Kalifronas. We've got to present a united front."

Koletis was shocked.

"My *dear* Gardikiotis!" he said. "What are you talking about? Our brother Makriyiannis a mere *deputy*? Why, I'm about to make him a Senator! Moreover I'll make him Commander of the National Guard and an aide to the King! Indeed, I'll make him everything that the three of us agreed upon such a long time ago! Furthermore," he continued because now that he had warmed up he couldn't stop, "we'll have to focus our undivided attention upon the war against Turkey that we've been dreaming about all these years! We must enlarge the boundaries of our country! Makriyiannis was the man who put together the Koletis administration. Remember how he assembled us and turned the Government over to us? Ah! Those were the days! But the moment we found ourselves in power our brother Makriyiannis abandoned us. The *very* moment when I was about to award him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Savior."

He paused for effect, looked at me out of the corner of his eye, saw he produced none and rolled out what he thought were the big guns.

"All kinds of scoundrels," he continued, talking as if to himself, "tell the King fairy tales about Makriyiannis. Makriyiannis is forming new secret societies, Makriyiannis is collecting signatures again, that sort of thing. But I'm always there! *That's a bunch of lies, Your Majesty!* I always say. Consequently, Makriyiannis must be on the Government's side in the new elections. He must stand by us so that the right people get elected and Europe can see that Koletis enjoys the confidence of the Greeks. This can only be done with Makriyiannis' help."

My stomach was bothering me and I interrupted him. "Mr. Prime Minister," I said, "may I say a word?"

"My dear brother! I'm all ears!"

"Please remember I didn't come here on my own. You sent Gardikiotis to fetch me. This said, allow me to inform you that I want to be neither a deputy, nor a Senator, nor a Commander of the National Guard, nor an aide to the King, nor a Grand Cross of the Order of the Savior. I don't want any of these things and, moreover, you don't have any intention to bestow a single distinction upon me. Consequently, save the promises for the idiots. Now, as for the secret societies and signature collections you so delicately hinted at, let me tell you that these are, indeed, fairy tales and that, if they're not, I'll ask nobody for mercy. The only conspiracy I ever engaged in is quite stale. It was the one which made you Prime Minister and you continue to be Prime Minister today. You might care to remember

that I initiated even the King in that particular conspiracy and he appointed you to your present position. It pleases me that I've set the table upon which you est. If by some mischance I gulped down a mouthful I assure you it was by mistake and, please, send me the bill. You now propose an alliance. I want no part of it unless you persuade me it'll be for virtuous and patriotic objectives. Still, it puzzles me that you want my assistance. Aren't you the man who sends a couple of battalions to surround my house every evening? Is it not a fact that you do it to demonstrate that I'm a criminal and that you're protecting our nation and King from a bandit? How many robberies do you know me to have committed? Do you remember me stealing anything during the war? How come I was prudent when I was young and now that I'm old and have all these children to look after I've gone berserk? No need to answer these questions! To make your sleep easier, I assure you that I'll stay home throughout the pre-election period. I'll neither help nor oppose the Government. As for your fear that I may join your former associates, please get the thought out of your mind. I'm not joining them. They're not out to help the country. They're out to help themselves."

And with these words I left his house.

Kriezotis, Grivas, Mamouris, Papakostas and other officer-politicians joined forces with Metaxas and Mavrokordatos. The officers agreed to pretend they'd go to their home provinces and campaign for the elections. In fact, they were to touch off a series of coups all over Greece. The Government wouldn't be able to send troops everywhere and that would be the end of Koletis.

It wasn't the most patriotic plan ever conceived.

Grivas went to western Greece and, in June 1847, raised the flag of revolt. Government troops surrounded him before he could fire a shot and pushed him into the sea. If the British hadn't fished him out he'd have drowned. With 50 of his followers he went to Lefkas and after spending a few days there went on to Preveza and from there to Ioannina.

Farmakis' turn came in August.

He was to give the signal of revolt in the Nafpaktos area but ran into technical difficulties. Mamouris was one of the prospective rebels and, in that capacity, weaseled 35,000 drachmas out of Metaxas and Mavrokordatos.

The cash was to keep the rebellion going but Mamouris pocketed the money, went over to the Government side and, instead of helping Farmakis, marched against him at the head of a Government unit.

The ensuing campaign was bloody because the two former associates weren't prepared to show mercy.

But, as usual, the real cost was borne by the peasants. Mamouris and the Government troops entered one of the Gravara villages which had given shelter to Farmakis and the village disappeared from the face of the earth. Eventually, Farmakis was surrounded, caught, and put in jail.

It was late August by then and the flag of revolt passed to Kriezotis in Halkis. Gardikiotis was dispatched against him and a real battle took place between the rebel and the Government troops. A cannon-ball sliced off the hand of Kriezotis who, with immense difficulty, escaped to Hios.

Under the able leadership of Gardikiotis, the Government troops took apart the island of Evvia and a great number of innocent people were killed.

By September it was obvious that the rebels could not hope to prevail but Papakostas, Balatzos, Velentzas and quite a few others revolted just the same. It didn't take them long to realize that not much could be accomplished and, to stay out of jail, they crossed the frontier and sought refuge in Turkey.

Both the rebel party and our whole country paid dearly for these abortive attempts. Rebel leaders who stayed in Greece looked like walking cadavers and the perfidy they showed to one another must have gnawed at their innards. Every faction had pretended to work with the others but they all had deceit and treachery in their hearts. They talked about collaboration but never meant it and each gang went its own way. Indirectly, the rebels caused me quite a bit of trouble.

When Velentzas, who was a close friend of mine, rebelled, Tzavelas, the Minister of War jumped all over me because he said I gave men and supplies to him and had perhaps even more for Kriezotis. I hadn't lifted a finger because God made me see what the rebels had in mind and I stayed clear of them. Still, I had the devil's own time shaking off this accusation which wormed all the way up to the King's ears.

Having crushed the rebellion Koletis proceeded with the elections.

It made little difference that not many people voted for him. His henchmen made sure that the ballot-boxes were properly stuffed. This required a certain measure of violence and, consequently, killings, shootings, maimings and other atrocities became the order of the day.

When the results were in the world learned that Koletis won by a landslide. He captured every single seat in Parliament, which left Mavrokordatos with no seats whatever. We must, however, give Mavrokordatos his due. He reaped what he had sown. It was his cabinet which set the good example in the previous elections. The difference was that Mavrokordatos failed and Koletis succeeded.

Throughout the pre-election period I sat quietly at home. I didn't take sides but this made no difference. My turn came after Koletis took care of Kriezotis and the other rebels and pushed them out of their country and forced them to seek asylum in Turkey. He and his cronies held a war council to decide how they could arrest me in the middle of some night. While they deliberated, they sent troops to surround my house.

Friends came to tell me about the plans Koletis had in store for me. He had been discussing them in the house of a Bishop who resembled him in sweetness and kindness.

Hearing these reports, and observing the troops which were again patrolling all around my walls, I was sure that a singular treatment awaited me. Meanwhile my friends urged me to leave Athens and go into hiding.

To this I replied that I wouldn't leave my house and that whatever was to fall upon me might as well happen right here. Still, I thought it advisable to compose a lengthy report.

I put down details about the times Koletis had asked for my assistance, about his real objectives, about the ways in which he had served our country and faith, about my arguments with him, about how he sent Gardikiotis to invite me to his office, about what he told me and what I replied the last time I saw him. Everything was written down and I gave the paper to a friend of mine. If I was imprisoned, or exiled, or a brick fell accidentally upon my head, he was to hand the report to the newspapers. This done, I cleaned my weapons and invited five or six or my men to stay with me if they felt like shooting away until we were all dead. *We die whenever you please*, was their answer.

All this notwithstanding, it seemed reasonable to have one last talk with the Government before we resorted to an exchange of bullets and, first of all, I sought out Gardikiotis because he had been present during my last conversation with Koletis.

But Gardikiotis wasn't in Athens.

He had gone to Corinth to mediate between two branches of the Notaras family which, as usual, were at each other's throats.

I then tried to see Palamidis, the Minister of the Interior. I explained to him what his master was up to and that he should tell the King I was about to have an accident. Furthermore, I said to Palamidis, you might as well repeat the same thing to that bastard Koletis himself.

Hardly had I finished talking and Palamidis was at the door.

He said he was on his way to transmit my messages and that it was always a pleasure to hear my voice.

One thing though, he said. *The report! Please, Makriyiannis, don't give the damn report to the newspapers!*

There was no time for me to answer him. He was out of the door and, just like he promised, spoke both to the King and to Koletis.

Meanwhile, I had gone home.

Five minutes later Gardikiotis showed up. He had just returned from Corinth, rushed in to see me and I told him what I had told Palamidis.

Just one thing, he said. *That report! You know what I mean. Newspapers and all that. You won't hand it out just yet, will you? Very good! Thanks a lot, Makriyiannis!*

And who should pop up in my house that same evening but my dear relative, my own brother, Mr. Koletis, the Prime Minister of Greece.

The charm he oozed spread all over the floor and he graced my domicile with his presence for more than five hours. I didn't deign to talk to him about recent events and he didn't deign either. Instead, he passed the time by telling me we must hasten our preparations for the war against Turkey. He also told me an interminable story about the supplies he had sent to someone in Albania and that this man was already fighting and that we mustn't leave him without support. He finished his story, got up and, on his way out, took along the troops with which he had been blockading me.

A couple of days later he was attacked by some kidney disease.

Pain made him scream night and day, and he couldn't piss. An army of doctors camped around his bed and the King paid him a number of visits. It was during one of those visits that the King promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant-General. But the therapeutic properties of this new distinction were limited. Koletis saw his end approaching and the last thing he did was exhort the King not to modify the administrative methods instituted by his cabinet. The King bowed before the wish of the dying man and, to this day, we're being governed according to the Koletis principles.

Tzavelas was appointed Prime Minister by the King and was elected to Parliament in the seat vacated by Koletis.

To be precise, Tzavelas elected himself in the traditional way. His buddies stuffed the ballot-boxes because who was insane enough to vote for him.

Sarcasm apart, Tzavelas took his place among the other virtuous leaders of Greece. He followed to the letter the parting instructions of the late-lamented and even expert Koletologists couldn't discern the slightest deviation from the Koletis spirit.

Thus, we're being governed today as we've always been governed in the past and, quite possibly, a little worse. In all social classes, in all parts of the State machinery — from cabinet to Parliament and down — everything is a mess. The Treasury is systematically raided and Government income is diverted into private pockets. Virtue, honesty and patriotism have found their proper place in *The Tales of the Arabian Nights.* Whoever is suspected of possessing these mythical properties is persecuted. The kingdom, the power and the glory have been inherited by thieves, liars, and sewer-rats of either domestic or foreign manufacture. Metaxas and Mavrokordatos are persecuted not for what they did in the past but for being in the Opposition today. Nonetheless, Government and Opposition deserve one another. The latter staged all those coups, the former fought fire with fire and burned Greece and the factions constituting the two sides continue to pursue their unfathomable ends.

A former Greek officer who now lived in the Bulgaro-serbian territories of Turkey came to Athens. He had taken part in the War of Independence and subsequently returned to his birthplace. Now he was sent by various patriots to report on their preparations and to hear about our intentions. He went to

Hatzichristos before coming to see me and Hatzichristos, being an aide to the King, made a report to His Majesty and, at the same time, informed Gardikiotis about these new plans for insurrection. Then the two of them told me. When I realized how much publicity had already been given to the project, I asked Hatzichristos to tell the King I didn't want to be involved. Before anything else, I said, I've got to know how His Majesty feels about this because the King should get both the credit and the blame for such activities.

The King was pleased to hear this.

I then took Hatzichristos and visited Gardikiotis. To both of them I stressed that insurrections require secrecy because, otherwise, the Powers will snap us up.

"If you're agreeable," I said, "the three of us should keep in touch. That way, we can keep the King covered."

Both Gardikiotis and the King, to whom Gardikiotis reported our meeting, were in favor of the idea.

When this came back to me, I told Gardikiotis that if the insurrection was to be given a chance Tzavelas had to stop being Prime Minister.

"This sort of thing," I argued, "requires a competent Government and a tough Minister of War. Tzavelas doesn't have what it takes."[33]

33

This is putting it mildly.

Both during Koletis' administration and later on, during Tzavelas' Premiership, almost all the Ambassadors we sent abroad were genuine imbeciles. Imagine preparing an insurrection inside Turkey with an imbecile for an Ambassador in Constantinoupolis. Furthermore, Tzavelas collaborated with Tissamenos, Veikos and Hatzipetros to form what they peddled as a secret society concerned with the Grand Idea.

The peddling was well-organized, a lot of people thought we were ready to declare war on Turkey and a lot of money was collected by the peddlers.

The cash was promptly stolen by Tzavelas and company.

Not only did they not declare war on Turkey, they began to fight among themselves over the money.

The so-called secret society was blown sky-high, the newspapers printed stories about it and, from a secret, it became the talk of Europe.

Turkey was understandably annoyed and her reprisals cost the lives of numerous Greeks living within her borders.

I don't know if it was divine retribution but it's a fact that, shortly afterwards, Tzavelas' house caught fire. Everything inside it went up in a flash and his family barely escaped. The strange thing is, there was no wind that day. Right next to his house were buildings and shops but nothing else was destroyed. If there had been the slightest wind half the city would have gone up in smoke because Tzavelas lived in the middle of the bazaar.

I then suggested that the King should make Metaxas Minister of War. The precedent was there. In 1840 Metaxas served as Minister of War in the Mavrokordatos cabinet and performed his duties honorably. He did the same when he was Minister of Finance under Koletis. Metaxas wasn't the most lovable person but the truth must out.

"Do you seriously believe," said Gardikiotis, "that the King can stand the sound of Mavrokordatos' and Metaxas' names?"

"Why can't he?"

"Because they're in the Opposition!"

"This," I said, "is one hell of a way to build up a nation. But it does explain why the Government persecutes me too. I've got friends in the Opposition! Nobody remembers that the accomplishments of Koletis and his successors compare favorably with the accomplishments of the Opposition when they too were in power. Anyway, tell the King what I suggested. I still think he must make friends with all important individuals, regardless of their political leanings."

When France stopped being a Kingdom and became a Republic the switch found many admirers in other European countries. Not wishing to appear old-fashioned, our own factions and, in particular, the political heirs of Koletis — which is to say, the Greek Government — indicated in various ways that this was a regime we simply had to try.

Those of us who still had a few ounces of honesty left were dead against the Republic idea because, long ago, we had tried it and it was a dismal failure. Nevertheless Republicanism became not only the vogue but a snowball rolling downhill. Increasingly larger number of people were in favor of abolishing the monarchy while others found a new rallying-cry for a war against the Turks — *With a Republic, we'll certainly capture Constantinoupolis!* Persons of this persuasion came to my house and asked me to collaborate with them.

"First of all," I said, "you must come back to your senses regarding this rage of republicanism. Years ago we had a republic and its fruits are known. We've got to be patient. We must see how things develop in Europe and what the chances are of a successful attack on Turkey. Our Government has to grant amnesty to those rebel officers who are outside our borders and can't come back because they were against Koletis. These warriors should return, veterans in jail must be let out

and then, when all preparations are completed, we can go ahead and declare war. I don't think we ought to start a war to expand our territory and end it by losing territories we possessed before the war began."

"From what you say it's obvious you're no longer a Greek. You're just like those other rats! An enemy of your own country!"

"If you put it that way, I'm obliged to join your movement. Bring supplies and we'll attack the Turks tomorrow morning. By the way, have you got money for supplies?"

"A member of our society has donated a house. We'll sell it and use the money to buy provisions."

"How much will the house sell for?"

"Fifteen thousand drachmas."

"Can you finance an expedition against Turkey with fifteen thousand drachmas?"

No reply. Exeunt the heroes.

The sad thing was that respectable people were mouthing this nonsense and, seeing no other alternative, I paid Metaxas a visit and told him to send someone to fetch Mavrokordatos.

"Brothers," I said when the three of us sat down, "our country is in danger and you're fast asleep. This is the country to which you gave your youth and now I wonder, why did we go into all that trouble for her freedom? Let me answer my own question. We did it so that you, our illustrious political leaders, could become more illustrious. We kept you in command for years and you've enjoyed what every man of note likes to enjoy, honor and glory. If, however, Greece is destroyed, what nation will treat you as we've treated you? And, for that matter, where shall the rest of us find a place to spend our remaining days? So, let me say it once more. Our country is on the verge of destruction. These republican lunatics will attack Turkey and will invite us to join their folly. If we refuse, they'll either kill us or call us Turk-lovers. If we go along with them, our white hair will be inappropriate. Won't it be a pity for Greece to be destroyed because of this foolishness? Won't posterity accuse you politicians for allowing madness to destroy our country?"

"All this is both true and obvious," they replied. "But what can we do? These ideas have given the people a high fever and they've got to beat their heads against something for relief."

"We can take care of the fever if we want to. And with the fever gone, everything can go back to normal."

"How? Let's be specific."

"You, Metaxas," I said, "must call in ten of your closest friends. Mavrokordatos and I must do the same. The three of us will give our friends an identical speech. Let's not rush! Preparations are underway! Let's keep this movement a secret until everything is one-hundred percent ready! Let's wait and see how Europe resolves her own problems! With *words* — that's how we'll cool them down!"

That was the strategy we followed. Sheer repetition did the trick and the high-sounding plans for the capture of Constantinoupolis with fifteen thousand drachmas were eventually forgotten.

But the Republican movement was not.

Its strength increased daily and I felt it was my duty to send a message to the King, via Hatzichristos. *Winds blowing in Europe,* so ran my message, *have recently sunk some enormous vessels. Compared to them, Greece is a rowboat and the winds will tear her apart before sinking her. This isn't the time for honest people and for the King of Greece to go to sleep.*

The message was delivered and the King asked Hatzichristos to bring me to the Palace. It was a long time since I last crossed the royal threshold. To be exact, it was since that day when I told His Majesty about the robberies being committed in Athens and he replied I ought to be on friendly terms with his Prime Minister and I refused. All this time the King was angry with me. Now, obeying his command, I appeared before him.

"What have you got to tell me?" was his way of opening the audience.

"What occurred to me, in my capacity of an ordinary citizen, I have already transmitted to you through your aide."

"So, what do you want to tell me now?" He was forgetting who had invited whom. At any event, his tone robbed me of any desire to split hairs with him. "Do you feel like hearing the truth?" I asked.

"I never listen to lies! Only to the truth!"

"And I've got two pockets. One is filled with lies and the other with truths. I ask again. Into which pocket does Your Majesty wish me to reach?"

"Into the truth!"

I swore upon the Lord's Holy Name that I would speak only the truth to the King of my country.

"The truth," I said, "is a bitter thing and you'll be angry with me again. But even if you were to stay angry until both of us are dead, I'd still tell you the truth, which is a thing of God, whereas lies are the Devil's products. Remember how long it has been since Your Majesty saw me last? It was the day you told me to be friends with your Prime Minister and I replied I couldn't because he was a perfidious man. What did I warn you about that day? That he'd ruin your Kingdom, empty the Treasury and box you in with evil people. He accomplished it all and his wishes remain in force. He may be dead but it was a slow fire he started and your Kingdom continues to be roasted."

"Don't speak ill of him! Koletis is dead."

"I can't very well praise him. I don't have another country to live in. I'm stuck with Greece and I'm telling Your Majesty that the time has come for you to be surrounded by honest and capable individuals. The present Government is the Koletis faction, which is to say the French faction. They watch French developments closely. When France was a Kingdom, they were monarchists. Now that France is a republic, they're republicans. Does it take a genius to tell you that if a republic is installed here Your Majesty can hardly remain as a our King? There's no doubt they're considering a change in the regime. Unless I'm mistaken, your men discovered hidden ammunition and I know that you constantly receive reports about the unrest prevailing throughout the country. Let me suggest that Your Majesty grant a general amnesty. If someone did you wrong you must forgive him. Great men forgive the small ones and, after all, the really guilty party was Koletis. He deprived people of what was rightfully theirs just as he did in my own case and I came close to being murdered. And another thing. Current circumstances demand that Your Majesty appoint Metaxas and Mavrokordatos to some Government post. Why don't you let them enjoy the fruit of their past efforts? They've done plenty of harm but this should not make us forget the good they've done."

The King thought a while about this last suggestion. "Have a talk with those two," he said. "See how they feel about it."

"Call them in and talk to them yourself. Persuade them to work together and to stand by your throne. These are dangerous days and you need all kinds of people around you."

The King and I continued this conversation for more than four hours.

That same evening he called Mavrokordatos and Metaxas to the Palace. He suggested they ought to enter the Cabinet but they refused.

I should have expected that.

They did want to enter the Government but wanted even more to be in a position where they too could govern according to the Koletis principles.

It was now March 1848.

The King fired Tzavelas and appointed Koundouriotis as Prime Minister. A new Cabinet was formed.

EVENTS OF 1848-1850

The Koundouriotis Cabinet asked Vlahos, Zaharitsas and myself to appear before them and told us that the previous administration had set up an unscrupulous faction here in Athens. The city needed a municipal administration and the Cabinet wanted the three of us to sound out the other local leaders about having a new Mayor elected. The incumbent Mayor and his cronies had taken the city apart and what was immediately needed was a 100-man militia with myself as its commander. The Athenian leaders were assembled in my house and agreed with both suggestions. Municipal elections were held and the side we supported won. I formed the militia, we did our duty and robberies and other varieties of trouble were eliminated from the capital area. The Government, the municipal authorities and the citizens were pleased with our services.

Hearing that the Koletis faction had been thrown out of power, the rebels who had sought refuge in Turkey — Papakostas, Velentzas, Balatzos, Kondoyiannis and others — crossed the frontier and came back to Greece. They were leading a large number of troops but were careful not to hurt anybody. Nevertheless, Gardikiotis and Mamouris, in command of a powerful Government force, marched against the returning rebels and engaged them. The two sides fought for days and nobody could be accused of pulling his punches. Then the rebels fought among themselves and the majority returned to Turkey. All told, there were about 300 casualties and the provinces suffered much from the Government troops. Prisons were filled with captured rebels and they're still inside. However, Government unit commanders couldn't complain about this campaign. They made piles of money looting the villages. Readers interested in details can consult the newspapers.

Once the main rebel force was dispersed a sense of security descended upon Greece and the Government disbanded the Athens militia I commanded. The very next evening burglars broke into a house, carried away a couple of thousand drachmas and we were back to the old games.

For example, the latest municipal elections were declared null and void. Officials appointed to replace the elected ones began stealing money from the city

treasury so as to demonstrate that they were loyal to the spirit of the day. By doing nothing about these thefts the Government proved that the concern for order and efficiency they demonstrated when they invited Vlahos, Zaharitsas and myself was a passing fad.

In October 1848 the Koundouriotis Government was no more.

Admiral Kanaris became Prime Minister but real power returned to the weasels. One indication of their comeback was the appointment of Kalifronas as Minister of Church Affairs and Education. As the Minister responsible for piety and wisdom, Kalifronas had to find a secretary who'd measure up to the Minister's exacting standards and the right person was installed in the ministerial antechamber. It was Kiriakos, the ex-Chief of Police who stole so much that even Koletis had to leave him in jail. By a strange coincidence, this time too Kiriakos was in jail but Kalifronas took him out and appointed him his secretary.[34]

If anyone told me when we were fighting the war about the sort of freedom we'd eventually enjoy I'd have begged the Lord to keep us under the Turks for another 400 years. Perhaps we'd have learned what *country, faith, virtue* and *honor* signify.

We Greeks ignore even the approximate meaning of these words.

If there's any state income, we steal it. If there are any state lands left, we build our homes smack in their middle. If we're appointed to public office, we carry away everything that isn't nailed down. We believe in owing money to the Treasury — Yiatros owes 500,000 drachmas, Tsouhlos 300,000, Notaras 350,000, and so on for a grand total of 18 million. Not that Fitros, the Treasurer, keeps his accounts in perfect order. At the last reckoning he was 350,000 drachmas short and God knows what the final reckoning will look like. The same goes for the Customs Service and all other income-receiving Government agencies.

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Kalifronas is a profoundly educated and deeply religious creature. Therefore, Socrates, you may sleep in peace! You used to toss about in your grave, worrying there was nobody to help you educate the Greeks. But behold! A fellow-Athenian has been born, your equal in wisdom and your superior in rank. You never got to be Minister of Education but Kalifronas made it. As for you, Holy Father, Basil the Great, Immortal Theologian of the East, just wait! The time has come for you to hear a series of liturgies that will make you rub your ears and beg for more! The modern Father of Orthodoxy, Kalifronas the Athenian, has taken over the Ministry of Church Affairs!

It's difficult for an honest man to do his duty in a patriotic manner. Most of the veterans, widows and orphans continue to live in misery after all these years. Other groups aren't so badly off. Luxuries and costly receptions are part of our national credo. We're up to our ears in grand pianos and imported guitars, and are so bewitched by music that when our foreign creditors ask for their money we can't bring ourselves to listen to their noise and don't pay a cent. The foreigners blockaded our country a short while ago but we didn't give a damn about that either. When shall we find our bearings? How shall we stop this wave of corruption and turn Greece into a respectable country? May the Lord have mercy on us and lead us away from the chasm to which we've been marching.

While the fires of republicanism raged all over Europe, it occurred to me that Greece should be in a position to defend herself in case a sudden knock was delivered at her head or, if a war broke out somewhere else, to be able to turn confusion to advantage by attacking Turkey. Both objectives required preparation. We needed supplies and discipline. We shouldn't pretend to be marching against the Turks when all we really wanted was to rob our own brothers.

My organization was still active. Everything was carried out in secrecy and the illustrious leaders of Greece had no inkling as to what I was up to. Bitter experience taught me the lesson since, no matter what I did, all the Illustrious had, at one time or another, persecuted me. It was, however, clear that this time I couldn't do much by myself. Consequently, I thought I should get Metaxas and Mavrokordatos interested in the project and, after they promised to keep my secret, I outlined my plans to them. The one thing I didn't share was the membership list because I didn't trust them that far.

Fund-raising would be the main object of our collaboration. Metaxas and Mavrokordatos would see to it that Greeks living abroad contributed money and I'd be in charge of domestic arrangements. To set an example, I put my name down as the first person on the list and gave 6,000 drachmas. This sum wasn't enough to meet even the running expenses of the organization and, in a rare show of accord, Metaxas and Mavrokordatos sang in unison that they had no money.

I had expected something of the sort and had already thought up a solution. "I've got a house in Nafplion," I said. "I'll sell it and use the money for running

expenses. But we won't touch the cash we raise from other sources. When the time comes we'll appoint a committee to spend it. Furthermore, we'll keep one another constantly and fully informed. This means that you'll be telling me what you're doing and that I'll be keeping you posted of my own activities."

We agreed on this and also agreed we wouldn't join any other society. We'd stick to our own and keep our eyes open to see what others were doing. If anyone tried something premature we'd squash him so that Greece wouldn't suffer from the imbecility of some of her children. The specter of what could have happened on account of those fools who proposed to capture Constantinoupolis with 15,000 drachmas was still fresh.

I sold my house in Nafplion. It was worth 30,000 but I let it go for 5,800, re-activated the Society and sent people all over Greece. Every move I made I informed Metaxas and Mavrokordatos even though I continued to keep the membership list out of their hands.

In January 1849, Gardikiotis told me that the King wanted to make Metaxas and Mavrokordatos lieutenant-generals and appoint me his aide.

"I'm grateful to the King for the honor," I said, "but my old reservations hold. I too ill too often to serve as his aide."

Gardikiotis insisted but I wouldn't come around.

"Listen," he said at the end. "If for no other reason, you've got to accept in order to dispel certain suspicions about you. The King has been told that Metaxas and Mavrokordatos are up to something and that you're the leader in whatever they're doing."

"In the first place," I replied, "we've got nothing evil, or even objectionable, in mind. In the second place I can't accept an honorific post just because I'm under suspicion. In the third place the King must learn not to be afraid of his subjects."

Metaxas agreed to become a lieutenant-general but Mavrokordatos didn't. He said he'd never been a soldier and couldn't become a lieutenant-general all of a sudden. My own refusal to become an aide was, of course, misinterpreted and once again found myself where I was most of the time, out of royal favor.

Not long afterwards, Metaxas and Mavrokordatos were inspired to amalgamate our Society with a few others. They became members of a Tzavelas-type group and no longer seemed able to keep their mouths shut. They discussed our plans with all kinds of people, the news reached foreign ears and, specifically, the ears of the Turkish Ambassador. This was in April 1849.

At precisely that point, the King appointed Tzavelas Minister of War. The royal decision was motivated by a powerful consideration — Tzavelas had just betrayed our Society to some Palace officials.

However, since nothing in Greece is ever simple, Tzavelas, right after he betrayed us, got Metaxas and Mavrokordatos to become members of a 16-man committee to *coordinate the action.*

I was the last person in Athens to hear about this committee. When I did, I got hold of Metaxas and Mavrokordatos, reminded them of our agreement to keep one another informed and said to them — "This new-fangled committee must be disbanded! Our plans aren't secret any more and I'm pulling out. When the time comes, the action will be coordinated by those who contributed money, not by those who contribute words."

They were obliged to disband the committee and I thanked God they never saw the membership list and the amounts of money contributed by different patriots. Even so, the news made the newspapers and our brothers in Turkey paid for our foolishness and lack of caution. The Turks really cracked down on them this time. In my opinion, the main cause for this particular failure was that the plans were communicated to very young people who, as usual, talked.[35]

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That had been Londos' way. The results can be seen in what happened when he was Minister of War. He was a champion spender and debtor and I can't imagine how he managed to owe so much money. Alone, no family, and a major-general's salary. Perhaps it was Rita Basso, the famous star. I don't know if she or something else was the reason but one day he was found dead. His brains were all over the room and his pistol lay by his side, empty. God knows if he committed suicide or if he was murdered. Koletis, who was Prime Minister at the time, didn't allow a Christian funeral. The corpse was embalmed, taken to Londos' birthplace and, until today, remains inside a coffin, unburied.

Somewhere along the way Mavrokordatos and Metaxas, who had been temporary friends, repented and became enemies again. Many of their common friends, myself included, tried hard but failed to bring them back together. The conclusion is that each one of these two men manufactured a number of saddles. Since the number of Greek donkeys is finite, every leader is afraid that the other will pre-empt all the donkeys and leave him with a bunch of useless saddles. What's terrible about this is that Greek donkeys now sport sore backs from the constant shifting of saddles and from the loads of stones they've been forced to carry over the past two decades

On Easter Day in 1849, some of the better pupils of Koletis — Tzavelas and Kiriakos among them — felt themselves choking for the love of Christ. To relieve the tension they instructed their henchmen to barge into the house of a Jew by the name of Pacifico and steal everything. Such was the religious fervor of these rats that I'm surprised they didn't slit the throat of everyone they found inside the house.

The Government did nothing about this incident even though the Jew submitted numerous complaints and they could have shut him up with no more than 15,000 drachmas. The Jew was a British subject. He went to his Ambassador who lodged formal complaints. Nobody paid the slightest attention.

Over the years England had been amassing grievances but nobody in the Greek Government would condescend to listen because they thought they were still living in the Age of Koletis and of the French faction. Koletis had been protected by the King of France and by the French Ambassador, both of whom encouraged him to treat the British in this fashion. Now the situation was different. First, Koletis was dead. Second, France was no longer a monarchy but a republic. Third, the British had enough.

Lord Palmerston ordered the Mediterranean Fleet to come to Athens. Mighty Greece was blockaded by tiny England because, England said, Greece had caused financial damage to Pacifico and to Finlay, another British subject living in Athens, from whom the Greek State expropriated some land without paying him anything.

The British captured our entire fleet — warships as well as commercial vessels — and this killed our commerce. The sea-faring people of the islands were

particularly hurt by the blockade which lasted from January to March 1850.[36] During those three months not a day passed without Englishmen threatening us that, first thing in the morning, they'd burn Athens to the ground. Their behavior didn't make the English party popular and everyone who was known to be a member had to keep under cover because his life was in danger. God, who saved us so many times before, saved us from the British too and they left under the hoots and catcalls of Europe.[37]

In the beginning of August 1850, the King went to Bavaria for a health cure. He made Queen Amalia his Regent and left behind a Government headed by Kriezis. Gardikiotis was Lord Chamberlain, Chief Major-domo, First Royal Aide, Commander of Everything and so forth.

The Kriezis Government held municipal elections according to the traditional system. That is to say, the Government made sure that the people she favored got

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When Admiral Parker landed in Athens with his troops I was appointed Military Commander of the capital. In this capacity, I beseeched old General Church -- who, by then, was completely hellenized — to speak with Parker and Church did so. The King and the Government sent Gardikiotis to me, suggesting that we attack the British. I recommended common sense and pointed out that Parker had as many cannons as we had rifles. My brother Greeks saw no other alternative but to form a secret society to murder Parker. They never did, of course, but that's beside the point.

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It was about then that they exhumed Koletis' corpse. Three years had gone by since his death but no decomposition had taken place. He was exhumed because Piscatore, his bosom friend, the former French Ambassador, commissioned a marble tomb for Koletis the Great. Piscatore was honor-bound to go into all that expense. He and Koletis worked harmoniously trying to turn the Greeks into Catholics. Koletis came out of his grave in approximately the same condition he went in, although his eyes were somewhat sunken and his nose a bit moldy. My personal explanation for the damage to the eyes was that he had used them to observe the damage he did to Greece and the murders he perpetrated — of Noutsos, of Palaskas, of Odysseas, not to mention the killings that took place each time he organized an election. It was with those eyes that he saw all those veterans running to Turkey to find shelter, and the prisons filled with those who didn't make it, and the triumph of lawlessness and injustice. Koletis made sure that the people had no voice, just as he made sure that his troops and stooges performed immediately whatever hit his fancy. He preferred to see us in as degenerate a condition as possible. It proved to his foreign patrons what a loyal and dependable stooge he was. But now the stench emanating from the corpse didn't let the workers get near him and, as they planted him inside his marble mausoleum, he amassed an impressive collection of curses from the grave-diggers.

elected. In exactly the same way they held national elections in September 1850 and the new Parliament was convened.

For a number of months before the elections Metaxas and Mavrokordatos were fighting a minor war among themselves on account of the British blockade. The campaign was confused and the two sides used the newspapers as well as social gathering to malign one another. Every honest man could see the miserable condition Greece had been reduced to. The Government didn't bother even with the most pressing national affairs and officials were exclusively concerned with stealing and making deals.

In view of this mess I convinced myself that if Metaxas and Mavrokordatos were to stop bickering there was a chance something good might come out of it. The King, the Government and every single Palace official hated their very sight but I succeeded in bringing them together and they were secretly reconciled.

This was just before the September 1850 National Elections. When the campaign began I saw to it that Metaxas and Mavrokordatos were put up as candidates in Athens. Naturally, my actions were misconstrued both by the Palace and by the Government — *Makriyiannis is up to his old tricks again*, they said.

Negotiations seemed to be in order and I appeared before the Government. *Forget the stories about tricks*, I said, I'm doing what *I'm doing because I think it'll help the country. That's all there is to it and you'd better believe it.* They believed it sufficiently to elect Mavrokordatos as a deputy of Messolonghi. Metaxas was elected as a deputy of Athens but Mavrokordatos had to leave the Athens slot open. The Government wanted to elect one of her favorites in his place.

One day, shortly after the elections, Metaxas, Skinas and I were talking together. Metaxas was in rare form and harangued us about the horrible conditions prevailing in Greece, the dangers our country was exposed to, the need for all Greeks to work together, the patriotism he was personally going to exhibit now that he had just been elected a member of Parliament and how devoutly he wished that all citizens would show a degree of prudence and self-sacrifice comparable to his own.

Two hours later, people came to tell me that Metaxas had accepted the post of Ambassador to Constantinoupolis. I went back to his house and found it full of leeches congratulating him. I didn't go near him until everyone else left. He saw I was upset and tried to explain — *I did it to save our friends* was the best he could manage. You did well, I said.

The appointment of Mavrokordatos as Ambassador to Paris was announced two days later. In a way, he had a valid excuse for accepting the post -- no income of his own and he had to eat. But it was different with Metaxas. He already had a salary. He and his two sons collected about 1,000 drachmas a month and even if they tried they couldn't have spent more than 500. At any event, Metaxas left for Constantinoupolis and had his older son appointed First Secretary of our Embassy there.

The two parties were left without leaders. The Illustrious shepherds abandoned their flocks to the wolves and, one by one, the sheep were devoured. The two great men, deputies of Athens and Messolonghi, became Ambassadors and proposed to look after the interests of their constituents from Paris and Constantinoupolis. Their sense of honor and justice went far enough to grab the soft job and claim they'd protect from thousands of miles away the stupid donkeys who made them Illustrious first, Ambassadors second, and recipients of fat salaries always.

That was how Metaxas and Mavrokordatos took their families and left Greece in September 1850.

EPILOGUE

The Memoirs *stop with the departure of Metaxas and Mavrokordatos. Makriyiannis will live for another fourteen years but will not tell us of the rigged-up court martial which, under the presidency of Tzavelas, condemned him to death in 1852 and how Kalergis, his fellow September conspirator, let him out of prison in 1854. Nor will he tell us how the French and English occupied Greece from 1854 to 1857 to prevent her from attacking Turkey, on whose side the two Powers fought the Russians in Crimea. And he won't tell us about the mounting resentment against Otto that led to his dethronement in 1862.*

Makriyiannis stops at 1850 because his wounds torture him and all he can do is sit in his garden and talk with his friends. The frequency of visits by loyal friends scared the Government and prompted the rigged-up trial and the disgraceful verdict. His judges couldn't grasp that Makriyiannis' heart broke when he realized that the dream for which he was really being tried — the September Constitution — had been compromised by the very people who should have defended it with their lives. Disappointed by the desertion of Metaxas and Mavrokordatos, the old General ends the manuscript with a bitter apostrophe.

EPILOGUE

Illustrious politicians!

You all arrived to free Greece long after the country began her great war for freedom. For the first couple of years we fought and were assisted by whatever politicians were locally available. You, however, came from abroad and imported valuable skills. You trained us in mutual distrust, taught us factionalism, and pushed our nation on the way to catastrophe.

You, Mr. Mavrokordatos, were our first Professor of Discord. Your lectures ended with some chieftains going over to the Turks. The laws in your briefcase were intended to dispatch other men, whose sight you sight displeasing. You were quite willing to murder Karaiskakis who subsequently freed Greece from the Ottoman armies that returned to Roumeli after the fall of Messolonghi.

You, Mr. Koletis, were second in line but quickly made up for lost time. You went after Noutsos and Palaskas, and Odysseas murdered them for you. Then you went after Odysseas, and Gouras murdered *him.*

You persecuted people because, as you insisted, they were bad soldiers. But you also insisted you were great leaders. In that case, why didn't you try to make the bad soldiers see the light? Why didn't you teach the army some discipline? How is it that you accomplished the exact opposite?

You, for instance, Mr. Metaxas!
How could a saint like you make a devil out of Kolokotronis? He was a good patriot but you encouraged him to start one civil war after another. He was a pawn in your hands and you turned him now towards one faction, now towards another, always at the cost of innocent blood.

Remember when I came to the Peloponnesus and placed myself under the orders of Kolokotronis? In those days, you and him ran the Executive Committee. You asked me to join your faction and I refused. But others did and blood flowed. Remember the time when the Executive and its army marched against Argos to

demolish Parliament and destroy its archives? Remember how I hid those documents and kept them out of your hands and how mad you were at me?

Then we had the Civil Wars.

Graves in Nafplion, graves in Tripolis, graves in Argos, graves in Messinia, graves in Arcadia. Not to mention what happened during the elections before the arrival of Governor Capodistria.

And speaking of him.

In the beginning, you left him alone. He looked after the affairs of Greece and governed well for two years. But this was intolerable. You could no longer contain yourselves, you took him in hand and we know the results. Graves in Sparti, graves in Messinia, graves in Poros. Then we had the feud with the Mavromihalis. People of good will begged you to work out some compromise, to let the Governor become friends with them again. You wouldn't listen and the Governor got killed.

Once again Greece was at your mercy and the cost in human lives was staggering. That was when you political luminaries were sufficiently stupid to suggest we attack the French. This piece of insanity was postponed for a while but it did happen and we had three hundred dead to show for our folly.

The King arrived, you incited the veterans against him and, eventually, you achieved your objectives. You sent the majority to Turkey and of those who stayed behind some you killed in the Peloponnesus, others you decapitated, others you let rot in jails and others perished in your pre-election campaigns.

And now I ask.

If you really came to bring us the light of progress and civilization, and if your sole concern was the progress of Greece, why did you shed so much blood in your private quarrels? And why should the British, the French, the Russians and the Austrians want to govern us through your offices?

Answers to such questions lead me to believe that what you peddle as virtue and patriotism are not the genuine articles. Otherwise, scoundrels wouldn't have captured the exalted positions they occupy today and the army wouldn't have been a football for you to kick around.

Kolokotronis was the greatest military leader in the Peloponnesus. When you told him *Fight for Greece!* he fought for Greece. When you told him *Whip up a civil war!* he did that too. Odysseas was our greatest commander in Roumeli and you turned him into a tenth-rate politician. Then you had him murdered. Such were your exertions on behalf of Greece.

Meanwhile, the great houses of Roumeli, of the Peloponnesus and of the Islands sacrificed everything to the common cause. Today the children of heroes beg in the streets, desperately looking for a crust of bread and seldom finding it.

You, the leaders, have done better.

We've honored you, given you decorations, christened you *Illustrious*, made you our representatives abroad. To all of you we pay fat salaries, but this is understandable. An Illustrious must be given the means to live illustriously whereas we continue to live by the skin of our teeth. All the same, we don't want Your Excellencies to feel the need of anything, we're sorry when one of you is in financial straights, and do our best to bring you relief. It's our duty to do so. We must cultivate a class of leaders if the country is to be properly governed. Such was our behavior vis-a-vis Your Excellencies. What was your behavior towards us though?

Let's suppose you were indeed the good shepherds you've always advertized yourselves to be. Let's suppose we're back in 1832 and our new King is about to arrive from Bavaria. Shouldn't you have assembled every person of note, and shouldn't you have issued some simple instructions? *Now that the King will come,* you should have said, *discord among political parties must cease. The King must find the Greeks united. We must look like a nation that fought for its liberty so that the King will preserve the liberties we won and govern us according to laws we've proven ourselves capable of respecting.* That's what should have been done.

Let's see now what you actually did.

You practically killed one another trying to demonstrate to the King, to the Regents and to the foreign Ambassadors that you alone — and by this I mean *each one of you separately* — was responsible for the freedom of Greece. It was a freedom that you not only won but, also, preserved with your own two hands. To make doubly sure, you told Zografos to compose his famous proclamation -- *Every single soldier, from Kolokotronis down, is a dedicated thief and an evil bastard.* I've

read this proclamation many times and never found the slightest allusion to those who drew up the plans that Kolokotronis and others merely executed. But we can't go into this kind of details, can we! Especially since the plans were drawn up by gentlemen called Metaxas, Zaimis, Deliyiannis and so forth.

There were some who refused to follow your illustrious instructions. These people happened to be honest, or felt sorry for their brothers, or declined to steal from their country. Such individuals did exist in the past but you didn't consider them honest. You considered them stupid and called them incompetent and cowards.

Mr. Metaxas!

Do you remember when Deligiorgis and I came to your office with a document of thanks from the Tripolis Inspector-General who praised our behavior and stressed that not only did we not steal but worked our men to death preserving peace and order? There we were, poor idiots, Deligiorgis and I, strutting to your office, ready to brag about how good we had been. We waited for you to finish reading the document and were about to start boasting when you hit us with a thunderbolt. *You must be pretty incompetent*, you said. *How did you manage not to steal when everyone else was stealing?*

The purpose behind the Zografos proclamation was to tell the world that the War of Independence was fought and won by politicians and that the army consisted of thieving skunks. You suffered the existence of skunks until the King arrived because you were sure that the Royal Presence would punish the stinking animals and reward the Illustrious, who were our country's real saviors.

Even so, you yourselves realized that this supposition had to be taken with a few tons of salt. Consequently, to provide the Zografos proclamation with substance, you incited the veterans against the King. It didn't take much before the starving heroes were driven to desperation and marched against Nafplion. They were welcomed by Bavarian troops and our people ran straight to Turkey, with a Turkish national in command. This gave substance to the Zografos proclamation all right.

At which point nothing could stop you from showing what true inventors of patriotism you were. You did it by appointing your stooges to the highest ranks of the newly-organized regular army. The billiard-room officers of Nafplion were

appointed heroes while the gallant, miserable veterans received, in lieu of recognition, kicks in the teeth.

Remember how I went to Heidek and complained? And how I spoke to the King? Remember how he and the Regents tried to correct some of your vicious doings? Remember how successfully you maligned me to the Regents?

I look back upon those days and am astonished that I escaped from your claws. But I was in the minority. You took good care of the majority. Some of the veteran chieftains you jailed in Nafplion. Others you arranged to be killed. Still others you shot. For all these services you were rewarded with important positions, with Embassies, with decorations. And you remained true to your principles. Whenever your foreign masters issued the order, you took the rough shirt of virtue out of the mothballs and put it on. You wept for Greece and her soldiers, just like seals weep for drowned sailors. That is to say, with scalding hot tears that help the cadaver rot so that it becomes easier to eat.

Years went by but time didn't affect your fundamental position — *Everything for Greece!* That was your motto, always. When we were fighting Kioutahi Pasha here in Athens we never had more than 700 or 800 casualties, even though the Turks had more than 2,000 cavalry and massive infantry units.

In the course of a single pre-election rally for Mr. Mavrokordatos the casualties in Messinia alone exceeded by far the total casualties of any battle in the war. I won't go into details about wounded or property damages. I'm talking about the dead only. And I'm not talking about the Koletis pre-election rallies. I only mention the more orderly and peaceful demonstrations.

And so we come to the contemporary period.

I mean right now! This very instant!

I look at you and at your fire-eating associates whom I recall frothing at the mouth in the 1844 National Assembly when they spoke about democracy, Constitution, liberalism and free speech.

Today the very same creatures have agreed to become deputies by the grace of the Palace. And why shouldn't they? All they did was follow the example set by you, the major politicians, the arch-liberals. What difference does it make if you once declared yourselves to be for the Constitution? The present Government

doesn't care for the Constitution so there's nothing wrong with repudiating your former stand. *The hell with the Constitution!* you say. Nothing wrong with burning incense, nothing wrong in wiping away with your tongue every word you ever spoke. Old words may be construed as not being one-hundred percent consistent with the prevailing political winds, and we can't have that!

And your flexibility was rewarded! The merciful Palace witnessed your repentance and saw to it that you were elected to Parliament. Then you became Ambassadors. Then you left Athens. But your pupils, the ex-liberal fire-eaters, did not. They continue to be deputies, to make pious little speeches and when the Palace sends down a bill they break their backs rushing to vote for it, sight unseen.

That's the kind of men you are, and such is the caliber of your disciples. You've finally established what you're really worth and to what an extent you meant the *Everything for Greece!* gab. For a long time people inside and outside this country believed that, despite your faults, you were worthwhile individuals. But it turned out that you are what you are, and there's nothing worthwhile about it. You remind me of the image Europeans had of the Sultan when they didn't dare call him anything but *Grand Seigneur.* Europeans were gazing at that mosque in Vienna and shivered at the thought that more mosques might be built further west. It does sound ridiculous but their terror was massive enough to make them pay taxes to the Turks.

One day a handful of men rose up and demonstrated that the *Grand Seigneur* was not only short of mosque-builders but that those mosques which had already been built were about to collapse. And a strange thing happened. Europeans stopped calling the Sultan *Grand Seigneur.* They now called him *that Turk.* It was quite a nightmare we delivered the Europeans from. In their turn they repaid us by bringing to Greece the fruits of their culture.

Let's be honest though.

Even if not a single European had raised a finger to hurt Greece you politicians were more than capable of taking our country apart and setting the pieces to fight against one another.

I've come to the end of my narrative and beg the kind reader not to misconstrue what I've said. There's nothing personal in the accusations I fling at our political leaders. Quite the opposite!

It's widely known I was a close personal friend of all of them. Metaxas is my relative and fellow-conspirator in the September Revolution. Koletis and Mavrokordatos are my relatives too. For decades, ties of personal friendship tied me to these people. But my friends Metaxas, Koletis and Mavrokordatos are different persons from Metaxas, Koletis and Mavrokordatos, the political figures.

I wrote not as an enemy. This I would like to stress. I simply commented on their actions. Once again, I repeat that they and their friends are welcome to refute any lies I may have put down and to point out the mistakes I may have fallen victim to. It's conceivable that I've been in frequent error and that I don't realize it because I'm a simple, unlettered man. It may even be that I'm incapable of being my own judge. Everyone loves to play defense counsel for himself but the prosecution may see things from a different angle.

So, it's up to the reader.

He's the one to pass judgment after sifting through the evidence, even evidence provided by newspapers. Newspapers like to stay on the side of those in power and are not, consequently, the best source of information for someone who's after the truth. Still, go ahead and examine them.

I'm a private citizen and, lately, a gardener by profession. I've written with no passion, with no malice, so that the truth be told. As for you, kind readers, and you, the Greeks who will be born in the future, it'll be your job to be good judges and to separate truth from lies.

I want to end this account by saying that those who decide our fate nowadays — Ministers and deputies, major and minor politicians, officials appointed and elected — consider it a title of honor if you tell them to their face that they stole, betrayed and brought sorrow upon our country. These must be useful talents because they're richly rewarded. Those who are honest are persecuted because, so runs the current theory, they are useless members of society. My account shouldn't be considered as one voice in the wilderness. I belong to a growing chorus and the reason I took pen in hand was that I couldn't stand seeing the triumph of injustice without doing something about it. That's why I learned the alphabet in my middle age and put down these disjointed scribblings.

A lot of people write about Greece. They're wise men, learned individuals. If I dared to join them it's because this country belongs to all of us. To the wise and

the ignorant. To the rich and the poor. To the soldier and the politician. To the most significant and the most insignificant person who struggled. Since all of us have struggled for freedom we must try to preserve what we won. Neither the strong nor the weak should say *I*. Do you know when a man has the right to say *I*? When he has fought all by himself and built, or destroyed, something. When many people work together and, by common effort, accomplish something they must say *We*. We are at the *We* stage and the sooner we realize it the better.

I've written the naked truth so that Greeks may be inspired to work for their country and faith.

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS[38]

ALEXANDER I (1777-1825), Czar of All the Russias, (1801-1825)

Confused mixture of Russian mysticism and German good intentions.

First child of Grand Duke Pavel Petrovich (later Paul I). Raised under the personal supervision of his grandmother, Catherine the alleged Great. She detested Pavel Petrovich, who was mentally unstable, and wanted the kid to succeed her. Catherine invited Diderot to become Alexander's tutor but he declined the honor. Eventually, she settled on La Harpe, a Swiss republican who filled the kid's head with fine-sounding ideas.

In 1793, when Alexander was barely 16, his grandmother married him off to the 14-year old Princess Louise of Baden-Durlach and made it clear she expected great-grandchildren at once if not sooner. She had already composed a manifesto depriving the unstable Pavel Petrovich of his rights and designating her grandson as heir to the throne. She died unexpectedly in November 1796 but Alexander, who knew of the manifesto, did not dare disclose it. Consequently, bizarre Pavel Petrovich became Czar Paul I and did plenty to make the situation in Russia even nastier than usual. He was assassinated on March 23, 1801 and, to everyone's relief, Alexander became czar the next day.

Handsome and strong he dreamed of reforms and established a Private Committee to frame "good laws, which are the source of the well-being of the Nation." Some injustices were corrected, some administrative improvements were made but nothing was done about the number one problem, serfdom. Its abolition would have aroused the hostility of powerful masters and Alexander cringed at the prospect. He then toyed with the idea of a constitution but, once again, got scared of the nobility.

Whereupon, he abandoned internal reforms and turned to foreign policy. He wished to become the arbiter of European affairs and, with this in mind, he renewed the alliance with England that had been broken by Paul I. At the same time, he maintained good relations with France hoping to "moderate" Napoleon. Furthermore, he became attached

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Exotic personages (Emperors; Kings; Czars and, in particular, Alexander I; Sultans; Ottoman dignitaries; European superstars and, in particular, Lord Byron; Western European politicians and, in particular, Metternich and Palmerston; military wonders and, in particular, Napoleon) are discussed at length because Makriyiannis, who mentions them all, is not generous with details about their lives and doings which for good or evil, mostly the latter, had much to do with the birth of modern Greece.

These notes were compiled a long time ago for the translator's own education. Now, almost thirty years later, one is struck by how much they differ from official hagiographies and it would be interesting to have the full list of sources utilized in their composition. Unfortunately, apart from the Britannica and Markezinis' unintentionally entertaining Politiki Istoria tis Neoteras Ellados, the translator no longer remembers which encyclopedias, books, journals and articles he plagiarized them from. One thing is certain: he has stolen much, far and wide.

to Frederick William III and signed a treaty of friendship with Prussia. He honestly thought that a European federation could come out of diplomatic mazurkas..

Napoleon thought otherwise. And not only that. His presumption to crown himself emperor displeased Alexander immeasurably. He therefore declared war on France, appointed himself generalissimo, and saw to it that his general staff was filled with incompetent Austrian officers. On December 2, 1805, Napoleon beat Russia and Austria at Austerlitz but, fortunately for Alexander, the price was paid by the Austrians. Russia lost no territories. For the time being, Napoleon proposed to divide the world between himself and the Czar. Alexander pretended to go along but was busily thinking revenge.

In 1806 Napoleon defeated Prussia at Jena and Auerstädt. The Czar rushed to the aid of Prussia and the Russian Army was decimated at Friedland, on June 14, 1807. Following which, on June 25, the two emperors met on a raft in the middle of the Niemen off Tilsit. Alexander had to gain time and played the admiring friend. He accepted all of Napoleon's conditions, promised to adhere to the Continental System which would isolate Great Britain, and recognized the creation of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. In exchange, Napoleon graciously allowed Alexander to expand at the expense of Sweden and Turkey.

Most Russians were angered by Tilsit. Breaking off relations with England was bad for business and never mind the pipe-dreams about a European Federation. Alexander reorganized his armies but his popularity dropped. To improve his approval ratings he went back to domestic reforms and, specifically, to reforming the legal system. However, he once again recoiled from putting theory into practice. Besides, Napoleon was beckoning.

In 1808 the two of them met at Erfurt and made a terrific production out of what good friends they were. Nevertheless, when war broke out between France and Austria in 1809 the Czar did not intervene in Napoleon's behalf. Napoleon complained that Alexander was trading with England and refusing him the hand of his sister. On his side, Alexander failed to stop Napoleon from creating an independent Kingdom of Poland. To make things worse, Napoleon annexed German territories on the Baltic, including the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, a fief of the Czar's brother-in-law. This was too much. Deeply offended, Alexander turned from a theoretical liberal into a chauvinistic reactionary.

Napoleon did not approve and invaded Russia in June 1812. The French advanced and the Russians retreated. Napoleon believed that, once Moscow was taken, the Czar would capitulate. After the Battle of Borodino, Napoleon did enter a deserted Moscow but Alexander did not sue for peace. Instead, under pressure of public opinion, he appointed Kutuzov, whom he heartily disliked, generalissimo. The old warrior pursued the French and drove them out of Russia.

At which point Alexander called Europe to arms. His got together with the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria and, in October 1813, the allies were victorious at Leipzig. Alexander entered Paris in March 1814 and Napoleon abdicated. The Czar reluctantly accepted the restoration of the Bourbons, for whom he had little esteem, and imposed a constitutional charter on Louis XVIII.

He had now become what he had been after, the most powerful sovereign in Europe. In that capacity, he inspired the launching of the 1814 multicultural Congress of

Vienna. Movers and shakers from all over Europe shuffled papers, attended feasts, wove intrigues, learned how to dance the waltz, and enjoyed a marvelous round of quarrels. A European Federation was nowhere in sight. The allies feared the Czar's power and opposed Russia's annexation of Poland.

A few months later Napoleon returned from his exile in Elba, the war resumed and it ended with Blucher's arrival at Waterloo on June 18, 1815. Again the victorious sovereigns met in Paris to frame a peace treaty but Alexander was on an altogether different wavelength. Since Napoleon's invasion of Russia the Czar had been getting deeper and deeper into religion. Now, in Paris, his frequent visits with the visionary Barbara Juliane Krüdener turned him into a full-time mystic professing a "universal religion" influenced by Quaker and Moravian beliefs.

Not neglecting the diplomatic front totally, he obtained Poland, set it up as a kingdom, appointed himself as its king, and gave it a constitution. Loudly, he declared his attachment to "free institutions" and his desire to "extend them throughout all the countries dependent on him." His melodious words provoked great hopes in Russia. Sadly, by the time he returned home, the Czar had forgotten about reform. He divided his attention between the Russian Bible Society and a horribly misguided innovation: military colonies. The idea was to settle soldiers and their families on desolate pieces of Russian real estate and the result was enormous suffering for both soldiers and peasants.

After the Second Treaty of Paris, Alexander formed the Holy Alliance to bring peace and Christian love to Europe. Needless to say, this noble vision was quickly transformed into a league of monarchs against their people. All governments adhering to the Holy Alliance became champions of despotism and defenders of the status quo. When a series of uprisings in Italy and Spain broke out, the holy allies responded with bloody repression. Alexander himself was badly shaken by the mutiny of his Semyonovsky regiment, an experience that took care of his liberal hallucinations. From then on, all revolt appeared to him as a rebellion against God. He shocked orthodox Russia by refusing to support the orthodox Greeks, maintaining they were rebels like any others. Metternich, to whom the Tsar abandoned the conduct of European affairs, put Alexander's methodology into excellent use.

For Russia, the following years were a period of reaction, obscurantism, and struggle against real and imagined subversion. Alexander saw "the reign of Satan" everywhere. Sure enough, plots were made and Alexander was warned about them. But he refused to act decisively and did not hide his desire to abdicate.

In 1825 the Empress fell ill and Alexander took her to Taganrog, a watering place on the Azov Sea. Soon after, during a tour of inspection in the Crimea, he contracted pneumonia or malaria and died on his return to Taganrog.

ALEXANDER II (1818-1881), Czar of All the Russias, (1855-1881)

A great historical figure and a tiny little man.

Eldest son of Nicholas I. Succeeded to the throne at the height of the Crimean War when Russian defeats demanded drastic change. Instituted reforms to bring Russia, with

some delay, into the 19th Century. Accordingly, railways were built, grain exports were facilitated and serfdom was abolished.

The latter innovation, "the greatest social movement since the French Revolution", failed to create Utopia. It did not give rise to an economically viable class of peasant proprietors but did undermine wonderfully the economic foundation of the noble landowning class. This, however, was not immediately evident. Meanwhile, local government expanded, military organization improved, and the splendid idea of universal conscription – which, like all splendid ideas, originated in France – was introduced to Mother Russia.

Alexander released political prisoners, allowed Siberian exiles to return, lifted restrictions on foreign travel, abolished barbarous punishments and relaxed the severity of Russian rule in Poland. All this notwithstanding, he preserved intact both his faith in autocracy and his conviction that Russia was ready neither for a constitutional nor for a representative government.

The subsequent score justified his prejudices. Relaxation of Russian rule in Poland led to demonstrations, attempted assassinations, and, finally, in 1863, to a national uprising. Even more serious was the widespread fashion for nihilistic doctrines. The climax came in 1866 when a young revolutionary attempted to kill the Emperor who reacted by becoming a 100% reactionary. Furthermore, because it never rains but pours, he fell in love.

Young Princess Yekaterina Dolgorukaya mesmerized him utterly and their affair absorbed the Czar's energies while weakening his authority. He made up for it by feeling terribly guilty. The Pan-Slav nationalists put his guilt to good use. By using the ailing and bigoted empress as their advocate they made a deafening noise when in 1876 Serbia fought a war with the Ottoman Empire.

The guilty Alexander became the reluctant champion of oppressed Slav peoples and in 1877 declared war on Turkey. After some initial setbacks, Russian arms triumphed, and, early in 1878, to everyone's astonishment, the vanguard of Russian armies camped on the shores of the Sea of Marmara. Western Europe was aghast at the Russian success. Fortunately, western diplomacy was not fully asleep and the fruits of Russian victory were whittled down to the independence of Bulgaria from Turkey.

Diplomatic failure at the Congress of Berlin, produced a major crisis in Russia. Beginning in 1879, there was a resurgence of revolutionary terrorism which soon became focused on the Czar himself. After unsuccessful attempts to shoot him, to derail his train, and to blow up the Winter Palace, he ordered his minister of the interior, Count Mikhail Loris-Melikov, to exterminate the terrorist organization (which called itself "People's Will") and, at the same time, to conciliate public opinion, which had become alienated by the repressive policies instituted back in 1866.

After the death of the Empress in 1880, the Czar privately married Yekaterina Dolgorukaya and intended to proclaim her his consort. To make the news palatable to the Russian public he planned to combine the announcement with some minor concessions to constitutionalist aspirations. The so-called Loris-Melikov Constitution might have become the germ of constitutional development in Russia but on the very day, March 1, 1881, when

the Czar signed the proclamation announcing his intentions, he was mortally wounded by bombs exploded by People's Will.

Absolute ruler of a vast empire at a critical stage in its development, he gave Russia the base needed for emergence into industrialization and encouraged Russian expansion in Asia. The imbecilic sale of Alaska to the U.S. in 1867 was outweighed by the acquisition of the Maritime Province from China, by the founding of Vladivostok as Russia's far eastern capital, by the definitive subjugation of the Caucasus, and by the conquest of central Asia.

Both in what they achieved and in what they did not, the Great Reforms bear his imprint of Alexander's personality. However, by giving far too much power to the celebrated reactionary K.P. Pobedonostsev -- whom he appointed minister for church affairs and entrusted with the education of his son and heir — Alexander frustrated his own reforming policies and firmly set Russia on the road to revolution.

ALI PASHA (1744-1822)

Albanian brigand and world-class manager.

His father, Veli, bey of Tepeleni, died a poor man when Ali was 14. His mother formed a robber band to restore the family fortune and Ali was her most valued assistant.

After service with the Pasha of Evvia, he joined the Pasha of Delvino, whose daughter he married in 1768. Becoming lieutenant to the Pasha of Rumelia, he policed the roads, enriched himself, and sent presents to Constantinoupolis. He was eventually rewarded with the pashalik of Trikala and, thanks to a well-executed series of murders and intrigues, obtained that of Ioannina. His son Veli took over Trikala and later the Peloponnesus. Another son, Mukhtar, became Pasha of Lepanto. Though constantly thwarted by the Souliotes, whom he finally subdued in 1803 -- mostly by encouraging them to kill one another -- he obtained control of the Gulf of Arta and took the ports of Preveza, and Vonitsa. By various means, none of them unimpeachable, he also controlled the pashaliks of Elbasan, Delvino, Berat, and Valona.

Constantly increasing his wealth and power by murder and extortion, he intrigued with Greeks and Albanians, and extended his authority over numerous townships. When the Sultan appointed him viceroy of Rumelia, he repeatedly failed to carry out orders and, instead, kept sending excuses and presents to Constantinoupolis. On the whole, he acted as an independent sovereign and was treated as such by the British and French, who admired him for behaving like a forceful Mussolini. Ali caressed both the British and French because he hoped that, with their help, he could create a modern navy. Unfortunately for him, Sultan Mahmud II was a man neither to be trifled with nor to be bought off with presents. In 1819, the Sultan, who had been watching Ali for years, decided to remove him. War broke out and Ali put his tested methods to work -- murder, intrigue and extortion. Nothing worked. Deserted by his sons and allies, he was captured and executed.

In his time, Ioannina was the foremost centre of Greek culture. He employed many Greeks in his army and administration, and they all picked up terrible habits from him. Quite a few graduates of Ali Pasha University managed to insert themselves into the Pantheon of

the Greek Revolution. It says a lot both for Ali and for the Greek soul that in freshly independent Hellas a large number of Greeks, including Capodistria, looked back upon him with respect and envy.

ANAGNOSTARAS, Christos (1760-1825)

Greek politician. Brave man.
Minister of War in 1823. Killed in action on the island of Sfaktiria.

ANDROUTSOS, Odysseas (1790-1825)

Greek soldier. Brilliant fighter and negotiator, dishonorable, greedy and avaricious man. Currently a legend.

Member of Ali Pasha's body-guard at sixteen. Captain of gendarmes at nineteen. Commander-in-chief of Eastern Greece during the early phases of the Revolution. Detested Koletis who detested him right back. After a disastrous engagement he came to terms with the Turks and found refuge among them. Later he returned to Greece and surrendered to his lieutenant Gouras. Imprisoned in the Acropolis of Athens, he was tossed out of the castle and found dead at the foot of the so-called Venetian Tower.

ARMANSPERG, Joseph (1787-1853)

Bavarian mover and shaker.

Head of the Regency Council. Tool of British diplomacy. Ambitious and venal. Fired by King Otto in 1837. Powerfully missed by his British masters and Greek satellites. Stole so much money that he returned home a millionaire.

BOTSARIS, Markos (c.1788-1823)

Greek soldier. Modest, brave, laconic and serious. Currently a legend.

Father of a posturing son and of a daughter who is among the five or six greatest beauties ever.

His early years were spent in the struggle between the Souliotes and Ali Pasha. After Ali succeeded in capturing the Souliot strongholds in 1803, Botsaris and most of his surviving clansmen fled to Corfu where he remained for 16 years, serving in an Albanian regiment under French command. Strongly influenced by the European ideas of national independence and identity, he joined the Filiki Etairia in 1814.

He returned to Epirus in 1820 to join his former enemy Ali Pasha in his revolt against the Ottoman government. When Ali was defeated he committed himself to the Greek struggle for independence. After serving in the successful defense of the town of Missolonghi during the first siege in 1822-23, he led a band of Souliot guerrillas on the night of Aug. 21, 1823, in a bold attack on 4,000 Albanians encamped at Karpenissi.

The Albanians were routed but Botsaris, who had proved to be a brilliant strategist, got killed. His command of the Souliotes passed to Lord Byron, who formed 50 of them into a personal bodyguard at Missolonghi.

BYRON, George Gordon, 6th Baron (1788-1824)

British Romantic poet of comprehensive sexual preferences. Amazing curriculum vitae. Currently a legend.

He was born with a clubfoot and developed an extreme sensitivity to his lameness. In 1798, at the age of 10, he unexpectedly inherited the title and estates of his great-uncle William, the 5th Baron Byron. His mother took him to England and in 1801 shipped him off to Harrow. At fifteen he fell in love with his cousin, Mary Chaworth, who was older and already engaged. When she rejected him Byron appointed her the one and only symbol of idealized love. However, not wasting his time, he was delighted to meet Augusta Byron, his half sister from his father's first marriage.

In 1805 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he piled up debts, indulged in the conventional vices of undergraduates, and experienced "a violent, though pure, love and passion" for a young chorister, John Edleston. In 1806 his early poems were privately printed in a volume entitled *Fugitive Pieces.* The same year he formed a close friendship with John Cam Hobhouse.

His first published volume of poetry, *Hours of Idleness*, appeared in 1807. A sarcastic critique of the book in *The Edinburgh Review* provoked his retaliation in 1809 with a couplet satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. This work gained him his first recognition. On reaching his majority in 1809, Byron took his seat in the House of Lords, and then embarked with Hobhouse on a grand tour. They sailed to Lisbon, crossed Spain and, via Gibraltar and Malta, proceeded to Greece, where they ventured inland to Ioánnina and to Tepelene, Ali Pasha's birthplace in Albania. In Greece he began *Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage*, which he continued in Athens. In March 1810 he sailed with Hobhouse for Constantinoupolis, visited the site of Troy, and swam the Hellespont in imitation of Leander. For reasons easy to guess his sojourn in Greece made a lasting impression on him.

He arrived back in London in July 1811. He made his first speech in the House of Lords in February 1812 and, at the beginning of March, the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* were published. Byron "woke to find himself famous." He was lionized in Whig society and swept into a liaison with Lady Caroline Lamb. The scandal of an elopement was barely prevented by his friend Hobhouse. Whereupon Byron was consoled by Lady Oxford but, apparently, not enough.

In the summer of 1813 further consolation was provided by his half sister Augusta, now married to Colonel George Leigh. But, once again, not enough. Byron was therefore obliged to carry on a simultaneous flirtation with Lady Frances Webster. The complications arising out of these two affairs are reflected in four gloomy tales *The Giaour* (1813); *The Bride of Abydos* (1813), *The Corsair* (1814), and *Lara* (1814). Seeking to fight fire with fire, Byron proposed in September 1814 to Annabella Milbanke. The marriage took place in

January 1815, and Lady Byron gave birth to a daughter, Augusta Ada, in December 1815. For obvious reasons, the marriage was doomed. In January 1816 Annabella left him to live with her parents. Three months later Byron left England, never to return.

He sailed up the Rhine into Switzerland and settled at Geneva, near Percy Bysshe Shelley, Mary Godwin, and Godwin's stepdaughter by a second marriage, Claire Clairmont. Never missing a chance, Byron had begun an affair with Claire back in England and was delighted to see her again. In his spare time he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold* and, after a visit to the Bernese Oberland, he was inspired to compose *Manfred*. At the end of the summer the Shelley party left for England, where Claire gave birth to Byron's illegitimate daughter Allegra. In October Byron and Hobhouse departed for Italy. They stopped in Venice and Byron loved it. He felt perfectly at home in refined Italian licentiousness and, never missing a chance, carried on an affair with Marianna Segati, his landlord's wife. Byron was obviously not a snob.

In May he joined Hobhouse in Rome, gathering impressions that he recorded in a fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. He also wrote *Beppo*, a poem that satirically contrasts Italian with English manners. In Rome, Margarita Cogni, a baker's wife, replaced Segati as his mistress. The point deserves repeating: Byron was not a snob. Meanwhile, the sale of Newstead Abbey in the autumn of 1818 for 94,500 pounds cleared him of his debts and left him with a generous income. It was now that he started composing his greatest poem, *Don Juan*, a satire in the form of a picaresque verse tale which remained unfinished; Byron completed 16 cantos and had begun the 17th before his illness and death.

In 1818 Shelley and other visitors to Rome found Byron grown fat, with hair long and turning gray, looking older than his years, and sunk in sexual promiscuity. A chance meeting with Countess Teresa Gamba Guiccioli, who was 19 and married to a man nearly three times her age, changed the course of his life. He followed her to Ravenna, and she later accompanied him back to Venice.

Byron returned to Ravenna in January 1820 and won the friendship of Teresa's father and brother, Counts Ruggero and Pietro Gamba, who initiated him into the secret society of the Carbonari who aimed to free Italy from Austrian rule. In Ravenna he wrote *The Prophecy of Dante*; cantos III, IV, and V of *Don Juan*; the poetic dramas *Marino Faliero, Sardanapalus, The Two Foscari, and Cain* (all published in 1821); plus a satire on the poet Robert Southey, *The Vision of Judgment*, which contains a devastating parody of that poet laureate's fulsome eulogy of King George III. Today all this stuff sounds unbearably florid but way back then it sold like hotcakes.

Byron arrived in Pisa in November 1821, having followed Teresa and the Counts Gamba after the latter were expelled from Ravenna for un-Austrian activities. He left his daughter Allegra to be educated in a convent near Ravenna, where she died the following April. In Pisa Byron again became associated with Shelley, and in early summer of 1822 they all went to Livorno, where Byron leased a villa near Shelley's house on the Bay of Lerici. There in July the poet and essayist Leigh Hunt arrived from England to help Shelley and Byron edit a radical journal, *The Liberal*.

Despite the drowning of Shelley on July 8, the periodical went forward, and its first number contained *The Vision of Judgment*. At the end of September Byron moved to Genoa, where Teresa's family had found asylum. Byron's interest in the periodical gradually waned, but he continued to support Hunt and to give manuscripts to *The Liberal*. By now he was getting bored with the domesticity of life with Teresa. In April 1823 he agreed to act as agent of the London Committee, which had been formed to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence.

In July 1823 Byron left Genoa for Cephalonia. He sent 4,000 pounds of his own money to prepare the Greek fleet for sea service and then sailed for Missolonghi on December 29 to join Aléxandros Mavrokordátos. Romantically inclined or, in other words, being a complete fool, he tried to unite the various Greek factions and took personal command of a brigade of Souliot soldiers. But a serious illness in February 1824 weakened him, and in April he contracted the fever from which he died on April 19.

Deeply mourned, he became a symbol of disinterested patriotism and a Greek national hero of the first magnitude. His body was brought back to England. It was refused burial in Westminster Abbey and placed in the family vault near Newstead. A memorial to Byron was placed on the floor of Westminster Abbey 145 years after his death. Once again the British put the right man in the right place.

CAPODISTRIA, Ioannis (1776-1831)

Greek politician. Honest, hard-working and utterly certain he was God Himself.

Son of Count Antonio Capo d'Istria. Born in Corfu when the island was still under the Venetians. Studied at Padua and entered government service. In 1799 Russia and Turkey drove out of Corfu the French (who had acquired the Ionian Islands shortly after their bloody Revolution for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity) and organized the islands into the "Septinsular Republic". Capodistria participated in writing the Republic's constitution and became its secretary of state in 1803.

In 1807, France regained control of the islands and in 1809 Capodistria entered the Russian foreign service. As an expert on Balkan affairs he was posted in 1812 with the commander of Russia's armed forces on the lower Danube River. When the army marched north to oppose Napoleon's invasion of Russia, he was assigned to the General Staff and was later sent by the Czar on a special mission to Switzerland.

In 1815, after attending the Congress of Vienna as one of Russia's representatives, he became an adviser to the Czar, and, in early 1816, was given equal responsibility (with Karl Robert Nesselrode), for the conduct of Russia's foreign policy.

Not mindful of his career development, he expressed doubts about the Holy Alliance. He also objected to Russia's approval of Austria's suppression of the revolts in Naples and Piedmont. None of the above endeared him to Metternich who used his influence over Alexander to undermine Capodístrias' position. When Alexander refused to support the Greek war of independence, Capodistria (who had earlier declined to head the Filiki Etairia), found himself in a difficult position. In 1822, he took leave of absence from the

Russian service and settled in Geneva. From there he supplied material and moral assistance to the Greek rebels and urged them to keep him in mind.

They did so and, in April 1827, he was elected Governor of Greece.

Resigning from the Russian service, he toured Europe seeking financial and diplomatic support for Greece. He arrived at Nafplion in January 1828. He negotiated with Great Britain, France and Russia over the settlement of Greek frontiers and the selection of a monarch. On the side, he became leader of a pro-Russian party and tried to centralize government authority in his own hands. Adept at creating enemies everywhere, he contributed to uprisings, to extensive fratricide and to his own assassination.

CHURCH, Sir Richard (1785-1873)

British soldier of Irish extraction. Sincere philhellene, poor commander, good man.

Second son of a Quaker merchant, he ran away from school to join the army. Became an ensign in the 13th Light Infantry and served under Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt in 1801. Accompanied the expedition to the Ionian Islands in 1809 and met Theódoros Kolokotrónis and other Greeks in exile. Sympathetic toward Greek independence, he obtained permission to form two Greek regiments in English pay. The regiments were soon disbanded. Pleaded in vain the Greek cause both in London and at the Congress of Vienna.

In March 1827, went to Greece to fight and was appointed commander in chief of the Greek forces. In 1829, after campaigning in western Greece, he resigned his command because he opposed the government of Capodistria. He was later appointed confidential adviser to Sir Edmund Lyons, first British ambassador to Greece. Became totally hellenized, settled in Greece and is buried there.

COCHRANE, Thomas, 10th Earl of Dundonald (1775-1860)

British sailor. Useless commander and more avaricious than the average Scotsman.

Eldest son of the 9th earl, whose scientific experiments impoverished his family. In 1793 joined the ship commanded by his uncle, Alexander Cochrane, and served on other ships during the Napoleonic wars. Elected member of Parliament in 1806 and 1807. Led a fire ship attack on the French fleet in April 1809, but the fruits of his courage were thrown away by the commander in chief, Admiral James Gambier. Cochrane's ill-advised criticisms of Gambier resulted in the latter's court-martial, at which he was acquitted. This, together with Cochrane's unpopularity in government circles because of his demands for parliamentary and naval reform, resulted in his not being employed again at sea.

In February 1814 he got involved in a scheme to make money on the stock exchange by spreading false rumors about the abdication of Napoleon I. In the trial that followed he was sentenced to prison, expelled from Parliament, and deprived of the order of the Bath, which had been awarded to him for his exploit in 1809.

In May 1817 he accepted the invitation of Chile to command its fleet in the war of independence against Spain. His capture of the Spanish flagship Esmeralda in Calla contributed to the independence of Chile and Peru. From 1823 to 1825 he sold his services to Brazil in its war against Portugal. Soon after his return to Europe he was hired by the Greeks to be their admiral-in-chief.

He failed and left Greece in a hurry.

At home he campaigned for his reinstatement in the navy, which he achieved in 1832, the year after he succeeded his father as earl of Dundonald. From 1848 to 1851 he commanded the American and West Indies station. He died in 1860 and was buried in Westminster Abbey because Britain always puts the right man at the right place.

DIAKOS, Athanassios (1788-1821)

Greek soldier. Currently a legend, possibly because he died too young.

Studied for priesthood in a monastery. Killed a Turk who tried to seduce him and fled to the mountains. Served with Odysseas in Ali Pasha's bodyguard. Member of the Filiki Etairia. Recruited troops at the outbreak of the Revolution. Opposed Turkish forces moving south at the bridge of Alamana. Was captured and roasted alive on a spit.

DRAMALI PASHA (-- 1822)

Turkish soldier. Governor of Drama and mediocre commander.

Led expedition into the Peloponnesus in 1822. Disastrous defeat at the Battle of Dervenakia. Died in Corinth three months later.

FABVIER, Charles Nicole Baron (1782-1855)

French soldier. Good man, too honest for Greece.

Distinguished himself in the Napoleonic Wars. Came to Greece in 1823 and took part in the defense of Methoni and Koroni. Undertook to organize the regular army. In December 1826 entered the Acropolis of Athens with 500 regular troops while Kioutahi Pasha was besieging the castle. Did not like Capodistria and returned to France in August 1829.

FERRAIOS, Rigas 1757-1798

Greek poet and propagandist of the Revolution. Too passionate for his own good. Currently a legend.

A Hellenized Vlach from Thessaly who not only dreamt about but actually planned an armed revolt against the Turks. Having served a number of Phanariot hospodars in the Danubian principalities, he spent part of the 1790s in Vienna where he was inspired by the French Revolution to compose revolutionary tracts that would stimulate a Pan-Balkan

uprising against the Ottomans. These included a "Declaration of the Rights of Man" and a "New Political Constitution of the Inhabitants of Roumeli, Asia Minor, the Islands of the Aegean, and the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia." The latter proposed the establishment of what would have been a revived Byzantine Empire. However, this would be an empire where monarchical institutions would be replaced by republican innovations in the French style.

His insistence on the cultural superiority of the Greeks, and on the use of the Greek language, meant that his schemes had limited interest for the other nations in the Balkan Peninsula. At any event, his visions never materialized. He was betrayed by a fellow Greek to the Habsburg authorities, who handed him and a few of his associates to the Ottomans. In the summer of 1708 the Turks strangled him in Belgrade.

FRANCIS II (1768-1835), Holy Roman Emperor (1792-1806), Emperor of Austria (1804-1835), King of Hungary (1792-1830), King of Bohemia (1792-1835)

Stubborn ruler and, even counting Alexander I, the best friend Metternich ever had.

Son of emperor Leopold II and Maria Luisa of Spain, which, if you think about it, is a scary combination of genes .

Ascending to the throne in 1792, he was faced by a continent shaken by the French Revolution. Viscerally against constitutionalism in any shape or form, he was a major player in the first coalition war against France (1792-97), sometimes taking the field himself. Had to accept the 1797 Treaty of Campo Formio, by which he lost Lombardy and the left bank of the Rhine. Again defeated by France in 1799-1801, he promoted Austria to be an empire when he heard that Napoleon had promoted himself emperor of the French.

In 1805 took the field against Napoleon for the third time and was again defeated. Whereupon Napoleon dissolved the Holy Roman Empire which, as everyone knows, was never Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire. Francis didn't mind too much. He had already taken the precaution of appointing himself Emperor of Austria and saw nothing wrong in abdicating the title of Holy Roman Emperor in 1806.

In 1809, fought his fourth war against Napoleon. Lost again and, this time, paid a particularly high price. He despised the Corsican upstart but had to accept him as a son-in-law. However, prices are prices and principles principles. Francis, never giving up, was present and accounted for at many of the battles of 1813-14, which finally destroyed Napoleon.

After the 1815 Congress of Vienna, he supported Metternich with all his heart. The remainder of his reign was sweet. He enjoyed himself by repressing liberalism. Also by restoring the Catholic Church in general and the Society of Jesus in particular to the level of power they commanded under Joseph II.

Married four times, he produced twelve children. Died happily in his bed. Presently rests in a pretty sarcophagus designed by Pietro Nobile in the Kaisergruft of the Kapuzinerkirche. It's just a few blocks away from the Kärtnerstrasse that used to be such an elegant thoroughfare now, alas, no more.

FRANTZIS, Amvrosios (1778-1851)

Greek historian. A perfectly ordinary liar.

GOGOS Bakolas

Greek soldier. Brave and honest man.
Served Ali Pasha as armatolos of Valtos and Xeromero. Uncle of Karaiskakis.

GORDON, Thomas (1788-1841)

Scots soldier. Sincere philhellene and good writer.

In Marseilles in 1821 loaded a ship with ammunition and sailed it to Greece where he organized the first regular battalion and assisted in the siege of Tripolis. Horrified by Greek behavior after the city was taken he withdrew. In 1826, when Imbrahim was making things difficult for Greece, Gordon went back into the fight. Took part in the Pireas campaign and was again horrified when the Greeks massacred the Turks who had surrendered at the Monastery of Aghios Spiridhonas. Enjoyed high prestige because the Greeks respected his bravery, military talents and sensitivity. Taking this into account, Armansperg asked him to eliminate banditry in Central Greece. Gordon did it but soon thereafter collided with Armansperg and left Greece for good. Author of the two-volume History of the Greek Revolution which stops with the arrival of Capodistria. He intended to continue but unfortunately did not. This is the best account written by a contemporary on the War of Independence.

GOURAS, Ioannis (1791-1826)

Greek soldier. Brave warrior. Vacillating and, sometimes, despicable man.

Lieutenant of Odysseas Androutsos. Commander of the Athens garrison in 1822. Made friends with Koletis, engineered the arrest of Odysseas in 1825 and subsequently murdered him. Killed fighting during the siege of the Acropolis in 1826.

GRIVAS, Theodoros (1797-1862)

Greek soldier. Not a team-player. Enjoyed insurrections too much.

Fought at Peta and Missolonghi. Loyal follower of Kolokotronis during the civil wars. Repressed one uprising in 1835 and started another in 1847. Exiled to the Ionian Islands. Raised a band of irregulars and fought the Turks in Epirus. Prime instigator of the movement to overthrow Otto.

GRIVAS, Gardikiotis (-1855)

Greek soldier. Brother of the above. Model team-player.

Ottonian loyalist, he participated enthusiastically in the suppression of his brother's mutiny.

HEIDECK, Karl Wilhelm von (1788-1861)

Bavarian soldier and amateur painter. Not spectacularly bright.

Napoleonic Wars, 1805-1809. Volunteer for Army in Spain. Sent by Louis of Bavaria to Greece in 1826 and trained Greek regular army after Fabvier's resignation. Resigned in 1828 for health reasons. Returned in 1833 as member of the Regency Council. Returned to Bavaria in 1837.

IMBRAHIM PASHA (1789-1848)

Egyptian mover and shaker. Intelligent, persistent and ambitious.

Born in Kavala, son of Mehmet Ali, viceroy of Egypt. Joined his father in Egypt in 1805 and made governor of Cairo. In 1816-18 commanded an army against the Wahhabite rebels in Arabia. Expedition to the Sudan in 1821-22. Subsequently trained the Egyptian army along European lines. In 1824 commanded the expedition to Greece. Subdued the Peloponnesus and made possible the fall of Missolonghi. The British, French, and Russian victory at the Battle of Navarino compelled him to withdraw.

In 1831-32, after a disagreement between Mehmet Ali and Mahmud II, he led an Egyptian army through Palestine and defeated an Ottoman army at Homs. He then forced the Bailan Pass, crossed the Taurus and gained a decisive victory at Konya in December 1832. By the Convention of Kütahya, signed on May 4, 1833, Syria and Adana were ceded to Egypt, and Ibrahim became governor-general of the two provinces. At Damascus, he established a council of notables and suppressed the feudal regime. Sultan Mahmud resented the Egyptian occupation and an Ottoman army invaded Syria in 1839. On June 24, Ibrahim won his last and greatest victory at Nizip and the Ottoman fleet deserted to Egypt.

Fearing the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire, the European powers negotiated the Treaty of London in July 1840, by which Mehmet Ali forfeited Syria and Adana in return for the hereditary rule of Egypt. British naval forces threatened the Egyptians, who evacuated the occupied territories in the winter of 1840-41.

In 1848 Mehmet Ali went insane and Ibrahim became viceroy. He ruled for 40 days and then died.

IPSILANDIS, Dimitrios (1793-1832)

Greek soldier. Brave warrior and honest man.

Took part in innumerable battles, including Petra, the very last engagement of the war. Torrid love affair with Manto Mavrogenous but he got tired of her. She continued to chase after him until the day of his death.

KAIRIS, Theofilos (1784-1853)

Greek philosopher and theologian. Should never have gone into teaching.

Studied in Pisa and Paris. Member of the Filiki Etairia. Established a school in Andros and taught Theosevia, a novel religious theory. Campaigned for better clerical education. Persecuted by the Holy Synod. Was subsequently allowed to go abroad. Returned after 1844, tried for heresy and imprisoned. Died in jail and was rehabilitated posthumously.

KALERGIS, Dimitrios (1803-1867)

Greek soldier. Brave and extremely ambitious.

Military leader of the September Third uprising. Later apologized to Otto for the role he played. At one subsequent point, virtual dictator of Greece. Exiled in 1845, returned in 1848 and tried unsuccessfully to instigate a revolution. In 1854 was appointed minister in the cabinet of Aléxandros Mavrokordátos but was forced by Otto to resign in October 1855. Responsible for taking Makriyiannis out of prison.

KALIFRONAS, Dimitrios (1805-1897)

Greek politician. Model of unreliability.

Mayor of Athens and Minister. Took careful part in the September Third uprising and in the expulsion of Otto.

KANARIS, Konstantinos (1790-1877)

Greek sailor. Brave, intelligent and modest. Currently a legend.

During the war he contributed his own ship to the fleet of the Greek navy. Became famous for his use of fire ships. On June 18, 1822, off the island of Chios, he blew up the Ottoman flagship and so harassed the enemy fleet that it retreated to the Dardanelles. In November 1822 he destroyed another large Turkish ship at Tenedos. Though unable to save his home island of Psara, which fell to the Turks in June 1824, he burned or sank several Turkish ships off Samos and Lesbos and harassed and delayed the Egyptian squadrons, whose objective was Crete. His audacious attempt to burn Muhammad 'Ali's

Egyptian fleet at Alexandria in August 1825 failed at the last moment because of a contrary wind.

A retiring man, he played little part in the fratricide during the war of independence. After the war he was associated with the opposition to Otto, though he served as prime minister in 1848-49. Member of the provisional government that deposed Otto in 1861, after which he was one of the three regents until 1863. Prime minister from April to May 1864 and from August 1864 to February 1865. He came back from retirement to preside over the ministry formed during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 and died in office.

KARAISKAKIS, Georgios (1780-1827)

Greek soldier. Great strategist and equally great schemer. Currently a legend.

Son of a nun by a chieftain. Served in Ali's bodyguard (1808-20) but was on the Turkish side when the pasha was defeated and killed in February 1822. Did little fighting at the beginning of the Revolution because he and Mavrokordatos hated one another. Appointed Commander-in-Chief for Central Greece after the fall of Missolonghi. Won a series of victories against tremendous odds. Killed in action during the Pireas Campaign.

KARATASSOS, (1764-1830)

Greek soldier. Brave and honorable man.

Born and raised in Macedonia. Went south in 1821 and took part in the revolutionary war.

KARATASSOS, Tsamis (1798-1861)

Greek soldier. Son of the above. Unreliable creature.

Commander-in-Chief of the Macedonia uprising in 1854.

KARPOS — Polykarpos Papadopoulos

Greek schemer.

Trained in Russia first as a priest and then as an agent-provocateur. Went to Greece, attached himself to Odysseas and did him much damage. After Odysseas' murder appointed himself his historian.

KHURSIT PASHA (- 1822)

Turkish soldier. Neither a gentleman nor a scholar.

Suppressed revolutions in Syria, Serbia and Montenegro. Commanded operations against Ali Pasha. Accused of embezzling Ali's treasury, he committed suicide.

KIOUTAHI PASHA (1801-)

Turkish soldier. Fine commander and honorable man.

Generalissimo of Central Greece from 1825. Assisted by Imbrahim Pasha, he captured Missolonghi in 1826. Besieged the Acropolis of Athens in 1827. Distinguished himself in Russo-Turkish War. Defeated and taken prisoner by Imbrahim Pasha during the Turko-Egyptian War of 1832.

KLEOMENIS, Ioannis

Greek scoundrel.

Typical bureaucrat -- well-connected and dishonorable. Director of the Province of Attiki.

KOLETIS, Ioannis (1774-1847)

Greek politician and arch-scoundrel.

Leader of the French faction. Smooth, honey-tongued, devious, avaricious, treacherous and deadly. Studied medicine at Pisa. Personal physician of Ali Pasha. Delegate for Epirus in First National Assembly of 1821. Minister of the Interior in 1822. Minister of War under Capodistria. Minister of the Marine and Army under Otto. Ambassador to Paris (1840-1843) where he charmed high society, to say nothing about the Marquise de Puyzeron who presented him with an illegitimate daughter. Prime Minister 1844-1847. Died in his bed because crime does pay.

KOLOKOTRONIS, Theodoros (1770-1843)

Greek soldier. Brilliant but erratic commander. Currently a legend.

Served as officer in British Ionian army. Returned to the Peloponnesus in 1821. Defeated Dramali Pasha in 1822 and appointed supreme commander. Mutinied against Government 1823-1824, arrested and imprisoned. Released in 1825 to organize resistance against Imbrahim Pasha. Ineffective campaigns between 1825 and 1827. In 1828 he supported Capodístria and became one of the leaders of the pro-Russian party. Opposed the Bavarian Regency, was condemned to death in 1834 and then pardoned by Otto.

KOLOKOTRONIS, Yennaios

Greek soldier. Son of the above. Pushy, grabby, and the perfect valet.

Fanatical lackey of Capodistria. Aide-de-camp of Otto. Put down the Papoulakos insurrection. Made a Senator. Fanatical lackey of Otto. Last Prime Minister of Otto. Attempted in vain to save the King's throne. After Otto's expulsion migrated to Italy.

KOUNDOURIOTIS, Georgios (1782-1858)

Greek shipowner and politician. Good man.

President of the Executive Committee 1824. Vice-President under Capodistria 1828. Member of the Constitutionalist Government against Agustino Capodistria in 1831. Prime Minister 1845. President of the Senate.

KOUNDOURIOTIS, Ioannis

Greek soldier.

Made friends with Makriyiannis during the siege of the Acropolis.

KRIEZIS, Antonios (1796-1855)

Greek sailor and politician. Good and brave man.

Commander of a squadron maintained at his own expense during the Revolution. Minister of the Navy, 1836-1843. Prime Minister after the death of Koletis, 1849-1854. Forced to resign because the Crimean War required a Greek government that would follow Franco-English instructions.

KRIEZOTIS, Nikolaos (1785-1853)

Greek soldier. Good man caught in a game he couldn't fathom.

Defeated Omer Vrioni in 1822. Served under Karaiskakis. In the siege of the Acropolis during 1826-1827. Constitutionalist in 1843. Took part in the rebellion of 1847, had to flee the country and died in Turkey.

LOUIS I (1786-1868), King of Bavaria (1825-1848)

Theoretical liberal and thoroughly muddled man.

Eldest son of King Maximilian I. Fervent German nationalist as a youth. Served reluctantly at Napoleon's headquarters in the wars against Prussia and Russia (1806-07) and Austria (1809). Later, he headed the anti-French party in Bavaria and unsuccessfully advocated at the Congress of Vienna the return of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany. The liberal Bavarian constitution of 1818 bears his stamp and he resisted repeatedly the demands of Metternich for basic changes in that document. Very conservative in church questions, he opposed his father's secularization of Catholic monasteries although he did not mind the secularization of Orthodox ones in Greece.

Popular on his accession, he quickly disappointed his subjects. Feuded with the Diet and came to distrust all democratic institutions. The Öttingen-Wallerstein ministry (1831-37) was a shift to the right, and the subsequent government under Karl von Abel (from 1837 onwards) followed a strictly reactionary and clericalist course.

An enthusiastic patron of the arts, he collected works that subsequently formed the nucleus of Munich's Glyptothek and Alte Pinakothek. Romantically philhellene, he filled Munich with Greek-style buildings, gave scholarships to many Greeks and sent money for the war of independence. Immensely pleased when his son Otto was elected King of Greece, he extracted out of the Powers the promise that the Greeks would not be granted a Constitution. He therefore became his son's political gravedigger.

Sensitive to all forms of beauty, he had zero resistance to feminine charms. In 1848, he was forced to abdicate in favor of his son Maximilian II largely because of the influence upon him of the blue eyes of Lola Montez.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE (1773-1850), King of the French (1830-1848)

Pathetic creature, world-class vacillator, also known as the Citizen King.

Eldest son of Louis-Philippe Joseph de Bourbon-Orléans and Adélaïde de Bourbon-Penthièvre. On the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789, he joined the group of misguided and/or ambitious nobles who supported the Revolutionary government and became a member of the Jacobin Club.

When France went to war with Austria in April 1792, he joined the Army of the North, receiving a commission as lieutenant general. In April 1793, he joined his commander, Charles-François Dumouriez, in deserting to the Austrians. Sought refuge in Switzerland and taught under an assumed name at the college at Reichenau. Became Duke d'Orléans on the execution of his father by the Jacobin government in November 1793. After living in the United States for more than two years, he returned to Europe. In England he realized there was no hope of rallying opposition to Napoleon. Consequently, he reconciled the house of Orléans with the elder branch of the Bourbon family.

After a long residence at Twickenham in England, he joined the Neapolitan royal family at Palermo in 1809 and married Marie-Amélie, a daughter of King Ferdinand IV. Returned to France on the First Restoration of Louis XVIII (1814) and regained possession of that portion of the Orléans estates that had not been sold after his emigration. When Napoleon seized power in March 1815, he fled to England. After the Second Restoration in July 1815, he joined the liberal opposition.

In 1830 Charles X's attempt to enforce repressive ordinances touched off the July rebellion. This was Louis-Philippe's chance to grab power. He was elected lieutenant general of the kingdom on July 31, two days before Charles abdicated. On August 9 Louis-Philippe accepted the crown.

The revolution was a victory of the upper bourgeoisie over the aristocracy. Accordingly, the new ruler styled himself Louis-Philippe, King of the French, instead of Philip VII, King of France. Consolidated his power by steering a middle course between the extreme monarchists and socialists. Numerous rebellions and attempts on his life caused him to resort to repressive measures and by the late 1830s his opponents had been either silenced or driven underground.

The industrial and agricultural depression of 1846 aroused widespread discontent at a time when he had already embittered the lower bourgeoisie by refusing to extend to them the franchise. Faced with an insurrection by proletarian and middle-class elements, he abdicated on February 24, 1848, and withdrew to Surrey in England, where he died.

LYONS, Sir Edmund (1790-1858)

British sailor and diplomat. Wondrously slippery.

Served in the Mediterranean fleet. Excellent relations with Capodistria. Brought Otto to Greece and became such good friends with him that Otto had him appointed British Ambassador in Athens. For as long as Armansperg was in power Lyons was a strong supporter of Greece. When Armansperg was fired he was not.

From Athens, Lyons was transferred to Vienna and then to Stockholm. Recalled to active duty when the Crimean War broke out he was promoted to admiral, raised to the peerage and given command of the Navy. Sole example of a sailor becoming a diplomat and then, after twenty years, becoming a sailor again. He used every transformation to the best advantage.

LONDOS, Andreas (1789-1846)

Greek politician. Shifty scoundrel unable to refuse himself anything.

Bosom friend of Lord Byron some of whose tastes he shared enthusiastically. Bankrupted by a music-hall singer, he committed suicide. The Church did not allow that his corpse be buried in consecrated ground. For once, the Church did the right thing.

MAHMUD II (1785-1839), Ottoman Sultan (1808-1839)

Able ruler and tough man. Savior of the Ottoman Empire.

Brought to the throne in July 1808 by a coup led by Bayrakdar Mustafa Pasha. Before the year was out the Janissaries revolted and killed Bayrakdar. This delayed until the mid-1820s the reform program the Sultan had in mind.

Early in his reign Mahmud faced erosion of his empire in the Balkans. The war with Russia, which had continued fitfully after a truce in 1807, was ended by the 1812 Treaty of Bucharest, ceding the province of Bessarabia to Russia. By 1815, Serbia was virtually autonomous and a Greek independence movement was stirring. The Greeks rebelled in 1821 and Mahmud, who could not subdue them on his own, sought the expert assistance of Mehmet Ali, viceroy of Egypt.

Ottoman authority in Greece had been partly restored when the combined British, French, and Russian fleets destroyed the Ottoman fleet in the Bay of Navarino in October 1827. Mahmud declared a holy war against the infidels but the Ottomans were defeated in the Russo-Turkish War of 1828-29, and he had to acknowledge Greek independence in 1830.

Earlier in the year, Mahmud had agreed to appoint Mehmet Ali as governor of Syria and Tarsus in return for his services against the Greeks. A year later Mehmet Ali demanded the promised governorship. When Mahmud refused, Egyptian forces invaded Syria, captured Damascus and Aleppo, routed the Ottoman army at Konya and advanced on Constantinoupolis. Mahmud sought British aid, but -- with France supporting Egypt -- Great Britain regretfully declined. The Sultan turned to Russia, which sent its fleet to the Bosporus and signed a treaty of mutual defense in July 1833. Six years later, Mahmud sent his army against the Egyptians in Syria but was defeated at Nizip on June 24, 1839, a few days before his death.

Military defeats and separatist revolts had convinced Mahmud of the need for reforms in his army and administration. In 1826 he massacred the Janissary corps. In 1831, he abolished military fiefs granted to cavalrymen and then created a new army, trained by German instructors. Among his administrative reforms, he adopted the cabinet system of government, provided for a census and a land survey, and inaugurated a postal service. He introduced compulsory primary education, opened a medical school, and sent students to Europe. In addition, he abolished the sultan's right to confiscate the property of deceased officials and introduced European dress.

A great ruler, he tried to shake his dominions awake. His reforms consolidated the Ottoman Empire despite defeats in wars and losses of territory. Without him, there would have been no Turkey today.

MAMOURIS, Ioannis (1797-1867)

Greek soldier. Another example, after Koletis, that crime does pay.

Cousin and ally of Gouras. Fought in Eastern Greece. Came to Athens with Odysseas and Gouras. Bled the Athenians white. Ottonian loyalist, he took part in the suppression of the 1847 rebellion. Ended up a millionaire.

MAVROKORDATOS, Alexandros (1791-1865)

Greek politician. Typical Fanariot product -- polite, educated, slippery, weasely, ambitious, and totally unfamiliar with patriotism.

Landed in Missolonghi from Pisa in 1821. Detested Karaiskakis and did much to neutralize him.. President of the Senate. Secretary-General of the Executive Committee in 1824. Leader of the English Party. Repeatedly Ambassador. Prime Minister 1843, 1844 and 1854 when, during the Crimean War, Britain needed a Greek Government that did as it was told.

MAVROMIHALIS, Georgios Bezandes (1800-1831)

Greek soldier. Brave man.

Son of Petros. Member of the Filiki Etairia and revolutionary leader. Welcomed Capodistria to Greece but soon came to detest him. Persecuted and imprisoned together with his uncle Konstantinos with whom he subsequently assassinated Capodistria. He was tried and executed.

MAVROMIHALIS, Ioannis

Greek soldier. Brave man.

Son of Petros. Killed at Neokastron in 1825.

MAVROMIHALIS, Konstantinos

Greek soldier. Brave man.

Brother of Petros. Distinguished himself in the War of Independence. Assassinated Capodistria and was lynched by the crowd.

MAVROMIHALIS, Petros (1765-1848)

Greek soldier and politician. Brave man.

Entitled "Bey" in 1816. Captured Kalamata on March 23, 1821 — two days before the official date of the Declaration of Greek Independence. Successfully repelled Imbrahim Pasha from Mani between 1825 and 1827. Did not get along with Capodistria who put him in jail. Became State Counselor under Otto.

MEHMET ALI PASHA (1769-1849), Viceroy of Egypt (1808-1848)

A stupor mundi of sorts.

Albanian, born in Kavala. His father, Ibrahim Agha, commander of a small military force maintained by the governor of Kavala, died when Mehmet Ali was a boy, and he was brought up by the governor. At 18 he was married to one of the governor's relatives, who became the mother of five of Mehmet Ali's 95 children. He got involved in the tobacco trade, which may account for his later interest in commerce.

In 1798 Egypt, a semi-autonomous province of the Ottoman Empire at the time, was occupied by Napoleon. Mehmet Ali went there as part of an Ottoman expeditionary force to oppose the French and stayed on after the French left.

Staged a coup in 1805 and was appointed viceroy of Egypt. The three-year French occupation (1798-1801) disrupted the country's political and economic structure. Continuing what the French began, Mehmet Ali put an end to Egypt's traditional society. He eliminated the Mamelukes, expropriated the old landholding classes, turned the religious class into

pensioners of the government, restricted the activities of native merchant and artisan groups, neutralized the Bedouins, and crushed all movements of rebellion among the peasants.

To strengthen his position and increase his revenues, he instituted sweeping changes. By 1815 most of Egypt's agricultural land had been converted into state land, with the profits going to the ruler. He improved Egypt's irrigation system, introduced cotton, and reorganized the government to insure strict control of the economy. He also attempted to construct a modern industrial system. Disbanding his mercenary army, he created a fleet and army of Egyptians conscripted from the peasant class but commanded by Turks and others recruited from outside Egypt. He created Western-style schools to train doctors, engineers, veterinarians, and other specialists.

His efforts were not all successful. His industrial experiments failed because Egypt lacked sources of power, a native managerial class, and a trained working class. Even the agricultural sector declined because of mismanagement, excessive taxation, military conscription of the peasantry, and monopolization of trade. By the mid-1830s his plan to turn Egypt into a plantation for his own benefit was not working well. At the same time, his financial needs were increasing because of military expenditures.

He supported the Sultan in suppressing rebellions in Arabia and Greece. He invaded the Nilotic Sudan in search of recruits for his army and gold for his treasury. Victorious in all three campaigns (until European intervention in Greece caused the destruction of his fleet at Navarino in 1827), he felt strong enough to challenge the Sultan.

His first war against Constantinoupolis (1831-33) gained him control of Syria as far north as Adana. In the second war (1838-41) the decisive defeat of Ottoman troops at the Battle of Nizip (1839) and the desertion of the Ottoman fleet to Mehmet Ali led to intervention by the European powers which did not want the collapse of the Ottoman Empire.

In July 1840 Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia agreed to end Egyptian rule in Syria, shattering Mehmet Ali's hopes for greater independence from the Sultan. In 1841 he and his family were granted the hereditary right to rule Egypt and the Sudan, but his power was still subjected to restraints, and the Sultan's suzerain rights remained intact.

In 1848 he went insane and died the following year. Many of his reforms were abandoned after his death.

METAXAS, Andreas (1790-1860)

Typical Greek politician.

Leader of the Russian faction. Not as bad as Koletis but much like Mavrokordatos. Repeatedly Ambassador, Minister and Prime Minister.

METTERNICH-WINNEBURG-BEILSTEIN, Klemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar, FÜRST VON (1773-1859)

Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Archbishop of conservatism, Casanova class lover and more devious than Talleyrand.

In 1788 entered the University of Strasbourg to study diplomacy. It was like Genghis Khan attending West Point to study military science. In 1790 the spread of the French Revolution made him leave Strasbourg for the University of Mainz. In 1794 undertook a diplomatic mission to England, where he published a pamphlet calling for a general arming of the German people. Returned to Vienna and spent most of his time on natural, scientific, and medical studies, subjects which fascinated him throughout his life.

In September 1795 married the countess Eleonore Kaunitz, granddaughter of the former Austrian state chancellor Wenzel Anton, Graf von Kaunitz. This marriage opened the doors to Austrian high nobility and high office. In 1801 he was appointed Austrian minister to the Saxon court at Dresden. Serving as Austrian minister in Berlin after 1803, he failed to persuade Frederick William III to join Austria in the war of 1805 against France.

In 1806 he was Austria's extremely busy minister to France. Boyfriend of Napoleon's sister Caroline and of numerous other ladies of Parisian society. His bedroom antics and his carefully cultivated contacts with Talleyrand and the Russian envoy provided him with first-class information about French national and international policy. Nevertheless, he overestimated the impact of the Spanish rising of 1808 and his optimistic reports induced Austria to undertake the disastrous war of 1809. After the Battle of Wagram he tried to obtain favorable terms in the peace negotiations but Napoleon saw through him and refused to buy.

In October 1809, the emperor Francis appointed him minister of foreign affairs. Six days later the Treaty of Schönbrunn was signed with France. The respite desperately needed by Austria was purchased through the marriage of Napoleon to the archduchess Marie-Louise, daughter of Francis I. This marriage made it possible for Austria not to join the Confederation of the Rhine and not to became one of the client states of the Napoleonic system.

Hoping to promote Austria's internal development in 1811, Metternich wanted the state to be reorganized on federal lines instead of continuing under a centralized system. The emperor declined to go along. Meanwhile Metternich himself was modifying his own views. His earlier eagerness to arm the German nation against Napoleon was replaced by a strong dislike for all popular movements. On this point, he and the emperor were in complete agreement.

When Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812, Metternich obtained the status of an independent contingent for the Austrian forces under Prince Schwarzenberg that accompanied the French Army. Napoleon's disaster surprised Metternich but, always supple, he saw to it that Schwarzenberg concluded an indefinite armistice with the Russians on January 30, 1813. Aware of the inadequacy of Austria's armaments, he would not go to war on Russia's side. Instead, he trumpeted Austrian neutrality while secretly rearming.

When, later in 1813, Napoleon's victory at Bautzen stiffened French attitude, he mediated an armistice among France, Russia, and Prussia. Still, and to keep all bets covered, he undertook in the subsequent Treaty of Reichenbach of June 1813 to bring Austria into the war against France if Napoleon rejected peace terms.

By dominating negotiations with the French during the summer of 1813, he gained more time for rearming. At this point he was not interested in the annihilation of Napoleon. He was more worried about the Czar and feared that the collapse of France would place Europe at Russia's mercy. Napoleon's obstinacy precluded a settlement. When, in August 1813, Austria declared war on France, Metternich had won for his country the leadership both in the political and in the military field. In October 1813 he was rewarded with the hereditary title of prince.

The Congress of Vienna was the climax of Metternich's work.

He had precise ideas about the new European order but knew that he would have to modify them in the face of opposition by the princely mob that called themselves his allies. What he really wanted was to secure Austria's predominance by forming two confederations, one German and the other Italian, with Austria as the leading power in both. Within Germany, he proposed the creation of a hereditary German imperial title and felt that Austria and Prussia should share the task of protecting Germany's western frontier. Friendship with Prussia and Bavaria were fundamental conditions for success. With the support of the British foreign secretary, Lord Castlereagh, he sought to prevent the elimination of France, which he saw as a necessary counterweight against Russia. Likewise, he resisted the territorial aggrandizement of Russia and Prussia and objected to Prussia's plan to annex all of Saxony.

The congress was a splendid and extremely useful social affair. Never easing up on the festivities, he kept the attending monarchs in a mellow mood that made them disinclined to interfere with the real business on hand. Still, true to his nature, Metternich found time for amorous dalliance.

His genius notwithstanding, his plans did not fully succeed.

The German imperial project came to nothing because the emperor refused to support it. The Italian confederation did not materialize. When the German confederation did come into being in June 1815 it was based on a noncommittal federal act derived from a Bavarian compromise proposal. On the plus side, he achieved equality of status for France; obtained a reduction of the Prussian demands on Saxony; and blocked the excessive demands of Russia which was held in check by the common front of Austria, England, and France.

Things looked wonderful diplomatically but, politically, they were not. His moderation regarding France did produce a long-lasting European order and Austria's status in the German confederation was strengthened. However, the Austrian Emperor's refusal of the German imperial crown meant that Prussia, with equal status in the confederation, could neutralize Austria.

Within the Austrian Empire Metternich could not defuse potential revolutions by revitalizing the old historical regions and the privileges they once enjoyed. His attempt to

organize the Italian provinces according to historical principles was frustrated by the emperor who combined two incompatible regions into a "Lombardo-Venetian kingdom".

After the Congress of Vienna, the congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle (1818), Troppau (1820), Laibach (1821), and Verona (1822) were intended to preserve law and order in Europe.

The British put paid to these hopes. They insisted on the right of self-determination for the South American colonies in revolt against Spain and for the Greek insurgents against Turkey. After the death of the Czar in 1825 it looked like Metternich's influence on Russia would be no more but the July 1830 revolution in France, followed by insurrections in Belgium, Poland, and Germany, convinced Austria, Prussia, and Russia to stand together by his principles.

MIAOULIS, Andreas (1769-1835)

Greek sailor. Great warrior and good man but a bit naive. Currently a legend.

Admiral-in-Chief of Idhra, Spetsai and Psara. Although he enjoyed immense prestige because of his numerous victories he did not hesitate to accept the nomination of Lord Cochrane as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy and to become a mere captain. Good relations with Capodistria but not for long. In the civil war of 1833 he burned the Greek Fleet at Poros but was quickly forgiven by the Greeks. Otto appointed him to numerous high offices including Fleet Inspector General.

MIAOULIS, Athanassios (1815-1867)

Greek sailor and politician. Fifth son of Admiral Andreas Miaoulis. Not particularly bright.

Studied in the Munich Military Academy on a scholarship from King Louis of Bavaria. Served in the Royal Navy and in the Greek Navy. Subsequently aide-de-camp of Otto. Minister of the Navy in 1855 during the Voulgaris administration. Prime Minister when Voulgaris resigned. Loyal Ottonian but it was during his administration that popular insurrections multiplied to culminate in the Nafplion uprising. Miaoulis extinguished it but, immediately afterwards, resigned. Took no further part in politics.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE (1769-1821), Emperor of the French (1804-1815)

Laura Junot, better known as the Duchesse d'Abrantes, asserts that her roots were in Mani, that she was a Komnini, that there was a Greek colony in Corsica, that the Italians consistently italianized Greek family names, that the Mani family of Ιατρος migrated to Florence and was subsequently called Medici, and that Καλομερος, another Mani family which migrated to Corsica, was subsequently called Bonaparte. All this fortified by genealogical references.

In short, according to Laura, Napoleon's roots were in Mani.

Interesting but then again most things about Napoleon are interesting. What is really astonishing is not so much that a second lieutenant set out to rule the world but that he almost succeeded.

Born in Corsica, son of Carlo Buonaparte and Letizia Ramolino. Educated at Autun, at the military college of Brienne, and at the military academy in Paris. He was a short fellow and not a superlative student. In September 1785 graduated from the military academy, ranking 42nd in a class of 58, and made second lieutenant of artillery in the regiment of La Fère. His father had died six months earlier and Napoleon appointed himself head of the family. Garrisoned at Valence, he read much and wrote an insignificant little book entitled *Lettres sur la Corse*. Went back to Corsica in September 1786 and did not rejoin his regiment until June 1788. By that time the French Revolution was on its way.

Corsica had been ceded to France by Genoa shortly before Napoleon was born. Quite a few of the locals, inspired and led by Pasquale Paoli, resented and resisted the French presence. Napoleon's father was initially among the resisters but when things got tough and Paoli left the island, he saw the light and joined the French who gave him a nice job.

In 1789 the National Assembly allowed Paoli to return to Corsica. Right away, Napoleon asked for leave and in September joined Paoli's group. But Paoli had no sympathy for a young man whose father had deserted his cause and whom he considered to be no longer a Corsican but a Frenchman. Napoleon returned to France and in April 1791 was appointed first lieutenant to the 4th regiment of artillery, garrisoned at Valence. He sniffed the wind, joined the local Jacobin club, became its president, and made speeches against nobles, monks, and bishops.

In September 1791 he got leave to go back to Corsica for three months. Elected lieutenant colonel in the Corsican national guard, he quickly fell out with Paoli, its commander-in-chief. Being a good Corsican is very much like being a good Hapsburg or a good Maniatis – you neither forget nor forgive. Paoli, an excellent Corsican, could neither forget the sin of the father nor forgive the son for having such a father. Napoleon, who was in a class by himself, could not take Corsican, Hapsburg or Mani traditions seriously and was not sensitive to Paoli's feelings. He liked being in Corsica so much that, in January 1792, when his leave from the French Army ran out, he neglected to return to his post. He was promptly listed as a deserter but when, four months later, France declared war on Austria, artillery officers were in short supply and his offense was swept under the rug.

He was now promoted captain but did not rejoin his regiment. Instead he returned to Corsica in October 1792. By now Paoli was exercising dictatorial powers and preparing to separate the island from France. Sniffing the wind expertly, Napoleon joined the Corsican Jacobins, who opposed Paoli's policy. When civil war broke out in April 1793, Paoli had the entire Buonaparte family condemned to "perpetual execration and infamy". Whereupon they all fled to France.

Napoleon rejoined his regiment at Nice in June 1793. In the *Souper de Beaucaire* that he wrote at this time, he argued that all good republicans ought to rally around the fine Jacobins and the patriotic National Convention that abolished the monarchy.

At the end of August 1793, the National Convention's troops had taken Marseille but were halted before Toulon, where royalists had called in British forces. The artillery commander of the National Convention was wounded. Napoleon, a great believer in personal relations when it suited him, got the post through the commissioner to the army, Antoine Saliceti, who was a family friend from Corsica.

He was promoted to major in September and adjutant general in October. In the fighting outside Toulon he received a bayonet wound on December 16. On the very next day the British troops, harassed by his artillery, evacuated Toulon. On December 22 he was promoted to brigadier general in recognition of his decisive part in the capture of the town. Augustin Robespierre, commissioner to the army, and obviously an imbecile, wrote to his brother Maximilien, who by then was the virtual head of the French government, praising the "transcendent merit" of the young republican officer. Personal relations being what they are, in February 1794 Napoleon was appointed commandant of the artillery in the French Army of Italy.

Robespierre fell from power on July 27, 1794 and Napoleon, correctly regarded as his protégé, was arrested on charges of conspiracy and treason. He was freed in September but not restored to his command. The following March he refused an offer to command the artillery in the Army of the West, which was fighting the counter-revolution in the Vendée, and went to Paris to justify his refusal.

Life was tough on half pay but he had energy enough to play politics and to carry on an affair with Désirée Clary, daughter of a rich Marseille businessman. Despite his efforts, he could not obtain a satisfactory command. He was feared because his ambition showed and because he was too close to the "Montagnards," the radical members of the National Convention. Always mindful of his career development, he considered offering his services to the Ottoman Sultan and the mind reels at what would have happened if he had gotten a job in Constantinoupolis.

He was still in Paris in May 1795 when the National Convention submitted the new constitution of the year III of the First Republic to a referendum. They also submitted decrees according to which two-thirds of the members of the National Convention were to be reelected to the new legislative assemblies. The royalists instigated a revolt in Paris to prevent these measures from being put into effect. Vicomte Paul de Barras, who had been entrusted with dictatorial powers by the National Convention, was unwilling to rely on the commander of the troops of the interior. Instead, knowing of Napoleon's services at Toulon, he appointed him second in command. Expertly sniffing the wind, Napoleon did not hesitate to shoot at the rebels marching against the National Convention on October 5, 1795. He thereby saved the republic.

Command of the army of the interior was his reward. He also became the military adviser to the new government, the Directory. Just about then he made the acquaintance of Joséphine Tascher de La Pagerie, widow of General Alexandre de Beauharnais who had

been guillotined during the Reign of Terror. She was the mother of two children and had lost count of the men upon whom she had bestowed her considerable favors. Napoleon fell head over heels in love.

Things were looking up for him. He proved his loyalty to the Directory by dissolving a communist group led by François Babeuf and Filippo Buonarroti. Command of the Army of Italy was his reward. He really wanted this post. He could now conduct in person the campaign plan adopted by the Directory on his advice. He married Joséphine on March 9 and went south two days later.

Arriving at his headquarters in Nice, he discovered that his army, which on paper consisted of 43,000 troops, actually numbered fewer than 30,000 ill-fed, ill-paid, and ill-equipped men. Details! He took the offensive on April 12, defeated the Austrian and Sardinian armies, and marched on Turin.

At the peace treaty signed in Paris on May 15, Nice and Savoy, occupied by the French since 1792, were annexed to France. Napoleon continued the war against the Austrians and occupied Milan but was held up at Mantua. While his army was besieging this great fortress, he signed armistices with the duke of Parma, the duke of Modena, and Pope Pius VI.

Four times Austrian armies advanced from the Alps to relieve Mantua . They were defeated each time. After the last Austrian defeat, at Rivoli in January 1797, Mantua capitulated. Turning north, Napoleon marched on Vienna. He was about 60 miles from their capital when the Austrians sued for an armistice.

Austria ceded the southern Netherlands to France and received in exchange some territory belonging to the old Republic of Venice. Napoleon consolidated and reorganized the north Italian republics and encouraged republican propaganda in Venetia. Some Italian patriots were foolish enough to hope that all this would soon lead to the formation of a single and indivisible "Italian Republic" modeled on the French.

Royalist successes in the 1797 French elections made Napoleon uneasy and he advised the Directory to take steps, preferably forceful ones. In July the Directory attempted a coup d'état and failed. Napoleon dispatched General Pierre Augereau to Paris and the successful coup d'état of September 4, 1797 eliminated royalist sympathizers from the government. Napoleon's stock shot up and he had carte blanche to conclude as he thought best the Treaty of Campo Formio with Austria.

Only the war at sea, against the British, continued. The Directors, who wanted to launch an invasion of the British Isles, appointed Napoleon to command the army assembled for this purpose along the English Channel. After an inspection in February 1798, Napoleon announced that the operation could not be undertaken until France had command of the sea. Instead, he suggested that France strike at the sources of Great Britain's wealth by occupying Egypt and threatening the route to India. This proposal, seconded by the supple Talleyrand, who could always smell a winner, was accepted by the Directors who were not displeased that their ambitious young general would now depart for parts unknown.

The expedition was at first a success. Malta was occupied on June 10, 1798, Alexandria taken by storm on July 1, and the Nile delta rapidly overrun. On August 1, however, the French fleet at anchor in Abu Qir Bay was annihilated by Nelson and Napoleon found himself confined to the land that he had conquered. Details! He introduced Western political institutions, administration, and technical skills in Egypt just as the Ottoman Empire declared war on France. To forestall a Turkish invasion of Egypt, Napoleon marched into Syria in February 1799 and was halted at Acre. The British withstood a siege and, in May, Napoleon began a disastrous retreat to Egypt.

The message that he was not invincible spread far and wide. Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Turkey formed a new coalition against France. The French armies in Italy were defeated in the spring of 1799 and abandoned most of the peninsula. Disturbances in France followed. The coup d'etat of June 18, 1799 expelled all moderate members from the Directory and replaced them with hardliners. But troubles continued and Emmanuel Sieyès, one of the new Directors, felt that only a military dictatorship could prevent restoration of the monarchy. Expertly sniffing the wind all the way from Egypt, Napoleon decided to leave his army, return to France, save the republic and, incidentally, do something about his own career development. On August 22, 1799 he left Egypt accompanied by a handful of his most trusted satellites and arrived in Paris on October 14.

By then French victories in Switzerland and Holland had averted the danger of invasion, and counter-revolutionary initiatives had petered out. A coup d'etat was no longer necessary but Sieyès clung to his convictions. He and Napoleon planned the coup and pulled it off on November 9-10, 1799. The Directors were forced to resign, members of the legislative councils were dispersed, and a new government, the Consulate, was set up. The three consuls were Napoleon and two of the former Directors: Sieyès and Pierre-Roger Ducos. The point is, everyone knew who had the real muscle.

He imposed a military dictatorship whose true character was disguised beautifully by the Constitution of December 25, 1799. The document took care not to guarantee the "rights of man" and dispensed totally with the familiar music about "liberty, equality, and fraternity". Nevertheless, the partisans of the Revolution were content because the Constitution guaranteed the irrevocability of the sale of national property and upheld the legislation against the émigrés. Nobody seemed to care that it also gave immense powers to the First Consul who could appoint ministers, generals, civil servants, magistrates, and the members of the Council of State. He could even influence the choice of members for the three legislative assemblies, even though members were supposed to be chosen by universal suffrage. Submitted to a plebiscite, this most undemocratic of all constitutions was approved by an overwhelming majority of thinking Frenchmen in February 1800.

The Consulate transformed France.

At the head of the government was the Council of State, created by the First Consul and presided over by him. At the head of the provincial administration were the prefects, carbon copies of the intendants of the ancien régime. The judicial system was changed: judges were nominated by the government and their independence assured by their irremovability from office. Police organization was greatly strengthened, to the immense joy

of Fouché. Financial administration was improved: special officials were entrusted with the collecting of direct taxes; the franc was stabilized; and the Banque de France was created. Education became a public service; secondary education was given a semi-military organization, and the university faculties were re-established.

Napoleon felt that the population at large needed a religion. He himself was immune to the charms of theology -- in Egypt he had said that he wanted to become a Moslem. Yet he believed Catholicism to be good for France and, after haggling for ten months with Pius VII, a concordat was signed reconciling the church and the Revolution. The Pope recognized the French Republic and called for the resignation of all former bishops; new prelates were to be designated by the First Consul and instituted by the Pope. The sale of clerical property was officially recognized by Rome. And not only that. The Vatican swallowed hard and agreed to tolerate both freedom of worship and the lay character of the state.

Codification of the civil law — known as the Code Napoléon — cast in legislative concrete the gains of the Revolution: individual liberty, freedom of work, freedom of conscience, the lay character of the state, and equality before the law. At the same time, it protected landed property, gave greater liberty to employers, and showed little concern for employees. It maintained divorce but granted only limited legal rights to women.

The army received the most careful attention.

The First Consul retained the ingenious system instituted by the Revolution: recruitment by forced conscription but with the possibility of replacement by substitutes; the mixing of the conscripts with old soldiers; and the eligibility of all for promotion to the highest ranks. The creation of the Academy of Saint-Cyr to produce infantry officers made it easier for the sons of bourgeois families to pursue a military career. The École Polytechnique was militarized to provide officers for the artillery and engineers.

The First Consul spent the winter and spring of 1799-1800 reorganizing the army and preparing for an attack on Austria. Crossing the St. Bernard Pass before the snow melted, he materialized behind the Austrian army besieging Genoa. The Battle of Marengo in June gave the French command of the Po Valley as far as the Adige. In December another French army defeated the Austrians in Germany. Austria was forced to sign the Treaty of Lunéville of February 1801. Great Britain alone remained at war with France, but soon tired of the struggle. Preliminaries of peace, concluded in London in October 1801, put an end to hostilities, and peace was signed at Amiens on March 27, 1802.

For the time being, peace was re-established in Europe. The friends of the First Consul -- all of them experts at sensing what the master wanted -- proposed that a "token of national gratitude" be offered to him. Specifically, that the French people should vote on whether Napoleon should be consul for life. In August an overwhelming vote granted him the prolongation of his consulate as well as the right to designate his successor.

Napoleon thought that everything had been settled but the British did not share his views. They thought that the Treaty of Amiens was the absolute limit beyond which they would not go. Napoleon felt that the Treaty of Amiens was the starting point for French ascendancy. To the indignation of British merchants, he wanted to reserve half of Europe

as a market for France without lowering customs duties. In addition, he wanted to recover San Domingo, to occupy Louisiana, to reconquer Egypt, and to extend French influence in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean.

In Europe itself he simply refused to sit still. He incorporated Piedmont into France; imposed a decentralized government on the Swiss Confederation; and compensated German princes dispossessed of territory under the Treaty of Lunéville with real estate of the secularized ecclesiastical states.

Great Britain was not enchanted that France controlled the continental coastline from Genoa to Antwerp. Malta provided the excuse for a serious argument to flare up. According to the Treaty of Amiens, the British, who had taken the island when the French left, should have restored it to the Knights Hospitallers. But they did not because, they said, the French had not yet evacuated certain Neapolitan ports. Franco-British relations became strained and in May 1803 England declared war.

The British wanted Napoleon deposed or assassinated. They renewed subsidies to French royalists and when a British-financed plot was uncovered in 1804, Napoleon reacted with sufficient barbarity to deter any further attempts. Fouché's policemen believed that the head of the conspiracy was the Duc d'Enghien who lived in Germany, a few miles across the frontier. With the agreement of the always supple Talleyrand and to the joy of Fouché, the Duc was kidnaped on neutral soil, brought to Vincennes, tried and shot on March 21. Chateaubriand says that the event shocked him beyond words which, coming from him, sounds incredible. But who cares about Chateaubriand? This is maximum power we are talking about.

Mindful of his own career development, Fouché now suggested that the best way to discourage further conspiracies was to transform the life consulate into a hereditary empire. Given that there would always be an heir, all hope of changing the regime by assassination would thus be eliminated. Napoleon was impressed by the logic of the argument and the empire was proclaimed on May 28, 1804.

There was no change in government organization but Emperor Napoleon became a different creature from Napoleon the First Consul. For one thing, he had to be crowned by the pope himself, so that the ceremony would be more impressive than that of the kings of France. Pius VII was dragged to Paris, and the coronation, an outrageous spectacle in the eyes of both royalists and old Republican soldiers, took place in Notre-Dame on December 2, 1804.

At the very last moment, Napoleon changed his mind as to who should do the crowning. He grabbed the crown from the Pope's hands and put it on his head all by himself. Following which he created a slew of brand new symbols and hierarchies. Princely titles were given to members of Napoleon's family in 1804 and a full-blown imperial nobility was in place by 1808. Apparently, the opposition declined to be suitably impressed and turned up the noise volume. In response, Napoleon intensified his propaganda and imposed strict censorship on the press.

From 1803 to 1805 Napoleon had only the British to fight. Tactically, the problem was simple. France could hope for victory only by landing an army in the British Isles. Britain could defeat Napoleon only by forming a continental coalition against him.

Accustomed to taking the initiative, Napoleon prepared an invasion. He gathered some 2,000 ships between Brest and Antwerp and massed his Grande Armée in the camp at Boulogne. However, to cross the Channel, the French had to control the seas and they didn't have much of a navy. The French fleet needed the help of the Spanish but even these two fleets together could not hope to defeat more than one of the British squadrons.

Spain was induced to declare war on Great Britain in December 1804. French and Spanish squadrons were supposed to lure a British squadron to the Antilles and defeat it. This would make the balance roughly equal between the Franco-Spanish navy and the British. A battle in the entrance to the Channel could then be fought with some chance of success.

The plan failed.

The French squadron under Admiral Pierre de Villeneuve, found itself alone at the appointed meeting place in the Antilles. Pursued by Nelson and not daring to attack him, it returned to Europe and took refuge in Cádiz in July 1805. The British blockaded it. Accused of cowardice by Napoleon, Villeneuve ran the blockade with the support of a Spanish squadron. On October 21, 1805, he was attacked by Nelson off Cape Trafalgar.

Nelson was killed in the battle, but the Franco-Spanish fleet was totally destroyed. The British had won a decisive victory and eliminated the danger of invasion. They also succeeded in organizing a new anti-French coalition consisting of Austria, Russia, Sweden, and Naples.

Now things get complicated.

On July 24, 1805, three months before Trafalgar, Napoleon had ordered the Grande Armée from Boulogne to the Danube (thus ruling out an invasion of England even if the French had won at Trafalgar). In the week preceding Trafalgar, the Grande Armée beat the Austrians at Ulm, and on November 13 Napoleon entered Vienna. On December 2, 1805, he defeated the combined Austrian and Russian armies in the Battle of Austerlitz.

By the Treaty of Pressburg, Austria renounced all influence in Italy and ceded Venetia and Dalmatia to Napoleon, as well as extensive territory in Germany to his protégés Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden. Napoleon proceeded to dethrone the Bourbons in Naples and bestow their kingdom on his brother Joseph. In July 1806 the Confederation of the Rhine was founded and soon embraced all western Germany in a union under French protection.

In September 1806 Prussia entered the war against France. On October 14 the Prussian armies were defeated at Jena and at Auerstädt. The Russians put up a better resistance at Eylau in February 1807 but were routed at Friedland in June. In Warsaw Napoleon found time to fall in love with Countess Marie Walewska, a Polish patriot foolish enough to hope that Napoleon would resurrect her country. Instead, he helped her produce a son.

Czar Alexander I could have continued the struggle, but was tired of the alliance with the British. He and Napoleon met at Tilsit, signed treaties that created the Grand Duchy of Warsaw and divided Europe between them just like Hitler and Stalin did a century and a half later. Like Hitler, Napoleon took the west and, like Stalin, Alexander took the east. Alexander even made a vague promise of a land attack against the British possessions in India.

Napoleon could not invade England. So he tried to stifle the British economy. By closing all of Europe to British merchandise, he hoped to bring about a revolt of the British unemployed that would make their government sue for peace. Accordingly, he forbade all trade with the British Isles, ordered the confiscation of all goods coming from English factories or from the British colonies, and condemned as fair prize not only every British ship but every ship that touched the coasts of England or its colonies. For the blockade to succeed it had to be enforced throughout Europe. Right from the start, Portugal, England's old ally, refused to go along not so much because of sentimental reasons but because the blockade would mean its own financial ruin.

Napoleon decided to break down Portuguese opposition by force.

Charles IV of Spain allowed French troops to cross his kingdom and they occupied Lisbon. Unfortunately, the prolonged presence of Napoleon's soldiers in the north of Spain led to insurrection because Spaniards do not love the French. When Charles IV abdicated in favor of his son Ferdinand VII, Napoleon, seeing this as an opportunity to rid Europe of its last Bourbon rulers, summoned the Spanish royal family to Bayonne. In April 1808 he obtained the abdication of both Charles and Ferdinand and had them interned in Talleyrand's château. After the bloody suppression of an uprising in Madrid, insurrection spread across the whole country. The Spaniards would not accept Joseph Bonaparte, king of Naples, as their new king.

The subsequent defeat of his forces in Spain and Portugal were major blows to Napoleon's prestige and the Iberian Peninsula became a bridgehead on the Continent for the British. Under Arthur Wellesley, whose brilliant career was just beginning, the Anglo-Spanish-Portuguese forces achieved decisive victories.

Meanwhile, at the Congress of Erfurt in September-October 1808, Napoleon assembled a mob of princes to impress the Czar but Alexander would not commit himself to help. His refusal was partly inspired by supple Talleyrand, who was fed up with Napoleon's hyperactivity and negotiated with the Czar behind his master's back. Nevertheless, by early 1809, and with most of the Grande Armée thrown into Spain, Napoleon seemed on the point of overcoming the revolt. Then, in April, Austria launched an attack in Bavaria in the hope of rousing all Germany against the French. Napoleon once again defeated Austria and by the Treaty of Schönbrunn in October 1809 obtained the Illyrian Provinces, thus rounding out the continental system.

Despite failures in Spain and Portugal, Napoleon's fortunes were at their zenith in 1810 and he regarded himself as the heir of Charlemagne. He repudiated Joséphine, who had not given him a child, and married Marie-Louise, daughter of the Austrian emperor

Francis I. The birth of a son, the King of Rome, in March 1811 seemed to assure the future of his empire.

The political map of Europe, infernally complicated before 1796, was now simplified. Yet the frontiers did not coincide either with geographical features or with "nationalities." Paradoxically, by reducing the number of states and by propagating institutions invented in France -- things like Revolution and nationalism -- Napoleon prepared the ground for German and Italian unification. Stirred by French ideas, national feeling in Europe gave rise to resistance against French domination.

And the worst was yet to come.

Since the Congress of Erfurt, the Czar was less and less inclined to deal with Napoleon as a trusted partner. In the spring of 1812 Napoleon massed his forces in Poland to intimidate Alexander. The Czar was not intimidated and in late June the Grande Armée -- about 453,000 men, including contingents extorted from Prussia and Austria -- crossed the Niemen River.

The Russians burned everything and retreated. Napoleon's army approached Moscow and Kutuzov engaged it at Borodino on September 7. The fight was savage, bloody, and indecisive, but a week later Napoleon entered Moscow, which the Russians had abandoned. On that same day, a fire broke out, destroying the greater part of the city. Still, Alexander refused to treat. The French had to withdraw and the premature onset of winter made this a disastrous operation. After crossing the Berezina River in November, fewer than 10,000 men fit for combat remained in Napoleon's main force.

The catastrophe cheered up all of Europe. In Germany the news unleashed an outbreak of anti-French demonstrations. The Prussian contingents deserted the Grande Armée in December and turned against the French. The Austrians withdrew their troops and adopted an increasingly hostile attitude. Italy turned its back on Napoleon. Even in France signs of discontent were frequent.

Napoleon hastened back home. Arriving in Paris on December 18, he stiffened the dictatorship, raised money, and levied new troops. In May 1813 he won the battles of Lützen and Bautzen, but his decimated army needed reinforcements. The mediation of Austria induced him to agree to an armistice, during which a congress was held at Prague. There, Austria proposed favorable conditions: the French Empire was to return to its natural limits; the Grand Duchy of Warsaw and the Confederation of the Rhine were to be dissolved; and Prussia was to return to its frontiers of 1805. Napoleon hesitated too long. The congress closed on August 10 before his reply arrived, and Austria declared war.

The French were in serious trouble.

The allies were gaining new troops every day. The Grande Armée was torn to shreds at the Battle of Leipzig in October 16-19, 1813. Defeat degenerated into collapse. The French armies in Spain had been defeated in June. By October the British were attacking their defenses north of the Pyrenees. In Italy the Austrians took the offensive, crossed the Adige River, and occupied Romagna. Murat, a traitor to the Emperor who had made him king of Naples, entered into negotiations with the Viennese court. The Dutch and the Belgians demonstrated against Napoleon.

In January 1814 France was attacked from everywhere.

Extraordinary strategic feats achieved by Napoleon during the first three months of 1814 with an army of young conscripts were not enough. He could neither defeat the allies, nor arouse the majority of French people from their exhausted torpor. The Legislative Assembly and the Senate, formerly so docile, were now asking for peace and for civil and political liberties. By the Treaty of Chaumont of March 1814, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain bound themselves together for 20 years, undertook not to negotiate separately, and promised to continue the struggle until Napoleon was overthrown. When the allied armies arrived before Paris on March 30, Napoleon had moved east to attack their rear guard.

The Parisian authorities, no longer awed by the Emperor, treated with the allies. As president of the provisional government, supple Talleyrand proclaimed the deposition of the Emperor and, without consulting the French people, began to negotiate with Louis XVIII.

Napoleon was at Fontainebleau when he heard that Paris had capitulated. Seeing that further resistance was useless, he abdicated on April 6. By the Treaty of Fontainebleau, the allies granted him the title of Emperor, the island of Elba as a sovereign principality with an annual income of 2,000,000 francs to be provided by France, and a guard of 400 volunteers. After a hazardous journey, during which he narrowly escaped assassination, he arrived at Elba on May 4.

Napoleon could not resign himself to defeat at the age of 45. Besides, the Bourbon Restoration was already provoking criticism. Most Frenchmen were tired of Napoleon but had expressed no desire to see the Bourbons come back. They were attached to the achievements of the Revolution, and Louis XVIII came back in the company of émigrés who wanted to destroy everything the Revolution stood for.

Old hatreds were revived while Napoleon kept a close watch on the Continent. He knew that some of the diplomats at the Congress of Vienna considered Elba too close to France and to Italy and wanted to banish him to a distant island in the Atlantic. He also accused Austria of preventing Marie Louise and his son from coming to join him.

Austria had nothing to do with this particular unpleasantness. Marie-Louise had taken a lover and had no desire to join her husband on that god-forsaken island. On top of everything else, the French government refused to pay Napoleon's allowance and he was broke. Put everything together and you'll see why he decided to go back to France.

On March 1, 1815, he landed at Cannes with a detachment of his guard. As he crossed the Alps, the republican peasants rallied round him. Near Grenoble he won over the soldiers dispatched to arrest him. On March 20 he was in Paris., back in power. To oppose the allied troops massing on the frontiers, he mustered an army with which he marched into Belgium and defeated the Prussians at Ligny on June 16, 1815. Two days later, at Waterloo, he met the British under Wellington. A savage battle followed and Napoleon was in sight of victory when the Prussians under Blücher arrived to reinforce the British. The heroism of the Old Guard was not enough and Napoleon was defeated.

Back in Paris, Parliament forced Napoleon to abdicate.

He did so on June 22, 1815.

On July 3 he was at Rochefort, intending to take ship for the United States, but a British squadron prevented any French vessel from leaving the port. Ridiculous as it may sound, Napoleon appealed to the British government for protection. His request granted, he boarded the "Bellerophon" on July 15 and was taken to Saint Helena in the southern Atlantic. He died there on May 5, 1821. He was not yet 52 years old. Rumors persist that his doctor poisoned him for his own good, for the good of humanity and, incidentally, for the good of the British Commonwealth.

NICHOLAS I (1796-1855), Czar of All the Russias, (1825-1855)

Model reactionary and martinet.

His education under General Lamsdorff emphasized severe discipline and Nicholas loved it. He became a fine army engineer and, in his heart, remained a junior officer for the rest of his life.

Circumstances favored militarism. His education was terminated by the struggle against Napoleon in 1812-15. He joined the army in 1814, lived through momentous years and enjoyed his visits to Paris and other cities in western and central Europe.

In November 1815, in Berlin, Alexander I and King Frederick William III announced the engagement of Nicholas and Princess Charlotte of Prussia. The match, which was a strictly political arrangement, was surprisingly successful. Nicholas fell in love with his wife and became attached to his father-in-law. Nicholas was enraptured by the Prussian court and, most of all, by the Prussian Army. To complete his training, he was sent on two educational voyages -- an extensive tour of Russia in mid 1816 and a journey to England in 1816-17.

Alexander I's unexpected death on December 1, 1825, led to a dynastic crisis. Because he had no sons, his nephew Constantine (the older brother of Nicholas) was next in line for the throne. However, Constantine had married a Polish woman not of royal blood and renounced his rights to the crown.

For many Russians, this was nonsense.

On December 26, 1825, liberal conspirators staged the Decembrist Rebellion. Utilizing their influence in the army, in which many of them were officers, they started a mutiny to defend the interests of Constantine. Some 3,000 rebels marched in military formation to the Senate Square and although the rebellion fizzled out by nightfall, Nicholas' ascension was marked with Russian corpses. Not a good omen and it spoke volumes about the new Czar who reacted with equal violence to individuals, such as Louis-Philippe of France; to groups, such as the Decembrist; to nations, such as the Poles; and to movements, such as revolutions. He hit and kept hitting until whatever it was he did not approve of was destroyed.

Aggressiveness was not the Czar's only method of coping with life. He also used regimentation, orderliness, neatness, and precision. In every form of activity he insisted upon minute and precise regulation, with nothing left to chance. When the dust of the

Napoleonic Wars had settled the Russian school of reaction, perfectly represented by Nicholas I and his government, expressed itself in the doctrine of Official Nationality.

Formally proclaimed in 1833 by Count Serge Uvarov, the Czar's minister of education, Official Nationality rested on three principles: Orthodoxy, autocracy, and nationality. Autocracy meant the affirmation and maintenance of the absolute power of the sovereign; in foreign relations it was transformed into legitimism and a defense of the Vienna settlement. Orthodoxy referred to the Orthodox Church and its role in Russia. Nationality described the particular nature of the Russian people, considered as a mighty and dedicated supporter of its dynasty and government.

The Czar surrounded himself with military men, to the extent that late in his reign there were almost no civilians among his immediate assistants. Also, he relied upon special emissaries, most of them generals, who were sent all over Russia on special assignments. Operating outside the regular administrative system, they were extensions of the monarch's own person. The machinery of government was permeated by the spirit of direct orders, absolute obedience, and precision. Naturally, corruption and confusion lay behind the facade.

Frightened by European revolutions, Nicholas I became completely reactionary. During the last years of the reign the Emperor's foreign policy collapsed, leading to isolation and to the tragedy of the Crimean War. A champion of legitimism following the revolutions of 1848-49, Nicholas found himself alone fighting the Ottoman Empire, which was ably supported by France, Great Britain, and Sardinia.

Death came as liberation when an ordinary cold turned into pneumonia. To the end the Czar preserved his lucidity and dignity. His last words to his heir and his family were: "Now I shall ascend to pray for Russia and for you. After Russia, I loved you above everything else in the world. Serve Russia."

Not bad for a martinet.

NIKITAS, Stamatelopoulos (1782-1849)

Greek soldier. Brave warrior, hopeless in politics. Currently a legend.

Nephew of Kolokotronis but he couldn't help that. Distinguished himself at Valtetsi in 1821 and received the nickname "Turk-eater". Fought at Dervenakia and at battles too numerous to list. Imprisoned under Otto for suspected treason.

NOTARAS, Panoutsos (1740-1849)

Greek politician. Nicknamed "Nestor" because of his age and presumed wisdom.

Member of National Assemblies, Minister of Finance, President of National Assemblies, etc.

NOTARAS, Ioannis (1805-1827)

Greek soldier. A well-connected, impetuous, and rather foolish trouble-maker. Killed in the Pireas Campaign.

NOUTSOS, Alexios (1768-1822)

Greek politician. Good man though far too friendly with Ali Pasha.

Tricked into accepting the position of political director in Eastern Greece with a view to neutralize Odysseas. Odysseas had him murdered.

OMER VRIONI PASHA

Albanoitalian soldier. A survivor.

Favorite lieutenant of Ali Pasha who employed him to extend extreme prejudice to all troublemakers. When the Sultan made things tough for Ali, Omer switched sides. Subsequently, he fought to put down the insurrection in Central Greece and roasted Athanassios Diakos on a spit. In turn, he was humiliated by Odysseas Androutsos in the Battle of the Gravia Inn. Continued to fight in Souli and Missolonghi until 1823 when he was appointed viceroy of Thessaloniki and had nothing further to do with the Greek Revolution.

OTTO (1815-1867), King of Greece (1832-1862)

Second son of King Louis of Bavaria. Well-meaning, incompetent and, quite likely, impotent.

Chosen King by the Great Powers at the London Conference in May 1822. The National Assembly confirmed his selection in August 1832. Arrived in Nafplion in 1833 accompanied by a Regency Council and units of the Bavarian army. Married in 1836 Amalia, daughter of Frederick Augustus, Duke of Oldenburg. Absolute ruler until September 3, 1843, when Makriyiannis forced him to accept a constitution. Enjoyed nitpicking but was committed to the "Grand Idea," the reestablishment of the Byzantine Empire with himself as emperor. Expert at choosing the wrong path of action. His intervention against Turkey in the Crimean War led to a Franco-British occupation of Pireas. His backing of Austria in the 1859 Italian War of Independence eroded what little popularity he still possessed. Deposed in a revolt on October 23, 1862. Returned to Bavaria and died there.

PALMERSTON, Henry John Temple, third Viscount (1784-1865)

British politician. Marvelously slippery, even for a British politician.

Prototypical nationalist. Formulated a principle suitable for a nation of shopkeepers: “a country had no permanent allies, only permanent interests.”

Instrumental in securing confirmation of the independence of Greece and Belgium; but for Polish, Magyar, and Romanian causes he lifted not a finger. Theoretical philhellene who admired the ethereal Hellas fabricated by humanists. By the time he became foreign secretary he had modulated his admiration. He now wanted Greece to be independent of Turkey and under the surveillance of Britain. By 1832 he had achieved this objective. He was equally pragmatic in his dealings with Belgium, Italy and Austria.

Among the great powers, Palmerston felt that only Russia and France might threaten British interests. These were defined broadly and included the routes to India and the Far East via the Mediterranean. From concern for India sprang Persian and Afghan wars as well as the Crimean War.

He did not want Russia and France arrayed together against Britain and practiced "restraint by cooperation." The France of Louis-Philippe acted for most of the 1830s as Britain's ally. Palmerston's riposte to Metternich's coalition of the three emperors (of Austria, Prussia, and Russia) at Münchengrätz in 1833 was the 1834 Quadruple Alliance of Britain and France with the constitutional parties in Spain and Portugal. Eventually, the French were annoyed by British restraints and wanted to be as predominant in Spain as the British were in Portugal. Relations between the two supposed allies deteriorated even before there was an open breach in 1839-40 on the Eastern Question, which is to say the partition of the Ottoman Empire. Palmerston's mobilization of the powers to isolate France and confine Mehmet Ali to Egypt gave him a major diplomatic and parliamentary triumph in 1840.

Relations with France were bad when Palmerston left office in 1841. His condemnation of Lord Aberdeen for appeasing France and the United States also contributed to a feeling that he ought not to return to the foreign office.

After the revolution in 1848 he was concerned both with protecting the new French regime and deterring it from going to war. By the late 1840s he was performing amazing acrobatics. In 1848-49 he was intent upon preserving the general peace rather than upon supporting Liberalism. A year later he won Radical applause by denouncing the cruelty of counter revolutionaries; by releasing British arms to Sicilian insurgents; by his pressure on the Ottoman Empire; and by his coddling of the defeated Hungarian patriot Lajos Kossuth.

This propagandist diplomacy infuriated Prince Albert and embarrassed Cabinet colleagues who, like Queen Victoria, were not kept fully informed. But Palmerston defeated Russell's intention of removing him from the foreign office by a dusk-to-dawn speech on July 8, 1850, in which he defended the British bombardment of Athens and the sabotaging of an agreement with France and Russia over British subjects' claims against Greece. His popularity as "the most English minister who ever governed England" was such that Russell did not dare dismiss him until December 1851, when Palmerston, wishing to become popular with the ruler of France, approved the coup d'etat by which President Napoleon overthrew the constitution of the Second Republic.

Between 1853 and 1858 he continued to change horses in midstream.

Under Aberdeen, he was a more loyal and reasonable colleague than was Russell. When Russell resigned as leader of the House of Commons Palmerston became prime

minister. His attempts to galvanize the war effort and remedy gross defects in many branches of the services were partly nullified by bad appointments at home and in the Crimea.

He was pressured by the French to make peace (1856) on terms he thought inadequate but which forced Russia to give up its control of the mouth of the Danube. He submitted to restraints by colleagues in quarrels with the United States, but when the Tory opposition narrowly defeated him on the China War he appealed to the voters against "an insolent barbarian" at Canton violating British persons and property.

The majority he secured in the April 1857 election was a personal triumph, but it melted away when he did not make the lion's roar sufficiently loud in response to French attacks on Britain for harboring refugees conspiring to murder Napoleon III. His government resigned in February 1858.

When the 1859 election denied the Tories a majority, Palmerston resumed the premiership with Russell and the Peelite Gladstone, all being pro-Italian against Austria. The triumvirate ruled until Palmerston died.

All his life, he was a rabid conservative using radical tools and putting up a colorful a show of liberalism in his foreign policy.

A worthy son of Albion.

PAPAFLESSAS — Dikaios Flessas — (1788-1825)

Greek politician. Amorous, pleasure-loving, a show-off, and quite stupid.

Born in Messinia. Became a monk. Went to Constantinoupolis and became Archimandrite. Made propaganda for Revolution before its outbreak. Minister of Interior under Koundouriotis . Imbrahim killed him at Maniaki.

PISCATORY, Theobald (1799-1880)

French Ambassador. Good for France, bad for Greece.
Bosom friend of Koletis.

RUNDHARDT, Ignatius von (1790-1838)

Honorable Bavarian.

In February 1837 replaced Armansperg as Chancellor. Not suited for the Greek political climate. Unable to sink to the level of the foreign ambassadors and their cliques. Lasted only ten months but found time to establish the University of Athens. Died on his way home. From a broken heart, says Makriyiannis.

SISSINIS, Georgios (1770-1831)

Greek politician. Dissipated creature.
Extremely fond of scheming and rebellions

SISSINIS, Chryssanthos (1800-1845)

Greek soldier. Son of the above. Brave warrior, good man.
A discredit to his father.

SOLIMAN BEY (1787-1860)

Renegade Frenchman.
Started out as Colonel Seve. Went to Egypt with Napoleon and stayed there. Became a Moslem. Served as military adviser to Mehmet Ali and to Imbrahim Pasha.

SOURMELIS, Dionissios

Greek historian. A hired gun and an extraordinary liar.

SOUTSOS, Mihail (1784-1854)

Greek politician. Typical product of Fanari — crafty, self-serving and double-dealing.

SOUTSOS, Alexandros (1803-1863)

Greek poet and historian.
Son of the above and quite unlike him. Opponent and satirist of Capodistria. Opponent and satirist of the Regency.

TSAMADOS, Anastasios (— 1825)

Greek sailor. Brave man.

TZAVELAS, Kitsos (1801-1855)

Greek soldier. Born in Souli and not a credit to his birthplace.
Too concerned with his career development. Luminary of the French faction and loyal satellite of Koletis. Minister of War in 1844 and 1849. Prime Minister in 1847. Died of grief after failure of the 1854 Thessaly campaign.

VAYIAS, Athanassios (1765-1834)

Greek survivor. A serpent.
Confidant of Ali Pasha. Good friend of Capodistria.

VOULGARIS, Dimitrios (1801-1877)

Greek politician. Strong-willed, violent, dictatorial and arbitrary.

For him, the faction always came first. Loyal friend of Koletis. Prime Minister in 1855. Resigned two and a half years later to become a member sometimes of the loyal and sometimes of the disloyal opposition. His last years were what he deserved — painful and disgraceful.

YATRAKOS, Panagiotis

Greek soldier. Brave warrior from Mani.

Distinguished himself in numerous engagements, if Laura Junot had known about him she would have said he was a relative of the Medici.

ZAIMIS, Andreas (-- 1840)

Greek politician. A man of extremely few words.

Member of first Executive Council. Opposed Koundouriotis in the second civil war of 1824 and was imprisoned. Prime Minister in 1825, he appointed Karaiskakis to the supreme military command. Member of Capodistria's Council in 1828. Member of the Constitutionalist Government in 1831 but quickly changed his mind and withdrew.

THE PAINTINGS

THE WARS OF GREECE IN PART

Designed by the thought and at the dictation and expense of Colonel Makriyiannis for the pleasure of Hellenes and of our Philhellene benefactors.

Designed in 1836-1839

The text mentions that Makriyiannis gave one set of the paintings he commissioned to Otto. Subsequently, he borrowed them back so that Isaias could take them to Paris and have them printed. Isaias died in Trieste in 1840 and the set disappeared for about seventy years.

In 1909 Ioannis Gennadios, founder of the Library that bears his name, saw the announcement of a forthcoming sale of 25 watercolors of some Greek general of the War of Independence and bought them sight unseen.

It was the set that had been given to Isaias.

The pictures are painted on heavy cardboard measuring approximately 0.46x0.60 centimeters.

In 1922 Gennadios presented the set to the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.

At the bottom of each picture are explanatory notes dictated by Makriyiannis. These are translated on the page facing each reproduction.

The Lord's just decision that Greece be freed

1. The Almighty says to Greece: "Greece! For the blood and sacrifices of Hellenes and philhellenes I take pity on you and inspire the three powerful nations to break the chains attached to your feet for so many centuries and herewith to make you a kingdom under Otto and Amalia."

2. The angel offers crowns.

3. The clergy and the entire nation say: "Glory to you, Lord, for our resurrection. Long live the Powers our benefactors and the Kings."

4. Nicholas, Emperor of All the Russias, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, Philippe, King of France, our King Otto with our Queen Amalia, together with our Country.

Fall of Constantinoupolis

1. Constantinoupolis.
2. Camp and tents of the Sultan.
3. The Sultan on his throne.
4. His bodyguards.
5. The clergy the city leaders offer him presents.
6. The Sultan replies through his aide: “I don’t accept presents because I conquered you with my sword.”
7. He orders that they be tied up.
8. The brave and the patriots refused to be tied up and sought refuge in the mountains where they suffered for so many centuries until, with the power of God and the assistance of philhellene powers, they earned their independence.
9. Notice to the Sultan that the Greeks have taken refuge in the mountains.
10. The Sultan orders his armies to chase them.
11. Greece in chains, bereft of honors and glory, points at the tyrant.
12. After many centuries, Rigas Velestinlis spreads the seed of liberty among the Greeks and encourages them as he points out how they can be free.
13. Inspired and encouraged by the words of Rigas, the Greeks take up arms for liberty. This is the subject of this picture.

Sea Battles of the Greeks

1. The islands of Idhra and Spetses campaign with their ships against the Ottoman fleet. Miaoulis the admiral of Idhra, the Koundouriotes, Tobazides, Boudouraii, Fonaii, Kriezides, Sahtouraii, Saiinides, Lachaii, Skourtaii, Bitzilaii, Gionides, Beygiorgides, Dokaii, Lazarimaii, L. Panagiotas and other leaders and captains.

2. The island of Psara with her ships campaigns against the Ottoman fleet. Apostolis, admiral of Psara, the Kotziades, Yiannitsodes, Argirides, Hatzianagnostaii, Kanarides, Milaitides, Monarchides, Pangormides, Aggelaii, Nikodimaii and other leaders and captains, Hatzialexandros.

3. Different Turkish ships.

4. Ship of Miaoulis.

5. Ship of Kolandroutsos.

6. Ship of Apostolis.

7. Ship of Tobazis.

8. The Kanaraii burn the Pasha in Tendos.

9. Nikodimos burns a Turkish ship in Fokia.

10. Miaoulis and the others burn 13 Turkish ships in Mothokorona.

11. Papanikolis burns a Turkish ship at Eressos.

12. The Greeks burn nine Turkish ships at Tzagli.

13. Lazaros Mossious burns a corvette in Kos.

14. Galaxidi and its people with Hastings burned seven Turkish ships and fought bravely and lost their ships fighting the enemy on land and sea. Dedoussis, the Logothetaii, Alikouris and Mihalis were their commanders.

First Battle of the Greeks against the Turks at the Bridge of Alamana.
Second at Haghia Marina and Stilidha, and third at Patratziki

1. Lamia with the castle.
2. Bridge of Alamana and inn.
3. Ottoman infantry and cavalry numbering about 8,000 campaigns under Omer Vrioni and Mehmet Pasha against the bridge held by Athanassios Diakos with very few Greeks. The larger part of the Greek forces, under Panourgias, Diovouniotis and Kontoyiannis, was holding positions higher up. Diakos and Isaias, archbishop of Salona, fought the massive enemy, killed a number, and, among the Greeks, quite a few got killed too: the archbishop, Kalyvas, Bakoyiannis, Massavetas, the brother of Diakos. Diakos himself was wounded and captured and
4. Taken before Omer Vrioni and Mehmet Pasha to whom he said, as they tortured and flattered him so that he would abjure: "I, dogs, was born a Greek and shall die a Greek!" Having said this, they immediately impaled him.
5-6. Diakos.
7. The archbishop.
8. The brother of Diakos.
9. Bakoyiannis.
10. Kalyvas.
11. The Greeks fighting the Turks in Stilis.
12. Odysseas, Nikitas and Diovouniotis with 3,000 Greeks who landed there defeated the Turks.
13. The Greeks having fought a battle in Haghia Marina fought the army of Dramali for sixteen days with about 500 Greeks killed or wounded, and many Turks.
14. The Greeks fought in Patratziki and captured the castle. Subsequently, Dramali defeated the Greeks thanks to large reinforcements he received by sea.
15. One Greek fighting against four Turks killed two. Wounded by the third who plunged his sword into the Greek's belly he resisted so bravely that having vanquished the other two he returned to the army where the doctor pulled out the sword from his belly and he was healed in time. Panourgias, Diovouniotis, Kontoyiannis, Kaltzodimos, Safakas, Gouras, Nikitas, Hatzichristos, Stamoulis, Komnas, Halmoukis, Roukis, Mamouris, Roumanis and others and Makriyiannis commanded in that battle.

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Battle at the Inn of Gravia

The same Turks from Alamana, under the command of Omer Vrioni and Mehmet Pasha, moved towards Salona and Odysseas, Gouras and other officers with more than 100 men barricaded themselves in the inn of Gravia.

1. Inn of Gravia where the fighting took place and more than 100 Turks were killed while inside the inn only the officer Kaplanis. Seeing the enemy's superior strength, the Greeks opened the doors and, sword in hand, cut their way through the mass of Turks with only two casualties.

2. Following which a great battle took place in Ambliani where many Turks perished out of a total of about 10,000 under the command of Yussuf Pasha Berkoftsali and Abaz Pasha Dibra.

3. Turkish tents and cannons at Ambliani.

4. Bastion of Nakos Panourgias and Kontosopoulos with 180 men.

5. Bastion of Kontos, Thanassoulas and other Salonites.

6. Bastion of Drakos, Diamandis Zervas, Daglis, Perraivos, Doussias, K. Makos and other officers.

7. Bastion of Tzavelas and other officers with 150 men.

8. Bastion of Pan. Notaras with 200 men and other officers.

9. Halmoukis with 200 men.

10. On the other side various officers of Skaltzodimos, Kalivas, Bitis and Famakatzis with 240 men.

11. The Turks were defeated in the encounter.

12. Vargiani. **13.** Topolia.

14. Segditsa. **15.** Vetrinitza.

16. Salona. **17.** Penteornia.

18. Galaxidi. **19.** Kolopetinitsa.

20. Vinihora. **21.** Aithimia.

22. Aghios Georgios. **23.** Sergouni.

24. Sernikaki. **25.** Monastery of Profitis Ilias.

26. Hrisso. **27.** Kastri.

28. Arahova. **29.** Desfina.

30. Aspra Spitia. **31.** Xeropigado.

In all these places a variety of battles took place and they were all burned, with victory going sometimes to the Turks and sometimes to the Greeks.

Battle of Langada, Koboti and Peta

1. Arta.
2. Ismail Pasha Pliassa campaigns against Langada with five thousand men.
3. Koboti where the Pasha camped. Karaiskakis and Yiannakis Kotalidas with forty men fought the Turks twice and were defeated. The third time the same Greeks fought again and Karaiskakis, making fun of the Turks, pulled down his pants and was wounded in the ass.
4. From Koboti the Turks moved to Langada where they were awaited by 73 Greeks and 8 Turks who were with them. In the ensuing battle, which lasted almost four hours, both sides fought bravely but the Turkish lines broke and the Greeks chased them halfway back to Koboti. About 800 Turks were killed or wounded and the Greeks picked up plenty of booty.
5. Langada and the Greek bastion.
6. The commanders: Gogobakolas (who accomplished everything by his bravery and brains), Andreas Iskos, G. Valtinos, Karagiannopoulos and their lieutenants Tzolkas, Kasvinis, G. Stratos, Karahristos, Koutzoyiannis, Niko Kitsos, Tzarlas, G. Kostas the ensign and the rest.
7. The village of Peta commanded by Skarmitzos and Floros with two hundred men.
Quite a few Turks went after them and the first time they defeated the Turks. The following day the Turks received reinforcements and defeated the Greeks and Skarmitzos was killed and the Turks captured the village.

Battle of Vassilika

1. Vassilika.
2. Bairam Pasha, three other Pashas and about ten thousand Turks attempted to go past Vassilika with many supplies and ammunition on carriages and camels. They pray according to the commands of their religion and order that four cannons and the entire army should fire to scare the Greeks. And the drums beat and the Turks advance. The Greeks let them go past until they were in the narrows and the place was full.

3. They were awaited by Gouras, old Diovouniotis, N. Panourgias, Kalyvas, Bousgos, Roukis, A. Kontosopoulos, Papa Andreas, Bitis, Kantas, and they gave them a good thrashing and demolished the Turks completely and two of the Pashas were killed.
4-5. The surviving Turks started running away and were chased by the Greeks who cut them down.
6. Papa Andreas caught up with a horseman and cut him down. The number of Greek warriors amounted to about seventeen hundred.

War of Tripolis and of the surrounding villages

1. Tripolis.
2. Meeting of the commanders, of the clergy and of civic leaders concerning its capture. These men were: Th. Kolokotronis, Petrobeys, Mourtzinos, Kiriakoulis, Tzanetakis, Papaflessas, Nikitas, Koliopoulos, Zaimis, Deliyiannis, Haralabaii, Papadiamantopoulaii, Kalamogdartaii, Boukouraii, Spiliotaii, Moulagianakaii, Vlassaii, Peroukaii, Papalexaii, Londos, Sissinis, Yiatrakaii, Kefalas, Kontakaii, Notaras, Brevatas, Ipsilantis, Mavrokordatos, Gordon, Vamvas, Anagnostopoulos, Bouboulina, Zafiropoulos, Anagnostaras, Zaharaii, Koumountouraii, Kapitanakides, Petmezaii, Koumoustaii, Paparigopoulaii, Roufos, Karatzas, Karameraii, Papastathopoulos, L. Krestenitis, Meletopoulos, Papatzonis, Petrovas, Papatzoris, Nikolopoulos, D. Zografos, and other lieutenants and leaders.
3. The bishops of Corinth, Patra, Androussa, Tripolis, Damala, Vristhenis, Prasto, Nafplia, Paronaxia, Elos.
4. Religious leaders, abbots and monks.
5. Location of Petrobeys, Yatrakos and others.
6. Location of Kolokotronis.
7. Location of Deliyiannaii.
8. Battle of Valtetsi.
9. Battle of Davia.
10. Battle of Kerassia.
11. Battle of Vervenia.
12. Battle of Doliana where the Turks were demolished and the Greeks captured the two cannons.
13. Villages called Rizes where different battles took place.
14. Villages of Kambos burned by the Turks.
15. Turkish infantry and cavalry comes out of Tripolis and campaign against the surrounding villages.
16. Trikorfa.
17. The women bring water to the warriors..

War at Arta

1. Arta with its castle and all the surrounding locations. Arta and its castle were held by about 10,000 Turks under the command of Hassan Pasha, Hasnatary, Ismail Pasha Pliasa, Pasiobey from Ioannina, Hassan Bey Vergionis, Ismail Bey of Konitsa, Maxoutagas, Sultza Kortzia and many others.
2. The Saray and Parigoritza were held by Ismail Pasha of Ioannina with artillery. It was decided that the Greeks should go against them.
3. About 3,000 Greeks under Notis, Karaiskakis, Markos, G. Drakos, Veikos, Tzavelaii, G. Koutilidas and other officers took Marat and the mosque opposite Arta. Commanding the Albanians who were with the Greeks: Ago Vassiaris, Suleyman Meto, and the son of Mourtotzali.
4. Profitis Ilias. About 1,000 of us who were in Comboti and Peta went there under the command of Gogos, A. Iskos, Varnakiotis, Tzogas, Katsikoyiannis, Grivas, Vlahopoulos, G. Valtinos and many other officers.
5. The Turks went to Marat and defeated the Greeks.
6. Karaiskakis, Markos and others locked themselves up inside the mosque and fought the Turks. The Greeks came back and defeated the Turks.
7. The defeated Turks went back to Arta.
8. Three hundred Greeks under Markos, Karaiskakis, Veikos, Mourtotzalis, Metos, Koutilidas and other officers were ordered to capture Mouhoussi and Mili.
9. One hundred Greeks from Aghios Ilias under Nassi Fotomaras and Makriyiannis were ordered to capture Aghii Apostoli and Odhigitria.
10. As they advanced, the 300 Greeks were attacked by Turkish cavalry and infantry and artillery. The Greeks pulled out their swords, slaughtered some and chased the rest all the wack to the Saray.
11. The 100 Greeks captured Haghii Apostoli. Before the Turks in No. 10 turned tail, another Turkish force of about 1,000 came to Haghii Apostoli. We defeated and began chasing them and they abandoned Odhigitria first and Parigoritza afterwards and we advanced into the city.
12. The Turks who came to Haghii Apostoli.
13. We smashed them. **14.** Odigitria.
15. The monastery of Faneromeni and the so-called Portes
16. Held by Ismail Pasha Pliasa. Gogos and others were sent after him and fought bravely and smashed them. The Greek armies went into the city and besieged the Turks for sixteen days, until no 17.
17. We fought night and day. Many Turks were killed and few Greeks.
18. The village of Peta. Before the above battles, about 7,000 Turks under Sefti Pasha, Iakovis, Hasnataris, Ismail Pasha Pliasa, Hassan Pasha, Ismail Pasha of Ioannina, Hassan Vergionis, Soultze Kortzias and others. Peta was held by about 300 Greeks under Gogos, Stamoulis Malesiadas with the Valtini, Tzelios with a few Xeromerites, and Makriyiannis. The battle started early in the morning and lasted until the evening. The Greeks chased the Turks down to the river and many were killed.
19. The Turks returned to Peta and fought the Greeks and philhellenes and were defeated.
20. Splantza. About 700 under Kiriakoulis Mavromihalis, Giorgos Kitzos, Missologitai, Gerasimos Fokas with Kefalonites, Veikos and Zois, and captains with their ships went there and occupied it.
21. Bokos, Lazaros, Maroukas, about 3,000 Turks under Kahayiabeys and others. Stubborn battle. Many casualties on both sides. Kiriakoulis got killed.
22. Souli. **23.** Komizades, highway of Ioannina.
24. Inn. **25.** Bridge of Arta. **26.** River. **27.** Orchards.
28. Orchard of the bishopric and tower held by Maxoutagas. Greeks were killed and, with them, the son of Mourtotzali.
29. Kato Panaghia. **30.** Kameno. **31.** Keramates.
32. Kostaki. **33.** Gremenitza and Aghios Panteleimon.
34. Vlahioraina. **35.** Theotokion. **36.** Aghios Theodoros.
37. Burnt mosque. **38.** Windmills.

Battle of Athens

1. The Acropolis of Athens held by the local Turks.
2. Serpetzes, also held by the Turks.
3. Greeks in their bastions fight the Turks.
4. The Greeks put up ladders, assaulted, went inside and captured Serpetzes.
5. Greeks and Turks killing each other.
6. Women taking care of their husbands, children and relatives.
7. Part of the houses in Athens, the Gate of Hadrian, and the columns of Olympian Zeus.
8. Sentzos.

Battles of Argos, Agionorion and Corinth

1. Corinth, past which Dramali is going with about 20,000 Turks. He enters the plain of Argos and Nafplia. From Nafplion he turns towards Argos and fights a battle with the Greeks under Th. Kolokotronis, Ipsilandis, Hatzichristos, Koliopoulos, Yatrakos, Staikos, Flessaious, Helioti, M. Stametelopoulo, Tsokraious, Oikonomaious, Pamon, Kakanin, Nezides, Dagren, Youroukides, Krevata, Agalopoulo, N. Lambron, N. Kranidioti, Stamati, Kolia, Kosta Soulioti, Hatsi, D. Zografon and other warriors. The Greeks were defeated with few casualties. The Turks had few casualties too.

2. Ipsilandis, the son of Kolokotronis and of Petrobeys together with 300 others locked themselves up in the acropolis of Argos and, after fighting for a few days, got away by night. After some time, the army of Dramalis wanted to go past Dervenakia, **3.** which had been occupied by Nikitas and other chieftains, and suffered a tremendous catastrophe. The women brought water for the warriors to drink.

6. Villages around Argos.

7. Nafplion with the castle of Palamidi.

Battle of the Greeks at Karpenissi and Kaliakouda

1. Karpenissi.
2. Turkish tents.
3. The fence occupied by 6,000 Turks under the Pasha of Skodra, Tselatibey and other officers who held all locations.
4. About 2,000 Greeks under Markos Botsaris, Sgouris Tzavelas, Yiannoussis Panomaras, N. Kontoyiannis, Dimo Kitsos, Yioltassaii, Christos Tzaoussis, Vassilis Ghannias and others went to the village of Trano. Then, at night, they attacked the Turks and, having fought bravely, there were casualties on both sides, among which Markos Botsaris. Then the Greeks went to Kaliakouda
5. where they built three bastions
6. 7. and **8.**. resisted the numerous enemies but were eventually defeated.
9. Mount Velouhi.
10. 11. Mount Helidona.
12. Mikro Horio.
13. The Turks who defeated the Greeks at nos. 6,7 and 8.
14. The river.

Siege and Battles at Navarina

1. Neocastro under siege by the entire army of Imbrahim.
2. Tents of Imbrahim.
3. Army of Imbrahim fighting Neocastron with cannons, bombs, grenades and rifles.
4. Arcadia, Filiatra and Gargaliani held by Makriyiannis.
5. While Makriyiannis was in Gargaliani, Katzi Mavromihalis (who had been inside Neocastro) came and told him: "The garrison told me to go to Hora and I went. There I found Koundouriyiotis with all the chieftains and about 15,000 men whom the garrison wanted to come and take Palaionavarino so that the enemy will not and we find ourselves in terrible peril. I told him that and nobody wanted to come. So I come to you, Makrityiannis, and I'm telling you and whatever you reply I'll tell the garrison." I told him I'd take my men and start out at once.
6. Makriyiannis with his men and a few Arcadians under Anag. Papatzoris, all told about 350 men holds Palaionavarinous.
7. Papatzoris with the Arcadians held the narrow defile.
8. Very early the following morning Turkish infantry and cavalry crossed the bridge of Vivario and a five-hour battle took place. Bravely, the Greeks pushed the enemy back from the bridge and they retreated. A few Turks were killed and three Greeks were wounded. The enemy came back the following day but had no stomach for fighting and only reconnoitered.
9. After a few days the garrison asked Makriyiannis to go inside, which he did with 116 men and left the rest at the same position. That was on Good Saturday.
10. On Monday after Easter Imbrahim advanced to clean out the few left behind by Makriyiannis at Palaionavarino. The garrison, Velentzas, Stefos and many others and Makriyiannis himself attacked the enemy artillery and killed quite a few men. Imbrahim was forced to come back. Eleven Greeks were killed or wounded.
11. Imbrahim sent envoys to the castle asking for its surrender and when this was refused he embarked troops on his ships, landed them on Sfaktiria and cleaned out the Greeks who were there. About 900 Greeks were killed or drowned and then Imbrahim captured Palaionavarino as well.
12. Sfaktiria with the killed and drowned Greeks.
13. Tsamados, Abangnostaras, Simos, Sainis and other leaders killed there.
14. Mavrokordatos on the ship of Tsamados which fought its way out under the command of Sahtouris.
15. Greek ships.
16. The enemy fleet came into bay and bombarded the castle. When supplies and, most of all water, ran out the garrison sent Makriyiannis to negotiate with Imbrahim and we went onboard the ships that would take us away.
17. Hores where Koundouryiotis and the Greek army were sitting it out. The besieged: G. Mavromihalis, I. Mavromihalis (who got killed), P. Yatrakos, D. Sahtouris, N. Lambros Kranidiotis, Kallergides, Gardikiotis, G. Livaditis, G. Velentzas, Stefos, various Greeks, Fokaii and other brothers whose name I don't remember, and Makriyiannis.

Battle at Mili of Nafplia

1. The Mili of Nafplia.
2. The house held by Makriyiannis and his men.
3. The house held by Ipsilandis and his men.
4. The house held by Hatzistefanis and others.
5. Location held by K. Mavromihalis and Hatzimihalis with their unit.
6. The garden and its towers.
7. Early the following morning Imbrahim's regular infantry captured the garden and its towers since the Greek sentries had left their posts much earlier.
8. Seeing that they captured the garden, Makriyiannis took his unit , went through the mill's door and alongside the water channel and hit the enemy from behind forcing them to retreat to no.
9. where they stayed until late in the afternoon.
10. Towards evening, Makriyiannis and his unit hit them again and forced them further back and the garden was recaptured.
11. At the same time, the columns that were at Palaiokastro with Imbrahim began to move and they all entered the garden.
12. Ipsilandis with the Cretans and his unit captured the small mill.
13. The Greeks on the three little ships kept firing at the enemy and did them much damage killing and wounding about 500. Among the Greeks one man (called Katzoudas) from Makriyiannis' unit got killed, another got wounded and so did Makriyiannis.
The enemy total amounted to about 7,000.
The Greeks who were there from the beginning were about 250. Subsequently Liakopoulos came with another 40 who took part in the thrid battle.
Then came Karpos with 60 men from the Greek regular army.
14. The frigate of Admiral De Rigny.
15. We sent away all the ships that were there so that the Greeks would not run away.
16. They took Makriyiannis to the frigate and went to great lengths looking after him.

Different sieges of Messolonghi

1. Missolonghi with its fortifications and bridge being besieged by Kioutahi, the Sultan's Generalissimo, by different Pashas and officers and by Imbrahim with his regular army, infantry, cavalry and artillery.
2. Missolonghi and the Greek camps.
3. Its battles.
4. The Turkish ships.
5. Klissova where very serious fighting took place.
6. Small ships in which the Turks kept attacking and getting killed.
7. Vassilari captured by two ships.
8. One Turk captured two Greek women who resisted him and pulled at his beard (when the Turks went in).
9. When the Turks entered the city the Greeks set fire to the ammunition and all the wounded, the sick and quite a few women and children were blown up.
10. Palaiokastro and high locations where Greeks went to help other Greeks.
11. Commanders and locals who were present at these sieges of Missolonghi: Mavrokordatos, Botsaraii, K. Hormovas, Stournaris, Tzavelaii, Iskaii, D. Makris, Liakatas, Sotiropoulos, Staikos, Tzogaii, Drakaii, Daglaii, Lambroveikos, G. Kitzos, Kontoyiannaii, Nikitas, Sipsas, Maniatbeys, Kalyvas, Riniasas, Sadimas, Deligiorgis, Rokas, Ikonomaii, Kotzikaii, Kapsalaii, Datzikaii, Routsos, Grivaii, the bishop of Roges, Lepeniotaii, the brave philhellenes Mayer, Lord Byron, and others, Hatzipetros, Vayias, Milios, Tzolkas, Barlaii, N. Soutos, Yerothanassaii, different Eptanisiotes, Petaloudas, Karayiannaii, Karakostas, Valtinaii, Stamides, Karvounaii, Trikoupaii, Kalogeraii, Ventramaii, Madouras, Palamades, Kapraii, Valvaii and other warriors whom I don't remember (and may their souls rest in peace).
12. Turkish ships.

War of the Greeks at Arahova

1. Arahova.
2. The monastery of Haghios Georgios that Karaiskakis ordered to be captured by Gardikiotis and G. Vayias with about 200 Greeks.
3. Mousta Bey and Kehayia Bey pushed them into the houses and the monastery.
4. Kariskakis with a sizeable force — consisting of Nikitas, Lambros Veikos, Heliotis, G. Drakos, Yiannoussis, Roukis, Hatzipetros, Makris, Diovouniotis, Komnas, Kontosopoulos, Bousgos, M. Triantafillinas, F. Tzavellas, Diamantis Zervas, Yiannis Baraktaris, Nasis Nikas, Farmakis, Xidis etc, amounting to about 1,600 men — besieged the enemy a few days later. Encouraged by their victories and taking advantage of the winter cold they killed and slaughtered almost all enemies together with their two commanders, Mousta bey and Kehayia Bey.
5. After killing the Turks, many of the Greek soldiers brought their heads to Karaiskakis.
6. Finally, they built two pyramids with the enemy heads.
7. The Turkish bastion.
8. Mount Parnassus.
9. The river.

Siege of Athens in 1827

1. Siege of Athens and of the Acropolis and daily battles during almost a year until the Acropolis fell having been besieged by Kioutahi and his entire army.
2. The Acropolis held by Greeks and philhellenes with the regular army.
3. Trenches and baskets where the Turks fought us with rifles and we fought them back.
4. The Turkish guns plus bombards and grenade launchers from Haghia Marina and Sentzos until the columns of the Olympian Zeus. They fought us night and day, and we fought them back.
5. Chieftains, officers and Greeks locked up in the Acropolis, about 800 men. Commanders: Gouras, Evmorfopoulos, Katzikoyiannaii, Fokaii, Papakostas, Davaraii, Litzas, Kostas Lagoumtzis, Simeon Zaharitsas, Neroutsos, Kapsorahis, Danilis, N. Zaharitsas, St. Vlahos, N. Karoris, Serafim, Sourmelis, etc., and Makriyiannis.
6. The Athenians and part of Gouras' force guarded outside and the Davaraii from the first gate of the castle to Liontari.
7. Evmorfopoulos and Papakostas guarded the cave.
8. Kapsorahis with the Athenians guarded Portaki.
9. Inside Serpetzes was S. Zaharitsas with the Athenians, Stathis Katsikoyiannis and the unit of Lagoumtzis.
10. Makriyiannis and his unit were outside Serpetzes and got wounded at the neck and head (because both Greek and Turkish tunnels were in the same location).
11. The spot where Gouras got killed.
12. A second Greek reinforcement came in:
N. Griziotis, Mamouris, Mitrolekkas, Trantafillos Tzouras, Tollias and Deligiorgis with about 200 men.
13. The garrison appointed Makriyiannis their representative to go and find the Government and report of the castle's condition and five horsemen went out.
14. Having listened to Makriyiannis, the Government ordered Fabvier and his regular army unit and philhellenes who bravely carried ammunition and other supplies and, with the help of the garrison, went inside. Makriyiannis reported that the garrison wanted Faliron to be occupied and the Government ordered that this be done. In this siege, and because the castle was on a bare piece of rock, many Greeks were killed and wounded by the enemy guns and bombs.
From information we got from Albanians, Turkish casualties amounted to about 8,000.

Long Live the three Powers, Saviors of Greece.
The Battle of Navarino

1. Castle of Neokastro.
2. The island of Sfaktiria held by the Turks who had on it tents, cannons and a camp. Nearby a small island and Palaionavarini where they were fighting when the 27 ships of the Three Powers came in.
3. Warships and burned Turkish ships.
4. Turkish cargo ships.
5. Small boats carrying Turks on their way to nearby mountains and drowned bodies.
6. The small island inside the port.
7. The bridge.
8. The fireship.
9. And another four.

Battle of Pireas

1. Faliron.
2. Pireas, the landing spot, the monastery. The port with the Greek ships, the frigate "Hellas", admiral Miaoulis, the ship with Hastings, the mills and Mounihia.
3. Passalimani with the boat and ships out of which the Greeks landed, occupied Faliron and strengthened it with cannons, bombards and grenade launchers. Commander Gordon, 400 regular troops under the command of Iglezis, 600 men under Notaras, 900 Athenians and others under Makriyiannis, and the Kalergides.
4. Greek bastions fight Turks holding these positions.
5. Turkish bastions with their cannons.
6. Another large force coming against the Greeks and after many hours of fighting about 600 Turks got killed and their Pasha, who got wounded, died later at Evripos. (Daily there were battles in these positions and the Turks were defeated).
7. Bostania held by 200 Greeks under G. Skourtaniotis, Bekiaris, Dontas, Spiros.
8. Turkish cavalry and infantry tried to capture this position and the battle lasted from morning until dinnertime. We sent reinforcements of 150 men under Heliotis and P. Sotiropoulos and about 1,000 Turks got killed. On our side, Bekiaris and another one.
9. Unable to find out whether the Greeks outside would come to their aid, the Acropolis garrison let out a man with a mail pigeon and those outside loaded it up with letters and let it loose.
10. More Greek reinforcements came to Pireas: Kranidiotai, Petas, Idhraii, Spetsiotai, Cretans, about 1,500 in total.
11. Keratsini occupied by Karaiskakis, Vassos, Gardikiotis, Roukis, Hatzipetros, Vayias, Th. Dousias, Hatzimihalis with cavalry, Yiannoussis, P. Notaras, Farmaikaii and other officers.
12. Karaiskakis ordered that Metohi be occupied by 200 men under Gardikiotis, Roukis, Dousias, Farmakaii and Vayias.
13. Turkish cavalry and infantry with cannons went and fought them. Those inside fought back bravely. Karaiskakis with his officers went there too and they thrashed the enemy. About 700 Turks got killed and very few Greeks.
14. General Church, Cochrane, Tzavelaii, Botsaraii, Zervates, Drakaii, Nikitas, Yennaios, Sissinis, Petimezaii and others went to Keratsini and Greek troops in Keratsini and Pireas reached 11,000.
15. Bastion of Notaras.
16. Bastion of Makriyiannis and of the regulars.
17. Another two bastions of Makriyiannis.
18. Of Vlahopoulos and Vessarios.
19. Of Vassos.
20. Bastion of Tzavellas and the rest.
21. Bastion of Souliotes.
22. Of P. Notaras and others.
23. Bastion of different Greeks.
24. Bastion of Hatzipetros, Vayias and the rest.
25. Bastion of Yennaios and the rest.
26. Tent of Karaiskakis.
27. Six Turkish bastions.
28. Spot where Karaiskakis got killed while fighting.
29. Turkish infantry and cavalry.
30. Kioutahi, Generalissimo of the Sultan, with different Pashas and officers.
31. Philhellenes and the regular army.

Battle of Analatos

The Greeks set out to help the Acropolis garrison. They were fewer than 2,000 and did not agree on how to capture Analatos. Vassios, Kalergis and Makriyiannis with their units disembarked at night (while the other chieftains were on the ships). The three realized that the sun was rising and that there was no time to go forward. They decided to build bastions close to the sea. When the other chieftains and their units, that were still on the ships, would come out they too should stay there until everything was ready for the battle. Hristodoulos Poriotis came out next and he liked the idea of the three and we agreed and he captured Tris Pirgi. When the other chieftains came out they did not like our plan, moved forward and everyone started building the bastions shown.
Part of the army build bastion no. **1.** Makriyiannis noted that the location was all wrong and suggested they build it at no. **2** and they began tracing that location as can be seen down to this day. Meanwhile Makriyiannis left to fetch ammunition and the cannons and they left this bastion and went to bastion no. **1.** Having examined these positions, the enemy moved to attack them.

Veikos, G. Drakos, G. Tzavellas and Kalergis with men from all units as well as their own went to help. The enemy had about 1,000 horsemen and 5,000 infantry. The Greeks in that bastion were about 350. The Turks fell upon them and smashed them. The bastions in the rear saw what happened up ahead and turned tail. Then those further behind turned tail too — no. **3.** bastion of G, Notaras.
4. Some of the Makriyiannis men and the same bastion no. **3., 5.** the regular troops and cannons, **6.** the bastion of P. Notaras and Th. Dousias, **7.** of Vlahos, **8.** of K. Botsaris, **9.** of the Zervates, **10.** and **11.** of the Cretans, Dervenohorites and others.
12. Fighting among Greeks and Turks. (About 800 Greeks got killed and quite a few Turks who, however, won).
13. Turkish army.
14. Kioutahi and his officers.
15. The olive grove.
16. The Acropolis.

Picture of Western Greece with Vonitsa at the center, where quite a few battles took place and we list the warriors we remember

1. Vonitsa, its castle and port.
2. Preveza and Pounta.
3. Porfirios and its two bishops. One of them, the bishop of Roges was bravely killed in Missolonghi.
4. The leaders and chieftains Megapanaii, Mavromataii, Staikaii, Yerothanassaii, Magginaii, Kapsalaii, Kotzikaii, Balbaii, Tzibourakaii, Galanaii, Kanavaii, Sousmanaii, Xidaii, Sotiraii, Logothetaii, Doukides, Barlaii, Iskaii, Strataii, Ragaii, Skarmitzaii, Varnakiotaii, Grivaii, Katzaikoyiannaii, Tzongaii, Tzelaii, Makraii, Siadimaii, Vlahaii, Deligiorgaii, Kousouraii, Thomaii, Yerolabaii, Polimeraii, Dovaii, Glykohoritaii, Valigianakaii, Zervaii, Kitzaii, Nasnikaii, Evmorfopoulos, Vissarios, Grivogiorgaii, Rokaii, Yiannikostas, Farmakaii, Haskaris, Hinoporos, Pagouras, Soultanaii, Karpouzaii and all the others whose names we no longer recall. They fought in many battles and sacrificed themselves, especially when General Church went there and many of them fought in those and other places and our country benefitted.
5. General Church and those we have mentioned.
6. Women bring water and the Greeks who fight drink.
7. The Greeks fight the Turks.
8. Five Greek ships enter the narrows of Preveza and are hit from everywhere with cannons and rifles but they advanced bravely and captured all the ships that were in the port of Preveza. The captains of the five ships: Andreas Tenekes, Giorgis Perdikis, Andreas Miras, Georgios Eleftheriou and Kostas Theophilou. Householders who sacrificed themselves and saw their homes destroyed in Arta and other places: Noutsos, Mihaii, Tourtouris, Koletis, Basklavanis, Stavraii, Vranaii, Kobotaii, Papayiannaii, Damianaii, Kolokythaii, Korakaii, Athan. Artas, Ikonomaii, Havelaii, N. Raptis, Genovelis, Karavelas, Mostraii, Sakellaraii, Melatai, Papadopoulaii, Rizides, Leontaraii, Koutzoubaii, Bouraii, Stamaii, Vlahoutzaii, Kitzi, Tzinides, Ginakaii, Trantafillaii, Katohianaii, Papastamaii, Djogaii, Tsiolades, Karitzinaii, Kalpakaii, Galiatzaii, Louriotaii, Papavassilaii, Dioletaii, Marinaii, Prassinaii, Tzaraklaii, Gogaii, Malesadaii.

Different battles in Eastern Greece, with Thiva at the center

We note the clergy, the householders, the chieftains and the other warriors from Karystos, Athens Thiva, Talantion, Salona, Lidoriki and the monks from those locations: Logothetaii, Zaharitzaii, Vlahaii, Alexandraii, Batziakatzaii, Sarraii, Benizelides, Karoraii, Skouzedes, Vouzikides, Metaxades, Palaiologaii, Gerontas, Patousas, Tzikakis, Vitalis, Metroud, Avramiotis, Gropius, Origon, Lianostafidaii, Vrizakides, Kallefournaii, Moudiastrides, Psillas, Kladaii, Davaraii, Lekkaii, Tzourkatiaii, Meletis, Markaii, Logothetaii, Filon, Georgantaii, Paspalaii, Trihaii, Alexandraii, Neroutzaii, Lazaraii, Hatzaii, Koutroubaii, Gekides, Malantrianaii, Papastathaii, Mantzorides, Papaloukaii, Markaii, Ikonomaii, Nikolaidides, Dermanaii, Giorgoulaii, Kranaii, Kerasalaii, Papailiopoulaii, Kehayias, Kolovatos, Hatzaras, Nikolakaii, Panouraii, Margiolaii, Koklaii, Yiouvelaii, Dimakides, Ainianes, Papapolitaii, Hloraii, Katzikapaii, Dedousides, Logothetaii, Alikouris, Primas and many other householders who are no longer in our memory. Commanders: Odysseas, Diakos, Parouryiades, Diovounotes, Kontoyiannides, Yioltasides, Salfakaii, Kaltzodimaii, Gritziotis, Gouras, Roukis, Vassios, Karatassaii, Kotzios, Aggelis, Diamantaii, Veletzas, Klimakas, Tzouras, Papakostas, Mamouris, Komnas, Birbilis, Kontosopoulos, Bousgos, D. Trantafillou, Lappas, Halmoukis, Thanassoulas, Kontos, Kalyvas, Trantafillos, Bitis, Mastrapas, Prapas, Papathanassiou, Papa Andreas, Liakopoulos, Binos, Doubiotis, Skourtanaii, Kriemadis, Hatzimeletides, Logothetopoulos and many others, whose names we no longer remember, sacrificed themselves and fought bravely.

1. The clergy and monks.
2. The householders.
3. Chieftains and officers with their units.
4. The town of Thiva held by about 6,000 regular and irregular Turkish troops.
5. Field Marshal Ipsilandis went there with those we noted under no. 3 and fought bravely for quite some time and there were many casualties on both sides. Hard pressed by the Greeks, the Turks withdrew under an armistice. The same units fought in other places as well and chased the Turks away. Similarly and the recently remembered Gazis, Kostantas, Farmakidis, Tasikas, Axiotis, Gennadios, Mansolas, Ikonomidis, Stagiritis, Laspas, Zorbaii, and Kalogeropouli.

Battles of Crete and Samos

1. Crete with her castles and villages. Outside, the Greeks fighting and killing. The Turks inside the castles and cities.
2. The Cretans fighting everywhere.
3. Greek ships went there many times and men from different parts of the mainland went there to fight.
4. Their commanders: Afthentoulis, Hourmouzides, Halides, Xenopapas, Rostianos, Protopapas, Antoniadides, Vernados, Renierides and other householders no longer in our memory, Tobazis, Hatzimihalis with cavalry and many officers from the mainland, Liakopoulos, Kalergis and Kiriakoulis. Upon the death of Hatzimihalis, Vassilios Nikolaou, Tzopanos and Palaskas were cavalry chiefs.
5. Samos with its castle, cities and different locations. The Turks are besieging it. Greek ships went to help the island many times. The islanders fought from beginning to end and sacrificed themselves bravely. Now they are governed by their enemy. Chiefs of Samos: Lykourgos, Stamatis, Lahanas, Manolis and other compatriots of theirs..
6. Commanders and Greek ships.

Ἡ Ἑλλὰς γράφει εἰς τὴν πλάκα τὰ ὀνόματα τῶν ἀρωγῶν ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑΣ ΤΗΣ

Εὐγνωμονοῦσα τῆς Εὐδαιμονίας ποθεινὸν ἔνδειγμα τῶν ΦΙΛΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ.

Μαυρόμιχαλης	Σεϊχάν	Βραΐλας Κνισέλη	Ἔσχρ.	Πόρρος	Ῥόδι Στηλ.	Τὸ Γαλάτας Βι- κατᾶς, μοῦ χρησε ἀφ' ὅπου συνέλεξα τὰ ὀνόματα τῶν Ἑλλήνων τῆς Εὐδαιμονίας
Γαρέλλας	Στηλοσημαρᾶς	Φιλιππᾶς.	Βαϊρακλῆς.	Ἀνδριώτης.	Δελφοῦνα.	
Δάκκας	Λιόπιν.	Πραΐλη.	Εἶνοχ.	Φορτσάνος	Γιαννιώτης.	
Μιτιαῦ	Ῥόμανελ.	Μπίζελ.	Χέο.	Τουρκοβασίλης.	Βεργαδιώτης.	
Βεργιλῆ	Δαρμανιακὸν.	Φῆτσ.	Δουκᾶς.	Δομνιώτης.	Νάξιος.	
Ὄμπαν	Λουβριώτης.	Σαΐτλι.	Δωνομαζοσορίφ	Πινιώτης.	Ῥάπτας.	
Χόββε	Σβαϊγκαρτ.	Κάτσερμαν.	Σορόϊδερ.	Γυφτόπουλος.	Ὀρτλόφ.	
Στηχοῦσιν	Μοσκόφ.	Πόγιαν.	Φλάϊο.	Μαλλιάρος.	Σπίτι.	
Κρουζεμάρκ	Τσιμέρμαν	Κρούβερ.	Στέγκελ.	Σνιτζελαΐος.	Μολυβόπουλος.	
Λούτζε	Μαυρομιχαλαίος	Πίχλερ.	Βαΐλεμαν.	Ἀρβουλάκης.	Βριερέας.	
Σρειδερ	Ῥαΐνχαρτ.	Χέντζ.	Διεθνιακλῆς.	Γιαννιώτης.	Γκιόσας.	
Φῆτζ Ὁμηρός	Σαϊφάρτ	Φίσερ.	Χάντεμαρχ.	Ἔμαρ.	Φρέλοφ.	
Γαϊχμᾶν.	Τούτιερ.	Φόϊχτ.	Φλυερ	Τοδλῆς.	Σόβασγκ	
Σιεβμπιέρ.	Δουμρό.	Νουσσαπερ.	Ξένδονς.	Μάκιας.	Βεντρίλης	
Βόλφ	Λουϊχεσσο	Καλ.	Ῥαμφουρ.	Φούντοπας.	Ζελκαμ.	
Ὄμπερτ	Νορμαν.	Μουλερ.	Μόϊς.	Μοσκίνος.	Ῥοδολῷ ρούσιμαν	
Σμιτ.	Κρέμλας.	Μίλλερ.	Ῥοβινή.	Δάβριας.	Μάμιος.	
Νάχελ.	Βαϊρών.	Ἄντοτ.	Γραμμόβουνα	Λαμπερτῆς.	Τιρέλιος.	
Καϊτσοφέσσερ	Καρέλλης	Χαμπερ	Φορβάσρας	Μαυράκης.	Μοῦρρος.	
Λασσύ	Δοσουρδούνι	Τουγγᾶς.	Σαδρόπης	Σανλίνης.	Φάτσιο Βιορίκιο	
Σνάϊδερ	Πασσαλῆς	Πραΐ	Μορφαρόπης	Δάκ.	Τονιτσέλλα.	
Σβεν.	Ῥουαβίλλας	Σίχτερ.	Δελλαβελλάς.	Δόμορτζ.	Πενάριο.	
Λέπερλαϊν	Γάμφως	Νεουμαΐστερ.	Μαυρομιχάλης.	Μαρκαλίδης.	Μιλόβροβιτς.	
Σεϊχτερ.	Νεϊσεμούχ	Γίοχν.	Χεμμάν.	Πασσαλῆς.	Σαΐδμαν.	
Βέτσερχ.	Λάμφερτ	Μέβεσ.	Οὔγρουχ.	Ἀντζολίνης.	Γκιανο.	
Σάντλερ.	Πίσας.	Μορτιμπάκερ.	Ἔρλαχ.	Γκιανερᾶς.	Εἰνάρδος	
Φεττχάν	Καβαλλος		Στραμμπορβ.	Σιάμπας.	Ἀμπζών.	
Σουσμιλλης	Ἀϊμπῆνος	Ἕως ἐδῶ τρισκόσια	Σαργκόφ.	Σιαρδῶν.	Κουδριωτών.	
Οὐλμαγκίερ	Ὄμφερτ	τὰ ὀνόματα τῶν	Βιτκόμπε.	Μπερναρδῆς.	Ἀϊδίν.	
Χαΐος	Μοσμαν	φονευθέντων εἰς	Τριλῶνης.	Τραϊμπερ.	Δεριγνῆς.	
Ὀλμαγιερ	Δαπέλ.	μάχας ἢ ἀσυ-	Στάνοφ.	Δουμοῦς.	Ῥιμόρδος	
Ῥαγκιᾶς	Μασσαρος.	δαιότητα ἢ ἀσθε-	Δάντσελ.	Φαβρίτσιος	Τρεμπέλ.	
Ῥούσσ	Ὀδωΐ.	νειῶν, ἢ ἄλλων	Κνάϊγ.	Μπουτέ.	Πελλιώτ	
Μάϊκελ.	Βίγκεμαν	αἰτιῶν.	Μίρμπεργ.	Ἀντωνίος	Σεραφᾶς.	
Λίτζελ.	Βοΐ.		Φρέλσον.	Μπαϊλῆς.	Μαῦρος	
Κόχε.	Χέρμαν.	Γουμπερνάτης.	Χέμπελ.	Γυφτοβασιλιάρδος	Σνάϊδερ	
Λυτζών.	Βαϊκαντ.	Γόρδων.	Φουρκανδεῖχτ.	Μασσοῦ.	Κορμιωτ	
Χάζιγξ.	Σφαϊμάρτ.	Ἀμπαζῆς.	Σράϊδερ.	Καβαλῆς.	ὑπὸ τῶν ἐν Ἰωαννίνοις ταμ-	
Σωταρόπας	Δονάερ.	Φαβιέρος.	Χάμπερ.	Παῦλλας.	μιεύτρατα πλοίς	
Δεμουλέτ	Κούντερ.	Χαΐδεν.	Ὄρμαν.	Μαζελῆς	πρωτοστάτη ἐκφρονή-	
Χάϊντεμαν	Δεόβαλτ.	Φιτζαΐ.	Ἀλμαΐδας	Ὑμβασιάκος.	σεως τῶν Ἀράβων ἀ-	
Σνίλμαν	Φίβιχ.	Τσουρλῆ.	Χίντζ.	Τίτας.	γωνιστῶν ὑπὸ τὴν	
Ὀξενμπρούν.	Γιοχάντσεν.	Κόχραν.	Κόλμπεργ.	Σγαμπουλλας.	πρωτοστασίαν	
Ῥόστερ.	Βεῦ δύο.	Στήβαχ.	Μοράϊδης.	Κουϊρτζόλης.	Παυσάνιο (21)	
Βιτσοχαπέρσαχ	Βιτβρεχόλεν	Γιώο.	Ῥίνιο Ξαϊντλῆγκ	Ξιάνδρ.	Πυθέη.	
Μάγιερ.	Βρουνμαν χερ.	Γιώς.	Βουτιέ.	Ἔρχαρ	Βάσσαι.	
Λιότο	Σιάϊ.	Ἴσχαϊνης.	Ῥεμπό.	Ῥσίνεν.	Μαβρομιχάλης (ὁ νεώτερος)	
Τίτμαρ	Ταΐτζ.	Κραμονίτης.	Φρίσνεν.	Δεμπανοά.	Πλούταρχος.	
Μοΐλμερ Δηλοκ	Σοοῦλερ	Ῥόσ.	Μαϊλλιέρε	Μοῦζος. † 1830	Βρόμιος	
Κλέμαν.	Φπί.	Ἀντωίνης.	Τριανταφύλλης	Κατάνιας.	Βλουδέλ	
Κλαδεν						

Ἡ παροῦσα ἐπιγραφὴ ἐχαράχθη καὶ ἐτυπώθη ἐν Ἀθήναις ἐκ τῆς ἐν Ἀθήναις τυπογραφείας Ἀνεργύρου Φωτιάδου.

In gratitude, Greece writes on the tablet of immortality the names
of philhellenes who fought for her freedom

FOR THE RECORD

This translation was done in the 1960s in a vain attempt to impress the translator's wife. The final product assumed the form of a leather-bound original typescript and of a leather-bound carbon copy. The former was misplaced and the latter (together with other translations, also done to impress the translator's wife), gathered dust in bookcases in Athens, Nairobi and Washington, D.C.

In December 1996, Stathis Lozos stumbled upon the carbon copy, read it, and pronounced it an interesting text. The translator, who had forgotten all about it, was intrigued. He began to read it but the going was rough. After thirty years the pages had faded and were barely legible. Lacking anything better to do, he re-typed it on a computer and made a few copies which he distributed to friends.

Vasilis and Danae Salapatas felt that the translation deserved to be printed. Bravely, they undertook the daunting task and the present volume saw the light thanks to their perseverance and generosity.

With the kind permission of the American School of Archaeology, the paintings were photographed by Makis Skiadaressis.

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DEO GRATIAS

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I O N I O N P E L A G O S

HANIA

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Ioannis Makriyiannis was born in 1797 in a tiny village of Central Greece. His family was dirt poor and, at the age of seven, they hired him out as a house servant. He grew up to become a trader, a millionaire, a soldier, a General, a war veteran with five bleeding wounds, and a civic leader of Athens. He commisioned a set of paintings currently regarded as marvels of naive art, and put together the conspiracy which gave Greece her first Constitution.

For this last piece of insolence he was eventually arrested on trumped-up charges of high treason, condemned to death and kept in jail for two years by one Government. The next Government, not knowing that he was guilty of having written the wrong kind of book, set him free.

Illiterate until the age of 32, Makriyiannis learned the alphabet to write an account of his life and of the chaotic years from the Greek War of Independence until 1850. His manuscript is a graphological challenge. He started writing on the left-hand corner of the first page and simply kept going. No chapter divisions, no paragraph divisions, no sentence divisions, no punctuation.

For reasons which become obvious after a few pages, he kept the manuscript so well hidden that it was discovered long after he died. Despite the atrocious editorial job performed by the man who published it, the book has been hailed, by the few who managed to read it, as a literary masterpiece.

But it is more than that.

It is an anatomical description of the Greek soul with the emphasis on its despicable aspects. The author takes the admirable aspects for granted and wastes no time on them. He is totally certain that a nation capable of unrivalled heroism, endowed with dignity before the Gods, and descended from the supermen who created the Classical Age, can look forward to a brilliant future.

With one proviso: that a few conditions are met.

First, that factionalism is abolished. Second, that the Law is respected. Third, that greed is eradicated. Fourth, that Greeks learn to work together for their country and faith. The author was outraged to see little prospect that these conditions would ever be met and this inspired the torrent of accusations he flings at his compatriots in general, and at politicians in particular.

Most Greeks have not read the Memoirs and consider Makriyiannis a great man. Those who have read the book admire the prose but cannot restrain themselves from observing that Makriyiannis exaggerates all over the place.

He does not.